



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



600000/888V



34.

709.



THE
JUDGEMENT OF THE FLOOD.
A POEM.

By the same Author,
PREPARING FOR THE PRESS,
SECOND EDITION,
REVISED AND REARRANGED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.

THE DESCENT INTO HELL,
A POEM.

"*This very extraordinary Poem—only one, and that as yet but little noticed or known—has made its appearance within the last half year. This is THE DESCENT INTO HELL. . . . The feeling, the expression of the verse adopted, is essentially Miltonic; but its measure is the terza rima of Dante—a measure, notwithstanding the efforts of Lord Byron, hitherto a stranger, nearly, to English Poetry. . . . This Poem, if we mistake not, is destined to make no slight noise in the world. To render it ample justice would require a volume of criticism. . . . A gigantic power and grasp of mind will at once be perceived, and, what is remarkable—withstanding the occasional affectation of obsolete words and phrases—the language has been subjected to a high and most elaborate polish. . . . Another great and striking beauty in Mr. HEARN's verse is the eminent skill, and musical correctness of ear, with which the sound is adapted to the sense; and that not merely by the choice and juxtaposition of the words alone, but by the slow and solemn, the light and rapid movements inevitably induced in the reader by the rhythmical adjustment of feet.*"

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, June, 1830.

"*The author is a consummate master of the art of poetry; he has studied the best models, and is a laborious imitator of the classic severity that distinguished some of our old writers.*"

ATLAS.

"*A true poem, written by a true poet. It manifests talent of a very varied kind; it gives indication of deep reading and learning; it breathes a true and saving philosophy; and each line is for the most part clothed in nervous, forcible, and eloquent language. The author too is a close reasoner, a powerful disputant, a keen logician; and he has done well to choose a sacred subject for his ably developed argument.*"

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

"*Such lines (and there are many such in the Poem) would not be unworthy of MILTON himself.*"

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

THE
J U D G E M E N T
OF THE
F L O O D

BY
JOHN A. HERAUD

AUTHOR OF THE DESCENT INTO HELL



WHEN THE UNRIGHTEOUS WENT AWAY FROM WISDOM IN HIS ANGER, HE PERISHED ALSO
IN THE FURY WHEREWITH HE MURDERED HIS BROTHER. FOR WHOSE CAUSE THE EARTH
BEING DROWNED WITH THE FLOOD, WISDOM AGAIN PRESERVED IT, AND DIRECTED THE
COURSE OF THE RIGHTEOUS IN A PIECE OF WOOD OF SMALL VALUE.

Wisdom of Solomon.

LONDON
JAMES FRASER REGENT STREET

MDCCCXXXIV

709.



LONDON:
PRINTED BY P. WHITE AND SON, NEW STREET,
BISHOPSGATE.

THIS Poem is undedicated, save to the service of the Deity. So highly the Author esteems the Epopeia, as the sublimest effort and illustration of human genius, whose flame "from Heaven descends," that, "*in his sense*," to offer it at any shrine less than the Sovran Reason's, were positive impiety. So excellent a sacrifice is not for the creature. The four great Epicks acknowledged by the world are uninscribed. HOMER composed his poem for Greece; and its moral is so directly addressed to his country, that no set terms are required to explain the patriotick motives of the blind old man of Scyos. VIRGIL, though, in his Georgicks, he complimented Augustus with divinity, and seated him

Quà locus Erigonen inter, Chelásque sequentes
Panditur——

and thence solemnly invoked him, with the gods, to bring the needful succour to his numbers; yet, when his mind collected all its energies, and demonstrated in the *Æneid* its majesty of thought, he depended only on his muse, and was sufficient to himself. MILTON, who dared "the adventurous song, that soared with no middle flight above the Aonian Mount," sought the Spirit that doth

Prefer

Before all temples the upright heart and pure.

He had faith in that celestial influence and illumination, and disregarded human aid. KLOPSTOCK sang the MESSIAH: the subject invested the poet with such supernal dignity, that he looked down on all distinctions; there was none who might demand his homage. The poems of DANTE and TASSO are not cited, being allegories rather than epicks.

It would not be prudent to conceal, that the Epopeia always meets, and, from its nature, must expect to meet, with slow encouragement. Few are the minds capable of appreciating an endeavour so difficult, yet laudable; still fewer of tastes sufficiently cultivated to estimate accurately the merits of a work so extensive, and a theme so exalted. It may be feared, that if an Epos, sublimer than any yet produced, were submitted to publick ordeal, it would not, without difficulty, find readers. Such a poem is of lofty pretensions, and is approached with diffidence. This cause, as much as the circumstances of the times, occasioned the *Paradise Lost* to make its way but gradually

though certainly. Moreover, in this and in every age, compositions "raised from the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amourist, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite," have more chance of instant and general sale, than a "work obtained, not by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases."

It must, nevertheless, be granted, that a Sacred Poem, especially if it be also Epick, is an attempt only to be justified by its successful execution. Milton and Klopstock thus justified the attempt. Between the events to which the *Paradise Lost* and the *Messiah* refer, the occurrence of the UNIVERSAL DELUGE is that which would next excite the emulation of an ambitious poet. Bodmer, however, and some of meaner note, have failed in their daring efforts to compass that high argument; and, unless encouraged by the highest literary authorities, the Author of the present Poem would probably have trembled to proceed with another.

In considering the period of the World before the Flood, we cannot fail of being impressed with the mysterious declaration of Scripture, that "there were giants in the earth in those days, mighty men, which were of old, men of renown;" nor less with the wonderful longevity of the patriarchal race. It is impossible but that men, enjoying such advantages of physical energy and duration of life, must have made the most astonishing advances in art and science; and, accordingly, it would appear from the literature of all nations, that the most useful inventions (Letters, themselves, for instance,) were discovered at a time of which no records remain, and probably were of the things that survived the Flood. Such a view opens the most majestick vistas of contemplation to the poet, and renders his subject of the grandest description. Every thing in a poem adopting such an argument would assume a form magnified by the distance of ages, and would endow its characters and manners with that dignity, as of gods and demi-gods, which invests with a super-natural, and, at the same time, a strictly human interest, the persons of Grecian poetry.

So much it is deemed necessary to state of the spirit and contents of the following Poem, in which all is purposely gigantick—the plot—the persons—the crimes—the language, and the imagery.

After the perusal of such a work, if adequately executed, one ought to feel as if just emerged from an apparently illimitable cathedral, cut out by the hand of nature in the recesses of an alpine region, equally remarkable for loftiness of elevation and extent of area.

Many of the names of persons and places, referred to in the poem, are derived from Dr. Laurence's Translation of the apocryphal *Book of Enoch*; nor are allusions to passages in that extraordinary production infrequent. Samiasa, Azaziel, Zateel, Rumel, Barkayal, Amazarah, Dudael, Armon, and Dunbadan, are of this class. The Erythrean Sea occurs as a gross anachronism in the pseudo-prophecy—in the poem this defect is remedied by the explanation given at the close of the Second Section of the Ninth Book.

According to the rules of the Epick, the development of the subject stops short of the final catastrophe,—an incident, like that of the Fall of Troy, fitter for an episode than an expletion. "The Iliad," says A. W. Schlegel, "is not definitively closed, but we are left to suppose something both to precede and to follow.—As in the bas-relief the figures are not properly grouped, but produced one after another, so the Homerick heroes advance singly and in succession. The bas-relief, likewise, is boundless, and may be continued *ad infinitum*, either from before or behind, on which account the antients preferred the selection of those objects for it which admitted of an indefinite extension—as the trains at sacrifices, dances, and rows of combatants. Hence they also exhibited bas-reliefs on round surfaces, such as vases, or the frieze of a rotunda, where the two ends are withdrawn from our sight by the curvature, and where, on our advancing, one object appears as another disappears. The reading of the Homerick poetry very much resembles such a circumgiration, as the present object only arrests our attention, while that which precedes and follows is allowed to escape from view."

Intended to present a Mythos of Existence, the method adopted in the poem now commended to the reader's judgment, is that of a Circle returning into itself. It will also be found, in harmony with the same design, to commence and terminate in Vision.

We are such Stuff
As Dreams are made of, and our little Life
Is rounded with a Sleep.

C O N T E N T S.

PART THE FIRST.

S A M I A S A.

Book I.		Book IV.	
THE LAND OF EDEN.		THE PYRAMID.	
I. Vision of Noah	1	I. The City	74
II. Sons of Noah	8	II. Adon and Amazarah	80
III. Episode of Jared	18	III. Founding of the City	85
IV. Tamiel, the Scribe	21	IV. The Sanctuary	93
Book II.		Book V.	
THE PREACHING OF NOAH.		THE RACE OF CAIN.	
I. The Tomb of Adam	25	I. The City of Enos	98
II. The Sacrifice	30	II. The Shield of Lamech	103
III. Samiassa and Zateel	34	III. The Prediction	111
IV. Rumel	43	IV. The Vale of Armon	121
Book III.		Book VI.	
THE BOOK OF ENOCH.		DUDAEI.	
I. The Tablet	49	I. The Angels	130
II. Death and Obsequies of Adam	54	II. Hherem	135
III. Translation of Enoch	61	III. Satan and Asaziel	139
IV. Words of Seth	70	IV. Azaradel	147

PART THE SECOND.

ELIHU.

Book VII.		Book X.	
LAMECH AND ELIHU.		HORI AND SAMIASSA.	
I. The Massacre	159	I. Family of Noah	243
II. Lamech's Lamentation	167	II. Vale of Abel	248
III. Lamech's Resignation	175	III. Samiassa and Palal	255
IV. Lamech's Death	181	IV. Animals	264
Book VIII.		Book XI.	
SIGNS AND WONDERS.		THE PREPARATION.	
I. Elihu	187	I. Ham and Elihu	271
II. Burial of Lamech	195	II. Tubalcain and Naamah	277
III. The Blind Prophet	202	III. Samiassa and Barkayal	283
IV. Signs of the Seasons	211	IV. Hherem and Amazarah	289
Book IX.		Book XII.	
THE CHILDREN OF ABEL.		METHUSELAH.	
I. Junia and Nain	217	I. Mount of Paradise	294
II. Michael and Azaziel	222	II. Noah Rejected	302
III. The First Rain	230	III. The Ark	311
IV. Vale of Adam	236	IV. The Judgement	328
CELINA		345	

THE
JUDGEMENT OF THE FLOOD.

BOOK THE FIRST.

I.

OF Earth primeval, and Jehovah's wrath,
The cataracts of everlasting heaven,
The fountains of the co-eternal deep,
With wreck of the huge world ; how war lays waste,
And peace corrupts ; princes and patriarchs, 5
Nations and people ;—and the only man,
Who shone in a dark age, the priest of truth
And righteousness and peace and liberty,
Rejected prophet, son of the world's sire,
Sire of the world and all the sons of earth : 10
Angels, men, demons ; earth, and heaven, and hell ;
Lands without name, and language without words :
Antient of Days ! instruct the solemn song,
That from the mystick unrevealed profound
Of universal Deluge would evoke, 15
As from a sepulchre, the spectres dread
Of giant crime, of passions darkly great,
Imaginations awful, unexplored,

Begot incessant on the evil heart,
Dire brood of mind rebellious, bold to scale 20
The height of heaven, and dare the brow of God.
Omniscient Spirit ! Seer of the past !
Rend, rend the veil ; unblasted, let me look
Into the Holiest ! On that dial's front,
Whose hours are ages, bid the sun return, 25
That I may read their history aloud !
Disperse the mist from ocean's monstrous face,
And purge my sight, that I may see beyond !
Prayer hath prevailed. The deep yields up her dead.—
What brings the Spirit to my musing ear ? 30
—Voices of many thunders ; and they spake
Words, and a language understood by man,
Albeit no human dialect—the mind
Imbued their meaning though the sounds were strange.
A sable cloud pall'd o'er the universe, 35
And it was as a sanctuary of death,
Whence light is barred as an unholy thing,
Elsewhere the holiest of the works of God.
Defined anon and growing visible,
A shade, a shape, a symbol it became, 40
Till soon the vapoury mass appeared the robe
Of a descending Angel—and, behold,
A glory arch'd the entire expanse of sky,
Braided of sunbeams and the tears of heaven,
Circling all earth, based on the world of waves. 45
Therein, more glorious still, the Angel stood,
A conflagration kindling sea and shore ;
His right on ocean, his left foot on earth,
His head with stars becrowned—his voice abroad,
'Mong th' echoes of seven worlds, earth, heaven, beyond,

And hell, like sevenfold thunder. Awful then,
Aloft raised he his ample hand, and sware.

By Him who is, and was, and is to come :
Eternity my father ; thou, oh Sun,
And thou, oh Earth, and all ye floating Orbs, 55
My children, my dominion Space ; great Truth
The daughter of my Voice—my Words are Things
That have been, are, and shall be. Wo ! wo ! wo !

Alas ! for Man, whose soul is like a god,
Whose heart heaves with sublimity, and each 60
Creates its like, a god unto itself,
Fairer than all the stars ; brighter than he
Who holds in the mid heaven his glorious shield,
Before his burning brow, to shade the earth,
Lest th' ever-during hills should melt, like wax, 65
From tiny thigh by virgin bee distilled ;
Or world, more wonderous than archangel kened
In highest heaven, new e'en to Deity ;
Yea, mightier than his mightiest handy-work,
And fondly deemed eternal as his throne, 70
Though transient as the dew, and like the tear,
The tremulous globule glassed in Beauty's eye,
Because of frailty more attractive still.

Alas ! for Earth—she hath been drunk with blood ;
In her the cry of violence was heard— 75
'Tis hushed—'Tis hushed ! Her cities are laid waste—
How desolate her fields ! Is there no voice
To wail her wo ? Harp, organ, dulcimer,
Musician, merchant, bride and bridegroom—yea,
The sound of sorrow is not heard in her ! 80

Alas ! for thee, oh Time ! Of the firm arc
The keystone knit by the prime Architect,

And whereon thou didst set thy resonant foot,
 And say . . . "This is its everlasting stool,"
 Is broken. In the halls of mighty men 85
 Leviathan disports ; no morn have they
 But of his eyelids, neither lamp nor fire
 But of what wrath-breath, scintillant and fierce,
 From his volcano nostrils smokes and burns.
 Yet fear not, Noah. Lo, I stand within 90
 The ethereal circle and pure zone of love ;
 Yet once more shall I come, and thus attired,
 Within this lucid convex of mid air,
 And covering thus again with either foot
 Ocean and earth, exalt my hand, and swear 95
 By Him who is, and was, and is to come,
 That Time shall be no longer. And, again,
 The echoes of seven worlds shall answer me,
 In thunder repercussed from orb to orb.
 Hushed is the Archangel's mighty voice—and hushed
 The peals of the responses momentarily—
 And where he stood stands an enormous altar,
 Surmounted with a pyramid of flame,
 And odorous as cassia ere the Fall,
 Space filling, and usurping the sun's height, 105
 Veiled by the volumes of the fragrant smoke,
 Beautiful in destruction, terrible
 In beauty ! till the sacrifice appeared
 A mound of star-bright ashes, such as were
 The wreck and embers of a perished world ; 110
 Whence came a feathered king, likest the bird
 Egyptian, the mysterious holocaust
 Of ages, in the splendour of his plumes,
 Refined in that essential fire, and made

Rejuvenescent, lifting his full eye 115
Exulting, toward the sun, that sent from out
His central orb his choicest rays, to greet
The royal one, who bathed in the golden streams
Whence he was born, and whereby is sustained ;
Then rose upon the expanse of his bright wings, 120
Fanning the gales of Paradise abroad,
And in far ether looked another sun,
Dazzling the sight—then mingled with the heaven.

And Noah's eye seemed so to ache after him,
In this his vision, that the Prophet woke. 125
Still Chava slept, his wife. She undisturbed ;—
His simple raiment donned, he stood erect,
Like some hoar hill, seen far up in the heaven,
Midst a low vale, with streamlet haply girt,
And graced with faery lake, where silence sits 130
Whispering the lily pale, made pale with grief
For absent lover, hanging o'er the brook.
His manly beard flowed graceful down his chest,
Like a lone grove, or cirque of shady trees,
Weaving their branches that no moonlight pierce 135
The shrine they love to arbour and embower.
Over his shoulder waved his copious locks,
In artless beauty, but in clusters rich,
And o'er his forehead in ambrosial curls,
As they embellished an angelick head, 140
Uriel's or Raphael's, famed for golden hair,
With amaranth entwreathed. A seamless robe
Set off the fine proportion of his limbs,
Upgathered in his arms in ample folds—
A venerable man, and yet not old ; 145

His midway sun had gained the tide of noon,
Calmness and heat partaking, such as feels
The shepherd, when the day-star leans awhile,
Their task half done, at rest, in height of heaven,
As o'er a precipice, and kindles round 150
The glowing skies e'en to the horizon's edge,
And beautifies the changes of the clouds,
Herds of the fields of air . . . of other flocks
Mindful, the swain reposes by the oak,
Beneath the shade of that majestick tree, 155
While from the plain the bleating charge go seek
For sheltering valley or umbrageous wood.
A venerable man, and yet not old;
And a simplicity his aspect bore,
Yet o'er his brow were traces as of age, 160
As there old Time had travelled; so he had:
For Thought is time, and Thought with constant tread,
Had worn a wrinkled pathway—but his eye
Undimmed shone out, clear as the Hour of Dawn,
And quiet as is nature then, when all 165
Is silent as the night, though night be not,
And yet the drowsy herds lie on the dew—
Quiet and meditative as lone Even;
Lone, save to covert wends the weary stag,
And mingled song the timeous bird outpours, 170
Weeping forth joy, or laughing in its grief—
Quiet and meditative, and as bright
As the fair moon aloft, escaped from cloud,
Or entering hermit dwelling, roofed with moss,
Neighboured with ancient yew and winding stream, 175
And floored with spreading leaves; her beams beside
No other light within its opening door.

He looked abroad upon the mountain tops :
Morn had walked forth, and edged them with the trace
Of her auriferous footsteps, tinged the skies 180
With her own rose-tipped fingers, and the clouds
Kissed to the ripe hue of her coral lips,
The intense suffusion of her lustrous cheeks.
—What strife of love is on the orient hill,
Deep blush, and rival ardour of desire !— 185
The enamoured breezes press to her embrace,
And thence return with presents for the earth,
Pearls, soon exhaled ; and perfume for all flowers,
Less wanton than the daughters of mankind,
Who welcome passion though its breath be moist, 190
And tintured with the dew of other lips,
Or in demoniack pride with demons mate.

But holier thoughts befit the holy morn
That ushers in the day the Omnifick Word
Rested. Hail ! loveliest of Time's daughters, hail !
How like thy sisters, to men's use devote,
Frequent by satyr force defiled, though He
Thee consecrated, Virgin, to himself !

And Noah said unto his Sons, Arise,
On this peculiar day right early wake ! 200
Though man against her chastity rebel,
From dawn to noon, from noon to purple eve,
And mock the Sabbath on the couch of sin,
Shall *we* be tardy in our matin-song ?
Let us go forth, and offer, on the tomb 205
Of Adam, sacrifice with heart and voice,
Prayer and thanksgiving, and a contrite mind.
Sons, I have seen a vision ; bright as thine,
Japhet, but full of terror. God hath spoken,

And I will speak, will prophesy against 210
 The sons of God who have deserted him,
 The seed of men . . the mighty, the renowned.
 So, haply, I may save from her vowed doom
 The rebel earth, and the long-suffering God
 Withdraw the vengeance from her verdant fields— 215
 Are they not dear to me? With them have I
 Been long acquainted, and with her, and time
 Hath strengthened in my heart habitual love.
 She is our first great mother; such of all.
 Out of her very substance are we made. 220
 For her I feel a son's solicitude,
 And would not have her womb laid bare and crushed,
 While I behold it without power to help.

II.

SHEM took a yearling lamb for sacrifice.
 —Forth with his sons went Noah: Japhet, Shem, 225
 And Ham. Thou, Japhet, wert enlarged; and thee
 Did after ages deify, and name
 Oldest of things. Bard Homer was thy son.
 The benediction of thy father's lips
 Was on thee, like a birthright; and of thee 230
 Nations were born, and peoples of all tongues.
 Thou dwelt in tents not thine. War did thy work,
 And peace, and He who is the Prince of Peace.
 Visions were thine, wherein thy sculptile mind
 Saw shadows of the future, sent by God, 235
 And straight impressed them on chaotick mass,
 As with a signet. To thy skill divine,
 (Such art was Terah's too in sequent time)

The stoick marble was as potter's clay ;
 Save that its sterner volume yielded not 240
 To change, unequally diminishing
 Harmonious symmetry, proportion bland,
 Compacting solids, till the substance be
 Conflict of dry and moist, receding that,
 And this remaining on the vantage ground, 245
 Like parted friends turned mutual enemies.
 —There, as they came from thy foreshewing hand,
 As thy creative seal had shaped them first,
 Free from the infirmity of accident,
 Stood they, enduring forms, immutable. 250
 Sublime in peace, and tranquil as a god,
 Reposing in his own beatitude,
 Stood Brouma ;—on his forehead a bright star,
 And in his quiet hand the bloodless spear,
 Twined with the harmless serpent, as in sport, 255
 Life in its eye intelligent. Nor free
 The pedestal, but mystically wrought.
 The three-fold serpent's animating clasp,
 The mundane egg, the wonderous trident coiled,
 And clipt the flambeau. Symbols these of Life 260
 And Death, and of two worlds, Ocean and Earth ;
 With pyramid and obelisk between,
 Like flame aspiring toward its source in Heaven.
 From Nile to Ganges,—from the flood of Ind,
 The bay of Ormus, to the Caspian lake— 265
 Was his dominion, with the Isles of Greece ;
 Philosopher and Hero.

Slave of slaves,
 Galled with his chain, yet crafty as his sire,
 Ignoble, vengeful but not valiant, nor

Flushed with the shame which valour would have felt,
(The freeborn,) smit to ground his ebon brow,
That veiled the demon scowl which, burning, lurked
Within his bloodshot orbs, like death, unseen ;
The Heraclite, beneath a warrior's foot,
Crouched desperate ; less than a worm in soul ; 275
Burrowing his dagger in the guilty loam,
Fearing to smite, and impotent to wound.
Far off appeared his buckler cloven in twain,
With this inscription on one moiety,
" Twice-fallen," and on the other, " Fugitive." 280
Prankt in the toga stood the victor chief,
A curved disdain upon his upper lip,
Swoln anger in his nose, and on his crest
The new-bathed eagle, as on mountain winds,
Vailed his broad vans, composed his fulmined beak,
And calmed that eye whence lightning had gone forth.
Lo, the Pellean Conqueror, who wept
For worlds to win. He at two Sages' feet
Heard Wisdom, and drank in the words of Truth,
Whose voice was as the night bird-melodist's, 290
Strangled almost with its own melody,
Gurgling up sweetness till it satiate,
Creative of the mysteries of sound,
Of combinations intricate and strange ;
Nor these alone. There sate the warrior, 295
Pondering with awe upon the shadows vast,
Which, flashing on the mind's eye through the ear,
Were spoken by the plastick energy
Of philosophick genius into life—
And like the Genius of Philosophy, 300
Stood Plato eloquent . . . the marble spake,

Those marble lips seemed uttering liquid speech ;
 And his broad forehead, conscious of the soul,
 Dilated with conceptions, and confessed
 Power to make worlds, how populous ; wherein 305
 The pupil hero might indeed enact
 Perpetual conquest ; and the incipient spark
 Kindled in his ambitious heart, and it
 Heaved, and all arteries were inflamed—all nerves
 Braced like bowstrings ; each muscle swoln to pain ;
 The foot advanced—one steel-clenched fist grasped air,
 The other embraced with violence his brows.
 Hence when his introverted eye returned
 To this gross world, it palled upon his soul,
 Deficient in variety and change 315
 To satisfy the essential cravings there,
 The thirst, the hunger of the immortal mind,
 Capacious of the Universe and God.

White as the foam the billowy marble heaves,
 Waves climb in wrath the beetling rock as white, 320
 But, checked, anon retire. A Lion there
 Awed Neptune's wildness, and the maiden Queen,
 He guarded on the summit, royally
 Disputed his dominion, and opposed
 Her sceptre to his trident. At her feet 325
 A Virgin sate, and from the Ocean-god
 Took tribute. All the pedestal was wrought
 With surge—sea without shore ; and thereon sailed,
 Brave as an amazon, and beautiful,
 Her bosom teeming with intrepid birth, 330
 A lonely Ship, in sovran loneliness ;
 " Vasco," the legend on her prow inscribed.
 Her course was toward the orient, and the sun

Rose in the far horizon like a shield.
 What further might be sculptured none perceived, 335
 Obvious the front, the niche inclosed the rest.
 Bow ye, and adore. The God abides in stone,
 Incarnate since. Divinely halcyon,
 His pregnant brow is bathed in deity.
 His attitude, how eloquent. One hand 340
 Thus mildly raised, the other held aloft
 Pointing to heaven. From his parted lips
 There seemed to gush a rill of soothing speech,
 Yet awful ; for a god's sublimity
 Girt gentleness celestial,—girt with power. 345
 There was a sorrow in his gracious mien,
 And in his sorrow a regality,
 As he were uttering that doom fulfilled,
 Of desolation to Jerusalem,
 Whose children, but she would not, he had gathered
 Under his wing omnipotent.

Behold !

The sun is quelled—the moon is quenched—the stars
 Die in the darkled ether, and from out
 Their golden cressets drop—the sky doth quake,
 And all its powers do quail. From 'midst the gloom,
 Appeareth, like a supernatural dawn,
 The symbol of his coming. Mourn, O earth !
 Pavilioned in the clouds, the Son of Man
 Comes—and his angels, with a trumpet sound,
 That the four winds, to the four ends of air, 360
 Bear on their rushing pennons vehement,
 Gather from every part the Elect of God,
 And heaven and earth before him pass away !

So spake the Prophet Sculptor, and adored . .
Words uttered since by him to whom he knelt, 365
And then inspired. A trance came over him.

The Vision was from heaven—the thunder pealed—
A voice angelical cried, Come, and see.
He rose, and he beheld the prophecy.
Lo, a White Horse of purest hue . . the stream 370
That overflowed the star-paved court of heaven,
And blanched the purple lily, as fables tell,
Less white . . less pure. Moved by the will divine,
He bore, in steps of musick, glory-crowned,
A peaceful Conqueror, clothed with life and light, 375
And by the vision of beatitude
His aspect kindled in serenity.

Armed with a bow, his arrows quivered all,
His presence vanquished, and his coming won
Afar. Before him Paradise—behind 380
He left no desolation. But not thus
The rider of the Sanguine Steed—a sword
Was in the hero's hand, and he destroyed.
The black-maned charger, fierce for fields of blood,
Champing his bit until the hot foam seethed, 385
Raised clouds of war beneath his fiery hoofs—
The mighty there were hid. The warrior's gaze,
His sunk and savage gaze, from underneath
The forehead-burying helm, glared greedily
On the surrounding wreck. He gnashed his teeth, 390
And his unslaked mouth gaped athirst for gore.—
What Son of Night succeeds? that Sable Steed!
He comes involved in darkness palpable—
Fit witness of such scene—his Rider who?
Whence that dim speck in each suspicious eye, 395

Scanning the shaken balance in his hand,
Whose slant beam made him pause?—hoar sceptick, he!
Death followed him—mysterious Death—his pall
That robe funereal, darkening where it flew,
Well suited its dim skirts to that slant beam. 400
In fury on they came, that Sable Steed,
And the Pale Horse,—Death's own—one centaur they,
Wrought of cold ice, parching the air with cold:
From their dire nostrils went consuming plague.
Hell rode on lurid clouds. Now Death's right hand
Upraised the living serpent that coiled up
His eager arm—and from both hands aloft
Were launched brands of blue lightning all abroad.
All leaden was his foot and spectre neck,
And his unnatural head was strangely crowned, 410
And, like a whirlwind, came that icy steed,
In his unreined wrath; and his grey mane
Tossed in abrupt disorder, like dark waves
Sieging a steep rock in a night of storms.
And the dark features of that ghastly king 415
Gleamed with a hideous smile: his eyeballs rolled
Baleful in triumph, and his ominous mouth
Threatened extermination—and he looked
Into the distance—for destruction there,
While havock revelled round. Over the wife, 420
His beautiful wife, the princely husband hangs,
Scarce pale with recent death, her offspring yet
In her embrace—that last kiss took one with her,
From her relaxed grasp the sweet boy fell;
The daughter deems her mother in a swoon, 425
And strives with filial care to stay her fall,
In vain! Gaunt Famine there, an old man, knelt,

Digging the uncharitable earth for roots,
 With his lank fingers ; and his daughter couched,
 The livid Pestilence, on a mat beside, 430
 Shivering. Still neighboured Death that Sable Steed,
 And he who sate thereon, error's sharp judge,
 Minute in estimate, in decision stern,
 Weighing, in his unsteady balance, deeds
 And men—one scale with woe surcharged, and one 435
 With virtue insufficient—passionless—
 Doubt hard by Death, with squint diagonal,
 Gloating on misery, and afraid of joy,
 So oft deluded truth it e'en suspects.

Beast raged and strove with man—and men were slain.
 The horse and rider to the lion yield,
 And Strength's undaunted countenance was weak,
 And Fortitude. Youth's lance was broke, and he
 Tossed in the wind. The firmament was rent,
 And the skies warred 'gainst man ; the thunder smote
 The lover, and in terror woman fled,
 With gaze reverted as in love or awe.
 The eagle with the heron in the clouds
 Held contest wild—and o'er her slaughtered mate
 The galless dove, a widow, drooped in grief. 450

He looked again . . and lo, beneath the foot
 Of him that gentle Conqueror, crushed and slain,
 The old Serpent lay, head-bruised . . and far above
 Soared saints and martyrs to beatitude,
 For whom he conquered. Thus the Vision closed. 455

Whoso had seen the Prophet Sculptor then,
 In this his tranced dream, had not perceived
 Aspect perturbed or changed with strange event,

Albeit thus passing strange, and fraught with doom.
 A whirlwind had outsnatched his spirit, and rapt 460
 Above the Olympian hill—yet what he saw
 And heard into his marrow searched like fire.
 Like the still whispering wind at eventide,
 To him prediction came not, as it comes
 Oft to the dying saint, to soothe his soul, 465
 And softly speak of heaven. The flood was up ;
 Tempest abroad. Anon, a gradual calm,
 A gentle breeze, a quiet finishing ;
 And peace companioned his returning soul.
 Now through each vein the electrick fluid searched,
 And he awoke, inspired. Long time he mused—
 A mighty thing hath been to me revealed—
 How shall the stone express it ?—and his hand
 Dashed o'er the marble with a spirit's power,
 His artist hand. The head of that pale horse 475
 Snorts fire ; each nostril to each eye constrained
 In nigh-disrupting rage, dilated—tort.
 A perfect labour, which, had it survived,
 Genius would question like an oracle,
 Yet, weak resemblance of its archetype, 480
 The genius that created it despised.
 —It is in vain, said Japhet ; human art
 Strives not with skill celestial—Art, farewell !
 The hand forgets its cunning. Human sight
 May not behold it—but my spirit burns— 485
 'Twas not revealed for silence—I will forth.
 This weapon of ethereal tempering,
 Which thus God's Spirit hath in mine inclosed,
 As in a sheath, or plunged as in a bath,
 To sharpen in my soul, my father, thou 490

Shalt pluck out thence, and wield it in thy hand,
 And feel its double edge, and prove its worth ;
 E'en as a two-edged sword it smites in twain
 My nature, and divides my heart and mind.
 The Word of God is quick and full of power— 495
 Who its discerning may abide, alone ?

Forthwith he left his house, and to his sire's
 Came, a day's journey. There his brethren soon,
 Moved by paternal mandate, also came.
 Then Japhet told his vision—as he spake 500
 His frame dilated, and his port assumed
 Strange grandeur, and impulsive energy,
 Of concentrated import and deep awe.
 Noah embraced his son. Japhet, thou art
 A messenger from God. Revere, my sons, 505
 The Prophet of Jehovah. Shem believed,
 And worshipped. Ham was silent.

Blessed be,

Jehovah ! God of Shem ! With thee, O Shem,
 And with thy sons, the Deity of old
 Abode. To thee and thine his name he gave, 510
 His incommunicable name, and taught
 The knowledge of himself. In thee he fixed
 His residence divine—his mercy-seat—
 And spread his glory o'er the cherubim.
 He of thy seed became, and from thy loins 515
 His incarnation grew. While Japhet's voice
 Declared the vision, in that Conqueror
 Shem saw the Son of Man—the son of Shem
 That peaceful Victor was—and Lord of Earth.
 He saw the fulness of all lands in him— 520
 The consummation of all excellence.

III.

OF this spake the Noahcidæ, as now
 They toward the sepulchre of Adam paced.
 Accordant with the work on us imposed
 By messengers divine, angelick guests, 525
 Yon Ark to build, thus far by us performed,
 In faith submit—thy vision, son, and mine,
 Both touched the end of things, as now well nigh
 Some cycle were complete, and old Time swinkt
 Halted, yet not as one whose journey's sped, 530
 But looking onward to the west, where he
 Shall with the sun repose. I call to mind
 The dying words of Jared, that pronounced
 The doom of earth, linked with the patriarch's death,
 Methuselah—now oldest man of men. 535
 Within the vale of Hermon, I, then young,
 Sate in the radiance of the sabbath dawn,
 Betrothed Chava, at the patriarch's door,
 Anxious awaiting . . earliest visitant ;
 For Jared on his final couch was laid, 540
 And a prophetick dream had told his soul
 That he should die that day. Therefore did I
 Prevent the dawn, that of his last of days
 I might be longest witness, but without
 Attend, till entrance household rule permit. 545
 —Soon, first awake, or rather, risen first,
 For tender thought made strangers sleep and night,
 Fair Chava me beloved beckoned in.
 And now the kiss of love received and given,
 Not without tears, we enter silently 550

The chamber of the dying. There, behold,
 Methuselah and Lamech by the couch,
 A saintly group, recline in worship hushed.
 The patriarch sleeps, whom they all night had watched,
 And in the watches of the night had he 555
 Awakened oft, and held discourse sublime
 Of life, and immortality, and God,
 And then relapsed into so sweet repose,
 As made the place a paradise of peace.
 —In green old age erect, Methuselah, 560
 Though hoary with seven centuries, upstood,
 Like lofty Ararat, that shall outlast
 The period of the Flood, that must o'erwhelm
 All other hills : so he life's wonted term :
 While I and Lamech, on his left and right, 565
 Attended, rendering homage natural
 To sage experience, venerable eld.
 Nor was uncondescended homage meet
 To pensive beauty, graces juvenile,
 And, in expressive silence, to his breast 570
 Methuselah the womanly loveliness
 Of Chava's pulchritude enfolded now,
 Child of the race of Jared. Timidly
 Yet piously resigned, she gazed upon
 The face of him whose hour was nigh at hand, 575
 And saw the glory of his countenance
 Irradiate his pillow with the type
 Of the celestial crown, prepared for souls
 In Paradise, the sea of death surpast.
 Sweet his repose, so sweet that halo there, 580
 All sadness it dispelled in whoso saw,
 And substituted blessed hope in hearts

To tender melancholy else inclined,
Though nothing fearful, well sustain'd by faith,
Devoutly patient to divine decree. 585
That waking smile diffused itself, and touched
His eyelids to their opening, and again
Their orbs looked out on objects sensible,
And his wise lips found words benign again.
—Ah, blessed sleep ! that set'st the spirit free— 590
If death hath greater gift than thine in store—
O holy vision ! O divine delight !
Sons, I have dreamed as Adam wont to dream
In Eden, for the cherubim removed
Their terrors from before the Tree of Lives ; 595
So entered I the paradise of God.
There Enoch I beheld—I saw my son,
On whom the doom of Adam had no power,
Wise without sin, and teacher of the truth.
Much we discoursed—he of eternity, 600
And I of time—of what had chanced on earth,
Since God's acceptance of the well-beloved.
Both wept for the impiety of man ;
And chief for the oppression exercised
By the mixed races over Abel's sons, 605
With their expulsion from the sacred land,
Made sacred by their father's martyr blood,
How dear to them—O tyranny profane !—
Cast out beyond the far Erythrean sea.
Now I depart to my beloved son— 610
One duty first performed. Thy father's book,
The Book of Enoch, sage Methuselah,
I render to thy hand ; ere he arose,
Deposited with Seth ; transmitted since

From patriarch unto patriarch, last to thee ; 615
 For on thy death the doom of earth depends.
 Now while I lie, awaiting the demand
 Of the death-angel, read to me the words
 Of my wise son, and sweetly soothe my soul,
 And with thy father's wisdom thine instruct, 620
 That thou mayst rule with justice and with truth.
 —And they were read to him ; but, while his son
 Was reading, Jared's soul had passed away
 In peace, and placidly upon his couch
 The frame exanimate reposed. Forth went 625
 Methuselah, and slowly followed him,
 In quiet state, my father. Lo, the hills
 Were peopled. All the people of all tribes,
 Submissive yet unto the primitive
 And gentle hand of patriarchal rule, 630
 Were there, expecting reverent the report
 Of Jared's death. Into the midst we passed
 Silently, till, at Adam's tomb arrived,
 In solemn act, thereon Methuselah,
 E'en on that altar, holy as the dead, 635
 The Book of Enoch laid ; acknowledged sign,
 To all that multitude, of his access
 To Jared's sway. This having done, he knelt,
 And all with him in adoration bowed.

IV.

His sons thus Noah taught. By this they heard 640
 Hubbub—a day of sport.—Scene different far
 From that deep grove of peace, and quiet hearth,
 Where all domestick charities embraced,

They quitted even now. The mountains rang,
 Their summits heard the voice of multitudes. 645
 From 'twixt the hills,—just where the hollow clasped
 Their deep foundations, and the base inclosed,
 As from an elbow of the embracing arm
 Of that calm vale,—escaped the extended plain,
 A verdant level. At a mountain's foot 650
 A man, clothed in a linen vest, reposed,
 Having a writer's inkhorn by his side ;
 And on his thigh he wrote. A book of skin
 Laid on the grassy slope, and upon tile
 His ready pencil its contents transcribed. 655
 Tamiel, said Noah, wherefore dost thou here ?—
 Him answered thus the scribe, Behold, and read !
 The prophet then the words of Enoch read,
 And wondered, and enquired, Why writest thou this ?
 Then thus the scribe—Mine office is to do, 660
 Not speak ; yet nathless will I speak to thee,
 For thou art worthy, and thine eye hath power.
 Smitten with keen conviction, young Zateel,
 Turned to the tents of Seth, hath, from the mouth
 Of patriarchal wisdom, truth imbibed, 665
 Through faith received, and blest with Zerah's love ;
 Zerah, of Lamech old the youngest child,
 Thy sister, Noah ; and they spake of Enoch,
 Whom, in the prime of life, the eternal God
 Rapt from the sinful earth.—His spirit bides : 670
 His prophecy is written, Lamech said,
 The book is as a spark that none may quench.
 But who, said old Methuselah, shall compel
 Vain man to turn thereon reluctant eye ?
 To take the enduring spark into his soul, 675

And kindle up the vision of his mind ?
 Then cried Zateel—Young am I ;—may I speak ?
 For multitude of years should ever teach.
 Shall I give utterance to the spirit within me ?
 And to the inspiring wish wherewith I burn ? 680
 Give me the book !—And he went forth therewith,
 And to my hand transferred, and gave in charge
 What now I do ; that on this day of sport,
 Hallowed to nobler purposes, the sons
 Of folly, haply, may be lured to pause, 685
 Curious and questioning, when unto each
 The words of Enoch on the tile inscribed
 I give, that it may be to them for good
 Or evil.

God reward thee, young Zateel,
 Said Noah ; and mayst thou rejoice, Zateel, 690
 In the bride of thy youth ; worthy art thou
 Of Lamech's daughter. No ill-mated pair
 Will thou and Zerah be, as some have been
 Whence the gigantick brood of force and fraud—
 Rise, Tamiel, come ; and bring the book along. 695
 I'll shout the words of Enoch in their ears :
 Yea, I will also prophesy ; and thou
 Write down my words, and add them unto his,
 That they, who hear not, may behold. His voice
 From heaven shall speak to them, and mine on earth.

The scribe obeyed, and rose, and girt his loins.
 Forthright into the plain they now immerge,
 Emerging to the people. There, behold,
 As on a continent, the enormous throng.
 Well knew they him.—Ho, ho ! the prophet comes—

The ark-builder and his sons. Hence, ye profane !—
 The scorn of multitudes was in the air,
 And every echo heard it loud and long.
 The noise of waters, when their demon howls
 Round some predestined bark, and Horror laves 710
 His fiery tresses in the flashing surge ;
 And the illuminated form of Death,
 Sphered in the darkness, with impatient eye
 Looks mandates to his unseen ministers
 But not unheard ; less loud than that wild din 715
 Of multitudes, the universal din,
 Which made heaven's vault to tremble, as with shout
 Titanian. Then surceased heroick sport.
 Passed, fearless, on the faithful man of God.
 Before him nameless awe prepared the way ; 720
 Awe, yet not holy, though of holiness,
 Mere superstition's awe : for souls imbrute
 By sin perceive with gross predicament
 Aught spiritual or sacred : conscience blends
 Extremes ; in better men the voice of God, 725
 In evil, but the memory, whereon
 Fancy wild shapes begetteth, as in dreams.
 Such straights are theirs, who from all holy things
 Alien the unwilling ear and sceptick eye :
 They see not, hear not ; yet must hear and see, 730
 What, ay, the imaginative mind of man,
 And the indefatigable faculties,
 Create ;—then whatsoever is not, is.
 O'er-sceptick ever is o'er-credulous.

THE
JUDGEMENT OF THE FLOOD.

BOOK THE SECOND.

I.

To re-create the Past, and to create
Being and Passion for its occupance
Is mine. What poet but might quail beneath
The mighty task? What excellence of thought,
What strength of soul, it needs to wrestle well 5
With the Antient of such far-off days obscure!
Though wounded in the conflict . . though my brain
Be with the effort in the end collapsed,
Dilated, till enfeebled, then o'erthrown . .
Yet I will on, until it be complete. 10
What should I fear to lose for my theme's sake?
Yea, the great globe is valueless and void!
My country or the world may guerdon me—
So let, or let them not; . . and to themselves
Be deathless shame, or honour on us both; 15
For Time discovers Truth, and, where 'tis due,
The eternal meed of Fame, though late, confers.
What hindereth, too, that in the world, beyond
The shadowy boundaries of maternal earth,

Our memories may survive, and residence 20
Perpetual win ; forewarning new-create
Intelligence, experienced guides and guards
From evil snare to godlike virtue high,
Aiding the soul by gradual, sure ascent,
To the Supreme ? Haply, the mighty noise, 25
Wherewith the visible heavens shall pass away,
Shall fail to silence Milton's trumpet-song ;
Nor shall the wreck of elements dissolve
E'en his of Rome, though, to the lyre attuned,
His strain be gentler, and the harmony 30
Of texture delicate, and, like the light
Of the pale moon, a reflex from the orb
Of bolder genius, Melisegenes.
And though the sun be shattered from his sphere,
Turned to a chaos dark and void, that orb 35
Of most heroick glory shall remain,
Kindling new Maroes in the world to come,
Surpassing e'en himself in the degree
That spirit body excels. The expanded sky,
Wherein the angels have been wont to write 40
Their starry poesy for man to read,
Shall be upfolded like a shrivelled scroll ;
Yet may the poesy of man endure,
And hallow the frail leaves of human wit.
The firmament shall melt with fervent heat, 45
And the foundations of the earth dissolve
Into a molten sea, and all depart
Into the liquid flame : heaven, and the stars,
With sun and moon, and all material things,
Tower, temple, palace, pyramid and grove ; 50
How gorgeous in their unessential shew

Soever they appear, like shadows, they
 Depart. But the Eternal Book, wherein
 Poets, historians, prophets, registered
 The Word of the Omnipotent, shall dwell 55
 In its own consecrated destiny
 Secure. His Word shall never pass away :
 But as the Prophecy of Enoch came,
 Thorough the Flood, transmitted to late time,
 In this diurnal, mutable sojourn, 60
 And in the text of Jude existent still ;
 So THAT the doom and trial fiery
 Shall bide, and come out thence, by proof divine,
 The indubitable Word of the Most High ! 65
 Some say, archangel Michael shall descend,
 And, 'mid the fierce combustion, pluck it thence,
 By hard assay approved and glorified,
 Victor sublime ! In that eternal land
 Of spirits undying, in the energy 70
 Of being, shall all things exist entire ;
 Nor there in partial memory survive,
 Or but in name, like Enoch's prophecy,
 (In this uncertain transitory state,
 Dim valley of the shadow of gaunt Death, 75
 Sorrow and wasting doubt,) till some bold hand
 It rescue from the oblivious deep, and by
 Pathetick commune with the living soul
 Of the mysterious universe, revive
 In his own spirit the revelation old. 80
 Soul of fallen man, look forth ! thine estridge thoughts
 Have heavenward ta'en their flight, and built their nests
 Abiding nests on high. Thither reach mine,
 And so absolve the adventurous task I dare,

Of young presumption, by success mature,
And give to hope the sanctity of faith. 85

Passed, fearless, on the faithful man of God ;
Followed, in pairs, Japhet with Shem, and Ham
With Tamiel. This was all the preacher's train ;
Strong in himself, and with his virtues graced.
I' the centre of the plain, the sepulchre 90
Of the first man, a pile of unhewn stone,
Stood eminent : the columns of his son,
Inscribed with old traditions true, beside ;
By their ancestral founder meant to speak,
Ay, of the grave, and of the world beyond. 95
There voices had been heard, and visions seen,
By holy men ; thence issued oracles
Of death, eternity, and fate, and God.
Now, as a goal, the rivals in the race
Looked to them for the crown, afar. Arrived, 100
Noah the altar-tomb demands ; but Ham,
Proud of his father's patriarchal sway,
Did with no gentle voice rebuke the crowd,
Did with no gentle hand oppose the press.
—I preach of peace, and truth hath its own power ;
No might of man it needs, his anger less ;
Forbear, my son, said Noah. Calm he stood,
And quiet in his greatness, then surveyed
The populous scene. Frequent and full the tents ;
Plenteous the boards and manifold, with feast 110
Burthened, and overflowed with wine and oil :
Copious were the libations—Bacchus reigned,
And mirth allied to madness. Morning saw
The grape's blood, evening that of man, outpoured.

Nor wonder : sanguine were his festivals ;
 His blood flowed with each wine-cup. Men were slain
 For sport. There gladiator giants strove ;
 Strength in each nerve sublimely agonized ;
 Dilated every muscle, artery,
 Into the majesty of human might ; 120
 Defiance in their attitudes, and loured
 Courage upon their brows. How beautiful
 The human form in extreme energy . . .
 Soul was in every lineament and limb :
 Fiercely they died. Their spirits went abroad, 125
 Inflamed congenial souls, already inflamed
 With banqueting, whence they in heat arose,
 Flown with pride, insolence, or vanity,
 With madness more than all, and fell in broil.
 Away the prophet turned his sickened eye, 130
 And looked into the East, and in the far
 Horizon, sum of all the prospect, saw
 The Mount of Paradise. The cherubim
 Still waved the excluding brand of angry flame
 Above, around the place once fortunate, 135
 Where bloomed the tree of lives, a fiery guard ;
 A living miracle and constant sign,
 A caution manifest and visible,
 The presence of God's vengeance, to warn man,
 If aught might warn, of sin, and truth persuade ; 140
 Of more especial note, and greater power,
 Than if the bourn of death had been repassed,
 For a returning spirit to convince.
 Nor this alone, but on the hill-side too,
 Arose the appointed Ark, the Deluge-ship, 145
 For which the axe had long the forest shorn,

Birds with its terror scared from their retreat,
 And beasts the violated woods expelled ;
 The labour of a century ; and yet 150
 So vast a wonder, though a work of time,
 Of such endurance, who beheld it, deemed
 That nothing less than miracle performed
 Strange fabrick so capacious, yet so strong.
 And in the sight of all the people there,
 Did Noah lift his hand toward Eden gate, 155
 And bade men look upon the present God.
 Shem slew the yearling lamb, and straight disposed
 The sacrifice upon that altar-tomb :
 Then Noah bowed his face before the Lord.

II.

Before the Lord, beside that altar-tomb, 160
 The sons of Noah, with the scribe, erect,
 Each in his mantle hid his countenance,
 And worshipped in his heart. A rushing sound
 Aloft, as of wings rustling, stirred the air.
 The spirit touched the offering and consumed, 165
 Then to its native heaven the flame returned.
 So potent and so piercing was the flame,
 The bones of Adam kindled in the grave,
 And in the corse the pulse heaved with half life :
 But chiefly on the humble heart's deep shrine 170
 The flame descended ; and the preacher's heart
 Felt the pervading presence, and he rose.
 He hath not left us yet . . the Comforter . .
 He heareth yet man's prayer, and answereth.
 —How like is man unto this altar-tomb ! 175

This fleshly pile is but a sepulchre,
 Where the soul sleeps, till the affectionate will
 Bows down, and offers up the human heart,
 The heart, and all its faculties to God—
 A sacrifice devout. The vital spark 180
 Then sends He forth in whom life's issues are,
 And kindles man into a holy life,
 Whose issues in good words and works restored,
 Human becomes divine—Man walks with God,
 As Enoch once on earth, in Eden now. 185
 —And walk ye thus, ye sons of God and men?
 Walk ye as man with man, e'en? On the soil
 Ye trail your slime, and taint and crush the flowers
 That deck the bosom of your mother—Earth.
 Ye soar not, ye aspire not; ye trace not 190
 Your lineage from on high, and, strong in soul,
 Claim fellowship with angels as your right,
 But ask a brotherhood of worms, and call
 The grovelling reptile, sister. Ye restrain
 Within its fleshly nook the spirit of man, 195
 Tame her ambition down to appetite,
 Then quarrel for a sty. Therefore, from you
 The insulted angels have gone back to heaven,
 To talk with Wisdom, and commune with God.
 They hold no converse with corporeal sense; 200
 Of other strain are they, and so is man.
 —Behold, I speak a proverb . . dust to dust . .
 Of dust ye are, to dust ye do return—
 Your souls are ashes, not one ember left
 My breath may kindle. Oh, the breath of God 205
 Is extinct in the life of man. Hear, heaven!
 Earth, wonder! There Death bideth—Death-in-Life

Walks, a day spectre, in the sun's broad beams,
 Till cold obstruction melt his fetters off,
 And rank corruption in God's nostrils reek. 210
 —Bow down the knee—lie prostrate in the dust—
 Thou camest out thence—it clipt thee like a womb—
 Remit thee to thy native quarry—man !
 Thy spirit is gone forth—Bow down, and wait
 Till God reanimate thy sluggard clay, 215
 And make thee what thou wert . . a living soul.
 —The sculptor, sembling his own form extern,
 Maketh a thing of beauty unto sight ;
 Yet though he carve a mind upon the brow,
 It wants not only life's variety, 220
 But life. The mighty Artist of the sky
 Stamped his own image on the soul of man,
 Himself a living spirit, bade him live.
 Keep ye his image whole ? keep ye it in
 The beauty of holiness 'twas shadowed from ? 225
 No ; ye defile it, mutilate, destroy.
 Oh, right ! oh, truth ! oh, peace ! oh, liberty !
 —Hear me, O Enoch ! waft aside the flames
 That veil thy being from us, and descend
 In glory visible, and call aloud, 230
 That man may hear, and be convinced, and live !
 Yet why should man disturb thy holy rest ?
 Thy sabbath is eternal. Yet thou speakest.
 Thou dwellest still with us. Thy testament
 Survives. This Book endures,—rich legacy, 235
 Memorial wake of thy departure hence,
 Who was not, for God took thee to himself.
 —Believe, oh, man ! and live. The Day—the Day
 Cometh—the morning goeth forth—for pride

Hath budded—violence and evil earth 240
 Do fill. But judgement cometh, and an end.
 The end is come—it watcheth for thee ; lo !
 The day of trouble and destruction, not
 The founding of the hills, but the uprending,
 Darkles the jealous heaven from east to west. 245
 Silence shall brood at eve o'er nature's heart ;
 An incubus on a forgotten grave.
 Repent ye—

More the man of God had said,
 But then advanced the Rephaim giant twins,
 Strong as the oak, and as the cedar tall ; 250
 Valiant as eagles, headlong as a flood.
 Strange brood of discord !—Could essential heaven
 Blend with embracement earthly, spawning forth,
 As from the slime impregn'd with summer's sun,
 Monsters forbid, whence mind idolatrous 255
 Its gross imaginings might incarnate ;
 Abortive and abominable births
 Of spirit on sense begot, till spirit become
 Degraded unto what it blends withal,
 Which its capacious vision might have raised 260
 Unto the High and Holy One, who doth
 Dwell in his own eternal energy,
 Yet deign to shrine him in the contrite soul ?
 —Born in one hour, doubling the pang matern ;
 With iron courage them their mother bore, 265
 Stern daughter of the stern, seed of the strong :
 With amazonian scorn the bitterness,
 Though as of death, yea, and of death, she 'sdained ;
 And, when her travail was o'erpast, had joy
 More than a mother's—her own dauntless joy, 270

A victor's or a stoick's over pain.
 Worthy was she of Cain's intrepid line,
 Her ancestor. Of mingled stock derived
 Was their bad sire ; the unseemly fruit of one
 Of Seth's degenerate and apostate sons 275
 With a fair atheist of the murderer's race ;
 Hence rather in their veins lascivious blood
 Than purer stream might revel : purer once,
 Now worse pollute. I ween : entire in guilt,
 Redemptionless, and lost in loss itself, 280
 Without what natural grace to that might cleave,
 Maugre its lapse from God's supernal grace,
 Whence Nature's is : lost unto both ; abandoned
 Unto the powers of evil utterly.
 Fierce they advanced, and seemed as they might claim
 Lineage (if not the origin to be)
 Of whom the old poets fabled ; the huge sons
 Of Coelus and of Terra, in whose womb
 They grew to godhood, and brake prison thence,
 Armed for rebellion 'gainst the Ancestral Power. 290
 Urged by the fiend within them, and the hell,
 Furious they came, and raised the loud long shout,
 At once derision and defiance ; proud
 Of strength and bulk, and confident in bone.
 From mere disdain they smote the man of God, 295
 He should more force to reason yield than might,
 And deem with words religious to subdue.

III.

Noah was silent, not from wrath, but ruth ;
 With pity scorn, with patience spite repaid.
 Before him leaped his sons. Then tumult rose, 300

Loud clamour, and the cry of blood. Blood flowed.
More had been shed, but on the mountain-skirts
Of that apparent continent silence crept,
And awe prevailed. 'Twas the habitual hush
Wherewith mysterious horror cowed their souls, 305
Whene'er that Presence on their wonder came,
Who entered now with slow and solemn step,
And unaccompanied in his greatness. On
He came. Wild his array; a lion's hide
Hung o'er his shoulders broad, and on his breast 310
Down flowed the shagged mane, the face-skin frowned,
Hollows for eyes, the maw without a tooth,
And terrible in its deficiencies.
Bare was his knee, and hairy all the leg,
And every limb enlarged, and clothed with hair. 315
Look not upon his countenance; ye must,
But dare not look again, although ye would.
That gaze is savage, and each lineament,
Yet, in their madness, undefined command
Of no barbarian grace is eloquent. 320
A memory lingered there of loftier days,
Haunting, with shadowy gleam, his brow's proud curve,
Till grew his aspect spectral, and his eye
Flashed fitfully, even as a paly ghost
Flitting athwart a place of sepulchres; 325
Or underneath a once triumphal arch,
A ruin now loved by the shades of eld.
Profuse, his locks, like a wild horse's mane,
Free of the winds, compact of massy curls,
Shaded his ears with ringlets dusk as night, 330
And with his beard fantastick circlets blent,
Like a vine flourishing in a wilderness,

Hanging its tendrils loose on thorny brake,
 And briary underwood—so bearded he.
 Where his large forehead loured, his ample locks 335
 Disparted and upcoiled, like serpents, back
 From eyebrows huge, that, like two promontories,
 Horrid with crag, suspense, the flashing orbs
 Encaved. Now, like a blasted oak or tower
 Magnificent, scathed by heaven's lightning shaft, 340
 He stood. Atlas he seemed, groaning beneath
 The universal weight, a world of woe,
 A penal universe, and he condemned
 To the aye-during burthen for his sins ;
 A penance, but magnanimously borne. 345
 Of all that throng but one might look on him ;
 And he in admiration, how intense,
 Gazed, sword-supported ; beautiful in youth ;
 The attraction of all eyes. Amazement strange
 Guided fond vision to that monument, 350
 More perfect in such quiet attitude
 Than ever statue was ; and recognized
 The valorous boy who rushed into the fray,
 A timely aid to Noah and his sons,
 Oppressed by numbers. Of the giant twins, 355
 One had on Tamiel seized, and, from his grasp
 Essayed to wrench the book. The youth, Zateel,
 Did wound the robber-hand, did save from death
 The weaponless and undefended scribe,
 And from the impious and profane destroyer 360
 Rescued the sacred tome. Then gradual stole
 That hush of horror toward him, and his ear
 Soon caught his neighbour's whisper—"Tis the king
 Of streams, 'tis Samiasa ! Anon declined

Sudden his sword, and fixed its point in earth. 365
 In graceful admiration on its hilt
 He leaned, and thus intensely watched advance
 The monarch maniac, with emotion deep.
 Born of the line of Cain, yet well-redeemed,
 By mother, but by father come of Seth, 370
 Under the sway of Samiasa long
 He lived, beneath parental roof; nor past
 Idly his days: he was a child of thought,
 And not unnoticed by the thoughtful king,
 Who heard, how in that gorgeous capitol, 375
 Mid palaces and temples, he had fed
 His eye's poetick wonder, and had reared
 His mind to manhood and magnificence.
 Thence called to court, that monarch's eloquence
 Inflamed his soul, and urged her upward flight. 380
 Together often, they would read the stars,
 Or to the earth returning, speculate
 On what like them was splendid and aloft
 In nature and in man, and chiefly what
 Asserted union with the most divine. 385
 For Cain, when from the presence of the Lord,
 As in the faces of the cherubim
 Illustrate, to the land of Naid he fled;
 To soothe, well as he might, his angry mind,
 And conscience still implacable, thereof 390
 Resemblance made, and teraphim before
 Bowed down and worshipped; feeling what his need
 Of highest aid who had so deeply sinned;
 Yet, doomed to labour, could not raise his soul
 To finer contemplation; and to him 395
 These were as gods. Such gods his children carved,

Improving in the arts of diligence,
 Of finer mould, of more celestial mien
 Inventive, proud of their mechanick skill,
 And of their benefactors statues made, 400
 And had them in remembrance, and adored
 As demigods. Such false religion brought
 Proud Amazarah to the tents of Seth,
 Whose sons apostate on the cunning work
 Gazed, wondering, and worshipped, ignorant 405
 Of aught beyond. In superstitious fear
 Grew up the mixed race, and hireling priests
 Inshrined as gods the effigies of men,
 And for their temples reared them pyramids,
 Resembling that mysterious cone of fire 410
 And cloud which sphered the living cherubim,
 Who kept the passage of the Tree of Lives,
 When man became in knowledge like to God,
 Knowing both good and evil, lest he grow
 Immortal in a world of sin, and death 415
 Ope not the gate to knowledge pure and free.
 Soon Samiasa's penetrating thought
 Unveiled the mystery of idolatry,
 And to Zateel imparted what he knew,
 And burned with deed heroick to deserve 420
 Honour divine, and in heroick deed
 Surpassed all predecessors, earthly gods,
 Till they became, as they had never been,
 Forgotten, and he were the god alone ;
 Save that his filial piety preserved 425
 The memory of his sire, and, from the tents
 Of Seth, would often come a preacher forth
 Of righteousness, to testify of One,

God of all gods—Jehovah—over all.
 —Anon, he did appoint a solemn day, 430
 And at his bidding many peoples came,
 With tributary kings and royal slaves,
 Chariots and horsemen, warriors old and young—
 The bond and free, a universal host,
 To look on him whose image they adored 435
 Within the temple of the pyramis.
 The car, by consecrated steeds conveyed,
 Awaited the humanity divine
 Of that great Word who, for his glory, had
 A city and a country, with his lip, 440
 Established. Forth he came, and that large scene,
 A populous ocean, heaving sumless waves,
 Passed into his majestick soul with more
 Of majesty ; and vaunting speech he spake—
 Then fell from heaven a voice, a thunder-peal— 445
 An angel's arm was visibly beheld,
 In eloquent action, stretched from out the sky.
 Heaven opened, and then shut . . and all was still.
 —A pause of wonder. Horreur fell on all,
 But chief on him. O change ! for prone at once 450
 He sank, now beast, in sorrow and in shame,
 Remote from human dwelling banished far,
 Until the times be finished of his doom :
 Save that the sabbath, day of hallowed rest,
 Duly administered to his estate 455
 From direst punishment repose, and brief
 Immunity from demon prevalence.

Now on his lips expectant gazed Zateel,
 Breathless. He knew how eloquent they were—

Once when they spake were sages wont to blush, 460
And pause for answer; nor less potent now.

Thus he: Well done, young man: preserve for aye,
The scripture that aye-present doth preserve
The God of gods to memory. I forgot
Him once, who to remember him had cause. 465
The spirit which deified me was from Him,
Whom I rejected, and straightway became
A God-abandoned man, unto himself
Abandoned, and that self-sufficient strength
Whence he presumed, but which on trial failed, 470
And ever must. Hearken, ye fond of strength,
Who have disturbed my oraisons—(ye might
Have worshipped with me.)—Mark yon hill's proud crest;
'Tis obvious to the mount of Paradise,
And to the glorious vision there displayed, 475
Glorious in terrour. There it is my wont,
'Scaped from the desert and the fiend, to come,
Even with the day-spring of the sabbath morn,
And look on Eden and its fiery guard,
And watch for the uprising of the sun, 480
Tho kindling of the hills whence goeth he,
Fresh as a giant eager for the goal.
How bright, how high! Of all created things
Yon ardour is most like a deity.
Shall dim and puny man, then, call his soul 485
The standard of perfection, and contemn,
Vain of his own originality,
His Maker's image, and invent a new,
Better or worse, he recks not? Only He
Who made him what he is can make him more. 490
Man's semblance is Death's shadow, for his soul

Is murderous, abject, cruel, and corrupt !
 —Witness, ye heroes ! Ye do well to boast
 Of thews and sinews, and in force of limb
 Triumph, and in the courage of your souls— 495
 Impulse, though blind, hath joy, which ye obey,
 And is derived divinely. 'Tis heaven's life
 Abused, meant to beget new life, and deeds,
 Wherein heaven-guided piety might trace
 Symbol humane of Origin divine. 500
 By you Death conquers ; life, crushed in the germ,
 Limps, issueless—foredone. The human form
 Erect . . divine . . lies prostrate, lies defaced.
 Approach it . . lo, the fragrance and the flower
 Have left the withered stalk and barren stem. 505
 Of its once comeliness no grace remains ;
 Its strength is weakness, and its glory shame.
 There is no beauty, excellence, in death.
 The eye . . term it the presence of the mind . .
 Is all-extinguished. Things that it perceived, 510
 Phantasm or substance, shadowy qualities,
 Visions that Fancy made her own, and built
 A gorgeous world thereof ; her world and this,
 Into inanimate gloom they fade away.
 This erst was her dominion . . hers and man's. 515
 Now narrow is his dwelling, dark and lorn,
 Within a populous yet silent land . .
 He dwells alone within a quiet house,
 Alone, yet crowded in his solitude.
 No moon nor sun may visit it. Within 520
 A desolate and dreary realm it lies,
 The realm of winter. Silence and the night
 Only inhabit there. Heaven-moulded form

Returns to Chaos. Blood cries from the ground.
—Witness ye rulers of the fettered earth ! 525
Ye do well also. Triumph in your crowns,
Your sceptres ; those of thorn, of iron these :
Ye conquer, then enslave. Man's attitude,
Lost unto freedom, and in soul abashed,
Vails its bold front, and crouches at your feet, 530
As ye were gods. Children of men be warned !
Lo, ye, worse slavery, enchain yourselves ;
Your passions labour at the tyrant's forge,
And mould the links of avarice and lust.
—Witness, ye elements ! and testify, 535
Ye worshippers of earth. To God alone
Do homage ! Dost thou bow the coward knee
To power ? Is power divine ? Why yield it, man ?
One boasts the attribute, and many quail ;
Straightway a demigod is he, yet him 540
The thunder daunteth. Ye succumb to fear,
And make out of your fear a deity.
So when the tempest doth pass by, ye see
A demon in its blackness, hear a fiend
In its load roar, and cry them mercy. Ye 545
Have power, had ye knowledge, o'er the winds ;
Nay, all the elements were slaves to you,
And would perform your bidding, were ye brave.
Were but your virtue adequate to dare,
Ye might restore the never-changing spring 550
Of Paradise, and win companionship
With angels as of old, and satisfy
The craving soul with everlasting truth ;
And thus indeed become like unto God,
Knowing all things, and ruling all, by love. 555

—But now ye conquer and are conquered—now,
 Hark ! the poor man and feeble testifies
 'Gainst your oppression, while God listeneth,
 Yea, while Jehovah listeneth, to avenge—
 For her right sceptre Equity hath lost, 560
 (In whom God's Image is the most express,)
 And unto gods which are no gods ye pay
 What is not due from wantonness of will—
 But Him, the True and Faithful, ye defraud
 Of due obedience, gratitude, and love— 565
 His sabbaths ye reject, his wrath despise.

IV.

The monarch ceased. Forth stept an Orator,
 Fluent and pert, armed with proof rhetorick
 'Gainst truth and reason, with bland sophistry
 To lull the one to acquiescent pause, 570
 Silence the other, contemptuous or abashed,
 And thus even for a while o'er both prevail.
 But they have their own hour, their own good time,
 Sure victors, and their conquests shall abide
 Eternal in the heavens. God shall award 575
 Their amaranthine wreath ; himself divulge
 Their deathless fame through infinite expanse.
 The voice of Samiasa had aroused
 The torpid awe his presence did impose :
 Thus will the sunny breeze of spring awake 580
 The icy stream, until it gradual gush,
 As if again the Spirit o'er its face
 Moved, as of old, o'er darkness, when the void
 Of nature did conceive with life and form.

Part lifted up their eyes, and dared his look, 585
 And hurried breathing became audible,
 Sound half afraid of its own entity.
 Then from the press forth stepped the orator,
 Curious in phrase, and nice of attitude,
 His accents modulating, and his hand 590
 And features timing to the expressive turn,
 The swelling cadence, and the solemn fall
 Of his discourse elaborate, but to the ear
 Easy and flowing, as a river's lapse,
 With not a pebble to obstruct its step, 595
 But for the musick, as it gently glides
 Unto the naiad's cells, in the calm depths
 Of the unfathomable ocean. Thus :
 Submissive to the shadow of thy power,
 As to the substance once, to thee, O king, 600
 Grant that thy servant, Rumel, may reply.
 Think not I wrestle with thee for the crown
 Of eloquence ; for who may strive with thee ?
 And what am I ? . . thy sometime worshipper.
 High on the throne of thine imperial state, 605
 Too bright for earth, like a divinity,
 Thou satest exalted, . . One. The dazzled sight
 Swam in thy presence, therein pride was not ;
 Erect humanity forgot itself,
 Bated a cubit of its stature, yea, 610
 In prostrate adoration kissed the dust.
 A happy realm thy habitation was,
 And in no earthly paradise thou dwelt.
 Celestial fortunes thy companions were,
 And they accompanied thy goings-forth, 615
 And glory heralded thy comings-in ;

And thou wert perfect in thy majesty,
And in thy spirit thou wert excellent;
And thy dominion was o'er shore and sea;
The limits of thine empire who could tell? 620
The heaven scarce seemed to circumscribe thy sway.
To thee the Founder of the pyramid,
The co-eternal rival of the sky,
The deep-based column of the firmament,
Enslaved his mighty art, and built for thee. 625
And nations did adore within its gate,
Hero and sage, youth, beauty, childhood, eld;
And with the myriads who worshipped there,
Thy servant worshipped with a grateful heart,
And willing to thy service would return. 630
Thou didst look down from thy sublime repose,
And, from amid excessive glory, smile
Great approbation, and ennobling joy;
And thine acceptance was far more than wealth,
Thy grace than treasure. Honour in thy hand, 635
And in thy voice abounded length of days.
Then they found favour in thy sight whom now
Thine anger doth rebuke. Wherefore art wroth?
O thou, our king and god. Wherein have we
So grievously offended, thou withdrawest 640
Into thy mystick nature's solitude,
And art not unto men for many days?
Then, incarnate in this strange disguise,
Comest forth, afflicting fancy with wild fear,
Speaking to us a language all unknown; 645
Ah! how unlike the native dialect
Which made thy former days and fortunate,
A full-orbed diapason of rich sounds.

Deep then was Samiassa's agony.
 He rent his hair in bitterness of soul, 650
 And cast himself upon the unpitying earth
 In more than phrenesy, and there he sate,
 Sublime in misery and great in grief.
 A god indeed ; look I not like a god,
 A very god ? This is my heaven. Behold 655
 My cloudy throne, this bare ground is my sky—
 These locks my glory, and this skin the robe
 Of majesty divine. Hero and sage,
 Monarchs of earth, bow down and worship here—
 My hand grasps lightning. Hark—the thunder peals—
 Earth's centre is my footstool ! thither plunge
 To do me homage, as becomes a god
 Of state like mine, exalted thus, so high,
 A deity so jealous, and so proud.—
 Let gods themselves come to it and adore. 665
 There is no god but God.—No God but He
 Who reigns in heaven. He is the God of Heaven
 And Earth. JEHOVAH, He is God alone.
 And He shall break in pieces mighty men,
 When he ariseth to shake terribly 670
 The earth ; . . then shall ye seek the rocky clefts,
 And climb the ragged summits of the rocks,
 For fear of him and of his majesty.
 All hands be faint, and each man's heart shall melt,
 For He shall come upon ye suddenly, 675
 In the roar of many waters, and the rushing
 Of many floods. Earth shall be drunk therewith,
 And reel as if with wine. JEHOVAH, He
 Is God—JEHOVAH, He is God alone.
 He did create the heavens, and stretch them out, 680

He spread forth earth, provides what cometh thence.
 'Tis He who giveth breath to man thereon,
 And spirit unto them who walk therein.

Great fear fell on that multitude : abashed,
 And silent, they retired, and, one by one, 685
 Sought each man out his dwelling ; and, 'ere long,
 On that immeasurable plain was left
 None but the king and Noah and his sons.

Prophet and prince, have pity on my sins ;
 Pray to thy God for me, . . the monarch cried. 690
 If I should pray would he be merciful ?—

Have we not daily instance ? Noah said :
 Whence, but from mercy, are the wicked spared ?
 And what am I, that in his sight I should
 Find such abundant grace ? Have faith, and live. 695

What Christian knows not, in the hour and power
 Of darkness, with what cheering influence
 The light of truth beams on his troubled soul,
 From Holy Writ reflected, if aright
 Read in the spirit, and thus understood ? 700
 Even the world's Saviour, in the agony
 Of crucifixion sharp, such solace found ;
 And in the psalmist's words exclaimed aloud,
 Unto the God who had forsaken him.—

Will it not soothe torn Samiasa's soul 705
 To hear the scripture read that Enoch wrote ?
 So deems the king ; and straightway down they sate,
 And at his bidding, then, the man of God
 Right audibly the oracle intoned,
 The Bible of the world before the Flood. 710

Vans of the tempest ! do your thunders sleep ?
 Spread ye abroad, like eagles' ; cleave the rocks,
 And break the mountains to your might opposed.
 Heave up, ye earthquakes ! be ye heard and felt,
 Shake ye the solid ground, and the great sea, 715
 As with the throes of childbirth.—Element
 Of Fire ! encircle, clip me in with flame—
 Till I be like to you !—They have past by.

Come, Spirit of the Eternal, co-eterne !
 And of the dædal universe divine, 720
 The choral soul and prime intelligence.
 Come, Dove celestial ! who, with procreant wing,
 Broodedst o'er Hades ere that light became ;
 Pervadest Nature's constant travail still ;
 Impregnedst old prophets' hearts with wondrous seeds,
 Whose autumn time will garner ; . . yea, whose power
 O'ershadowed her whom generations bless—
 The Virgin-Mother of the Holy Thing,
 Messiah, God incarnate—uncreate.
 Thou, with the Father, from eternity, 730
 And with the Son, adorable ! descend,
 Essence of essence, into my shut mind ;
 A still small voice, such as Elijah heard ;
 Make it thy temple, there light up thy shrine,
 Thine altar be my heart, and there dwell thou ; 735
 That I may utter oracles aright,
 Of old by Enoch written, scribe inspired.

THE
JUDGEMENT OF THE FLOOD.

BOOK THE THIRD.

I.

THE words of Enoch, which the patriarch wrote,
Ere he to heaven ascended visibly,
In letters taught by God, in love to man.

Thoughts of our father Adam came o'er me,
As I was sitting lonely in my tent. 5
And, ah ! the dearness of his memory
Is very tender, and the love intense
Wherewith on it we dwell ; yet death, said I,
Will make the loving mute, like the beloved.
Their forms, indeed, in lasting marble dure, 10
Or live awhile in colour—but their words
Die mostly with articulated air.
How few survive in signs—that want the flow
Of rapid speech, the continuity
Of sequent eloquence, of which they give 15
The meaning scarce, expression not at all—
Figures of things and creatures visible,

By the peruser self-interpreted.
 And love and duty may wax cold in most,
 As they have soon in many. and the lips 20
 Of witnesses reluctantly repeat
 The things they knew of old : and, at the best,
 They mingle minds and feelings in the tale.
 O that a record might be found, which, like
 The stars might shine unaltered : like the moon, 25
 Reflect the shadow of departed suns.
 My heart burned, and forth issued I, to fall,
 Adoring, in the presence of my God.
 Before the cherubim that guard the gate
 Of Eden. There I came. How gloriously 30
 The fiery pillar, self-involved, revealed
 Its glory, from the cloud inshrining it,
 Its tabernacle. Ever as it rose
 Sublimed, in pyramid majesty,
 Back on itself in wrath divine it rolled, 35
 Averting from the sinner penal death,
 In act reflex, and terrors merciful.
 So thick the terrors I nought else discerned,
 Yet thus I prayed to him whose name is Love.
 Creator ! thou hast made thy universe 40
 A pattern of thy power, a mirror gross
 Of things divine, invisible—and all
 Thy works are words—and every word of man
 Embodies in created thing, the thought
 Thus only understood ; even as himself 45
 Was in thine image made, and only there
 Finds image of himself, in what of thee
 Inferior image is. And thou hast set
 Thy Cherubim, the representatives

Of majesty divine, thy witnesses ; 50
 And gloriously they testify of thee,
 When from the bosom of the thunder cloud
 The lightning flashes, and the choral peals
 Reverberate thy holiness, and shake
 The mercy-seat whereon thou sitst enthroned. 55
 And human thought than lightning swifter, words
 Impetuous as the thunder, ill reports
 Aught foreign from the spirit whence they came.
 Thine is that spirit, and its skill is thine ;
 Thou taughtest language to our father ; now 60
 Teach wisdom to his sons, and of the same
 Perpetual register for memory,
 An adequate memorial for the mind,
 Surer than speech, and ampler than what eye,
 Albeit excursive, comprehends alone. 65
 Thus prayed I, and was silent. From the cone,
 The Living Spirit audibly pronounced
 My name. I lifted up my eyes, and lo,
 Michael before me stood, his glory veiled,
 As man with man, in majesty subdued. 70
 Thy prayer is heard, he said. The Lord, who gives
 All understanding and intelligence,
 Hath heard thy prayer, and answered it by me.
 This Tablet take, and deeply contemplate,
 Which God shall teach thee rightly to peruse. 75
 'Tis of the six day's work, and seventh's rest—
 What there thou findest transcribe, and add thereto
 What thou hast learned of Providence and God.
 With grateful heart, I took the precious gift,
 Nor left me then the angel, but with kind 80
 And affable attention, me beside

Stood, while I read, and helped me to the sense,
And, after I had read, departed pleased.

This is the record which the Tablet bore,
Of Wisdom listening to the Elohim, 85
Apt to reveal in song the mind of God.

Being of Beings, God is Love. Of Love,
Life-giving Love, the Father gave the Son
Life in himself to have, and propagate.
None shall the Father see, at any time, 90
But he to whom the Co-eternal Son
Himself reveals, revealing so the Sire.

Such the decree. Paternal Throne of God,
Unutterable, inaccessible,
Abides in light that aye shall limit round 95
The universe, and nought shall comprehend
For ever and for ever. None shall hear
His voice, the filial God except, and he
To whom he shall his will supreme reveal,
Within whose bosom I consorted live. 100

Eternal silence is not. God bespeaks
The Son—I am—and the Word answers—Yea,
Father, thou art, and I in thee ! To whom
The Eternal Father :—Lo, I swear ; of thee
And for thee are the hosts of heaven and earth : 105
Both the Beginning and the End art thou.
Whereto the Son—According to thy will,
I constitute the ages. And, at once,
Beginning was, the heavens, the earths were made ;
Nor void, nor formless, nor in darkness hid 110
To the Creators, though, unuttered yet,
In the Beginning was the Word with God ;

Profound, unfathomable abyss, anon
 Inspired and vocal, . . God become the Word,
 And the far Spirit circumscribing space, 115
 That Wisdom might complete the Work of Power.

So were the heavens outspread, expanse of air
 In motion, destined to dispose the place
 Of worlds innumerable, radiant orbs.

Nor light was not. The Spirit obeyed the Voice 120

Eternal, and, in floods of ether, Time
 Transpicuous, from the agitated deep
 Electrick, . . whirling as a wheel, by force
 Of the strong wind, that, like an eagle's wings,
 Fluttered above its waters, as a nest 125

Where life was teeming, . . rose, empyreal youth,
 And beautiful as young. Thereat the Light
 Came forth to welcome him ; he, at her breasts
 Cradled, grew in her aspect lovely, till
 She diademed with day-beams his smooth brows ; 130
 And ancient Darkness hid but half a world.

Thereat to hail him was the rush of floods,
 And Heaven itself descended to divide
 Their rivalry. The land and main appeared,
 And owned his domination. Then with dance, 135
 And voice of melody, and lyres of gold,

The choral stars rejoiced, and sun and moon ;
 The finny nations of the watery deep,
 Winged people of the æreal hemisphere,
 The children of the forest and the field, 140

Made earth and air and ocean glad with life.

Shouted with joy the sons of God in heaven—

Soon silent, for thus spake the Elohim.

Let us make Man in our own Image. So,

In his own Image, God created Man. 145
 —Thus were the heavens created, and their hosts ;
 The earth with its inhabitants were made.

Six eves and morns the work divine endured,
 And the profound knew motion ;— storm and calm
 Meting the days, and making each an æra. 150

Perfect in its completions, God beheld
 His Universe, and then pronounced it good ;
 Fit altar for his worship—temple fit
 For man to dwell in ; and, by seeing God,
 In nature visible, conform his works 155
 To his exemplar, . . perfect and preserve
 His breathed soul's similitude divine.
 Then God retired into his solitude,
 He hallowed his repose ; he sanctified
 The seventh day to man, recurring sign 160
 Of his perpetual peace . . memorial aye
 Of his creation, and completing joy.

When I had read, I bowed my pensive knee
 To the great Parent of the Universe ;
 And ordered then a solemn sacrifice, 165
 I'the presence of the people. On the tomb
 Of Adam the devoted lamb I slew,
 And took his skin, and with his blood transcribed.

II.

I write what ye do know. My words are truth,
 Whereof, O fathers, witnesses are ye. 170
 Adam, our Father, gave me in command
 To gather, as the youngest of them all,

The patriarchs together, that they might
 Be present at the death of the First Man,
 To whom the Spirit had his end foretold. 175
 Ye came, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel,
 And Jared ; and, with me and with my son,
 Methuselah, around the couch of age,
 In grave solicitude and silent awe,
 His words attended, while he thus began. 180
 Our God is good, Jehovah-Elohim ;
 Our dwelling-place before the mountains were,
 Heaven's canopy was spread, or ocean flowed ;
 And in his likeness he created Man,
 And placed him in a happy Paradise, 185
 And wedded him to Woman. On the law
 Of God we meditated with delight ;
 To covet not, even knowledge, though divine.
 His law was love, obedience loving him ;
 Love strong in hope, and fortified by faith : 190
 And doubt was not until was tempted Eve,
 To effort vain, of knowledge without power.
 Then was revealed the love we dared suspect.
 —Evening came on : on the refreshing breeze
 Walked great Jehovah's Voice—the Merciful— 195
 And question done and judgement passed, resumed
 Such condescension, that I hailed aloud
 Eve, Mother of all Living ; so decreed,
 To manifest the perfect Man divine.
 —Why doubtedst thou Our love, who gave thee life ?
 Why fearedst that They from thee should knowledge hide,
 Who made thee in their image, nor in this
 Dissimilar ? We would that thou shouldst know
 Thy strength, but he thy weakness who seduced,

Election made, necessity begins. 205
 Go—win by labour what free grace had given ;
 Aim to be gods, and be such but in aim,
 And lose the end in the endeavour, till
 Toil be the whole, and nothing the reward.
 Earth shall ask sweat enough, and nature veil 210
 Herself to much enquiry . . oft to all.
 Such is the curse. Yet shall salvation be
 Wrought, though with trembling, out. A race shall rise,
 The kings and priests of men, who shall uphold
 Faith, or for good or evil, and attain 215
 Knowledge or power, and human fears and hopes
 Shall hang on mortal wills ; and these shall mount
 Exalted to celestial seats, and earth
 Adore them—heroes, demigods and gods :
 Till One shall come, who from their hands shall wrest
 Their sceptres, and dethrone them from the skies.
 Meantime must God and man be twain, until
 Atonement made, in sign whereof, observe
 What now I do, and oft the rite perform.
 —Thus saying, straight he of earth an altar piled, 225
 And on it laid an holocaust, and slew
 The anointed beasts, as I do now, and said,
 Lo, Adam, this is Death ! We saw—were thrilled—
 Fear not, for this shall your last refuge be
 From sorrow . . here behold the Gate of Heaven ! 230
 And now the fire of heaven that ye will need,
 Thus willingly I render to your use—
 The life that ye have shed, Heaven shall accept
 And reunite unto its fount above—
 And thus ye are atoned. In proof whereof, 235
 Be clothed ye with these sacrificial skins,

Cover from shame, and armour for defence
 'Gainst elemental nature, waked to strife
 By your transgression. Thus by wisdom live—
 And art and patience, faith and fortitude, 240
 Obstruction shall subdue, or if not, death.
 —The while he spake, the flame descended there,
 And quaffed the blood; and o'er our limbs he spread
 The skins from off the holocaust; as now,
 The flame descends upon our sacrifice, 245
 And I invest thee, Seth, with this same skin,
 And consecrate thee, Patriarch and Priest.
 And while Seth knelt, as, prescient of his death,
 Adam on him the hallowed raiment put,
 He said: This done, the Merciful pursued; 250
 But now ye have become like us, to know
 Both good and ill, and much ambition shewn,
 And less submission, ye may deem to thwart
 The doom of death, and, plucking from the Tree
 Of Lives, become immortal in your sin, 255
 And earn eternal sorrow. Hence it needs
 The way be barred, that Life be not abused,
 And Paradise become unparadised.
 Therefore, without its walls, I do return
 With you unto the Place whence thee I brought, 260
 O Adam! there to till the ground wherefrom
 I took thee. So he drave us forth, and left,
 East of the garden, there his cherubim
 Whereon he rode in living majesty,
 To frustrate all return, until the hour 265
 When death sets free the soul, and that great time
 When for the world atonement shall be made.
 My hour is come. Farewell. Restore to earth

Earth's perishing dust. So Adam died.
 Six days were past in sorrow. These elapsed, 270
 The race of Adam at his obsequies
 Assembled. Such the Patriarch and Priest,
 Amidst the multitudes, where now I stand,
 In venerable dignity, prepared
 The sacrifice of burial. In cold earth 275
 The body of our father he entombed :
 Saying, As thus the chamber of the grave
 Within, his mortal frame reposes here,
 Thus in the bowers of Paradise his soul,
 In visionary slumber, findeth peace. 280
 Till their re-union in the end of time.
 Tears then were shed : a loud lament arose
 From thousands and from thousands. And is this
 The hope of man, are all his days of toil
 Decreed to this reward ? Hath Adam died, 285
 Even like the holocaust we sacrificed ?
 Perishes man as perishes the worm.
 And, mingling with the dust, is seen no more !
 Loud sobs were heard, and then the clamour ceased ;
 At length, a Stranger from the Land of Naid 290
 Rose in the midst . . . and, asking with his hand
 Attention, thus began : Such are the hopes
 Of miserable man ! Knew ye not Death
 Before ? I knew him, King of Terrours, ere
 Your generation was ; for I beheld 295
 Young Abel die, whose blood cried from the ground.
 Hereat was raised the question, like a shout—
 Cain ? art thou Cain ? . . He answered, I am Cain :
 And, taking off his iron crown, exclaimed—
 Behold the sign upon my writhen brow, 300

Branded by God, devoted Fratricide,
 First witness of man's death, first murderer !
 I rose against him in my wrath, for he,
 Who shed blood of the firstlings of his flock,
 Was pleasing to his Maker ; while I—I— 305
 Who offered of the produce of my toil,
 Was hateful in his sight ! I tilled the earth ;
 I fattened it with sweat, and watered it
 With tears, . . for food, . . all to prolong this life,
 This miserable life, whose end ye see. 310
 He ate the food who earned not ; but his days
 Passed idly, contemplating with delight
 The soil accursed, whose stubbornness would yield
 Only to labour—painful and severe.—
 Alas ! my lovely brother ! I esteemed 315
 Thy life but vanity . . and what is mine ?
 Vanity only more laborious, cursed !
 A curse—a curse—a curse is on the earth,
 And death within its bosom, night and hell,
 Populous hell, and night depopulate ! 320
 Then from the ground rose Eve, where, weeping, she
 Had sate, and ran to clasp her long-lost son—
 Spurned rudely.—Cain ! she cried, my first born son :
 A happy mother I when thou wert born :
 When I to Adam said that I had got 325
 The man Jehovah.—
 I the first born man ?
 Why by another are these rites performed ?
 Behold, a king am I ! lo, I am crowned !
 The diadem conceals a branded brow—
 Ye have no kings among you, . . look on me ; . . 330
 The blood I shed did consecrate me such ;

Fearful my name, and sacred made my life.
 Thou art Sin's mother—Death was my red son,
 Who, like an harvest man asweat with toil,
 Perspires all gore, dissolved in bloody dew— 335
 Anon, he makes huge havock with the race,
 Long-time preserved, of Adam, the Unborn,
 Yet dead ! And soon his father shall he slay,
 And I will bid him hail, and be no more !
 Then spake the youngest of the fathers there, 340
 Enoch : . . Why are ye silent, sons of God ?
 Ye fathers of the family of men !
 Man was by God created, and was found
 Of him by nature ignorant and wild,
 Spread on the ground whence he had taken him ; 345
 Then did he lead him by the hand into
 A Paradise of pleasure, and contract
 With him a gracious covenant, that he
 Might soar by wisdom, on the wings of faith,
 To blessed life and immortality, 350
 From carnal lusts abstaining, and appoint
 A righteous law to manifest his sin,
 If he transgressed. Then did he drive him forth,
 To win by labour what the soul, absorbed
 In sensible indulgence, indolent, 355
 Left unattempted in a state of ease,
 And know ye not, prophetick Adam taught,
 Death is not final, but transition mere
 To an immortal state for weal or woe,
 And while we speak, his spirit hovers near, 360
 And weeps for pity at this blasphemy.
 Then Cain laughed loud. His spirit, even now
 Ye said, had sped to Paradise 'tis here.

'Tis there—or any where, but where it is
 Ye know not, . . ay, or that it is. Then tears 365
 Channelled his rugged cheeks. How oft have I,
 In the lone visions of the night, with loud
 And earnest prayers, and groanings from the soul,
 Called upon Abel to appear to me,
 And soothe my spirit with his presence once, 370
 In sign of pardon, or that I had not
 Extinguished all his being. He heard not
 My supplication ; had he heard, he would
 Have come, . . for he was ever gentle. No—
 There is no hope for man ! But on the grave, 375
 The gate of hell, sits, like a fiend, Despair !
 And saying thus, he vanished ; and the rest
 Departed sad, a mournful company.
 Returning to the realm o'er which he ruled,
 Cain, the man-slayer, the death-angel slew ; 380
 By touch ethereal slain, and not by man.

III.

How swift the years fly past, yet not as flies
 The traceless arrow through the closing air.
 Body and soul, they do impress on man
 The signs that they have been ; for what are they 385
 But motions of his own activity,
 Whose very thoughts imperishable are,
 Inscribed by God within his Book of Doom ?
 Upon the race of Seth, the words of Cain
 Sank deeply, with the death of the Unborn, 390
 The first-created man. Dispute ensued,
 High argument, nor might assurance high

Of angels, visiting the sons of men,
 Celestial testimony, to convince
 The sceptick mind suffice ; who'll not believe, 395
 No satisfaction, even in knowledge, finds.
 Nay, even to demon oracles recourse
 Was had—of whom Cain's race enquiry made,
 And oft received forged answer. Conference
 And intercourse succeeded. Then the sons 400
 Of God the daughters saw of men, how fair,
 How lovely, how adorned, how sweetly wise
 And amiably accomplished, and they took
 Them wives at their election. Pure alone
 The children of the blood-devoted dead, 405
 Abel, who all impurity abhorred,
 And, in simplicity of faith and deed,
 Continued shepherds of the sacred flocks
 For sacrifice appointed, whence the shame
 Of man is covered, and his sin forgiven, 410
 And man is reconciled unto his God.
 Thus was the faith preserved—but not without
 The martyr's peril, and thereon was one,
 Enoch the Scribe, who looked with much concern.
 Soon to the holy mountain he retired, 415
 And fasted . . forty days ; and, all that time,
 Trances and visions kept his soul alive,
 Though weeping and in sorrow. Him none saw,
 His tears hid in the fountain of his heart.
 But angels his companions were ; by night, 420
 Their sympathy was in the star-light shed,
 By day in the thin clouds that veiled the sun,
 Too garish for his grief ; and He in heaven
 Saw in secret, and consoled with gleams,

Unspeakable, and therefore never told, 425
Of joys celestial. Abstinence hath charms,
Earnestly lovely . . such that ye would say,
The beautiful and true were in her face,
So mingled that the fair were the unfading—
So gracefully severe, the enamoured heart 430
Might ne'er believe that it was changeable—
Nay, Faith of its eternity would dream.
Thus oft into the Eternal 'twould transport
Thought as he gazed, and in the ravished soul
Wake the prophetick faculty, whose wing 435
Climbs heaven, entering that Other world to come,
Which yet now is, even here, and every where.
Then came the word of God to Enoch's soul,
And Michael, prince of human virtue, stood
Before him in his martial majesty, 440
Warrior of heaven, and said : Offence abounds,
Man doubts the life within him, God-inbreathed,
And fear with hope hath vanished from the earth ;
Twin-sisters they, wings of the soul ; and force
Rules dominant, till murder bid him pause. 445
Therefore go thou, and take thy book with thee,
Which thou hast written with sacrifick blood,
And to the Mount of Paradise repair,
Where, at the orient gate, the cherubim
Entrance forbid ; there, as I gave thee once 450
The Tablet of Creation, I will give
Also to thee the Tables of the Law,
Once simple, two-fold once, but rendered now
Manifold as transgression ; summon there
The people ; they shall hear the voice of God, 455
And thou shalt prophesy as he shall prompt,

Sufficient for the time. Yet they shall scorn,
 At length, thy sayings ; nay, the voice of God
 Reject, albeit now the sons of men
 Be on this side of the baptizing flood, 460
 That o'er the world shall spread the pall of death,
 Redeeming so the earth from violence ;
 For though no veil the glorious throne obscure,
 And from the presence of his God divide
 Man, or from spiritual intercourse 465
~~Man, with angels or with demons, yet~~
~~Far from hope's present objects to secure~~
~~Point in the promise.~~ Hence, is it writ
~~to have the answer is written there—~~
~~That what between man and his hopes stand dark,~~
~~And what come by the ear—nought by the eye :~~
~~And the grave the place of hope expand,~~
~~Where, till the time of consummation, rest~~
~~Her spirits disincarnate, prisoners,~~
 Region of vision, but itself unseen. 475

And Enoch did appoint a solemn day,
 And Eden was assembled there, before
 The sacred hill, in presence of the Lord.
 The mountain melted, and the cherubim
 Paled to the nothing of obscurity 480
 Before Jehovah's shadow. Him the cloud
 Hid, him the fire concealed, him round about
 Thunder and lightning girt ; the mountain quaked
 Beneath the footsteps of Omnipotence.
 Unto the midst of heaven the mountain burned, 485
 And fire and darkness his pavilion were.
 He rent the heavens, and came down ; and man

Dissolved in fear before him, as in death.
 The trumpet pealed between, and as it waxed
 Louder and longer, Enoch raised his voice 490
 As on an eagle's wing, and, strong in faith,
 Spake, and to him the voice of God replied.
 Thus summoned, Enoch entered up the mount
 Into the darkness of excessive light,
 And held mysterious commune for awhile. 495
 Anon, returned to earth, within his arms
 The Tables of the Law, his countenance
 Dazzled the gaze of men, and awed them back ;
 Then he the Coming of the Lord proclaimed.
 He cometh with ten thousands of his saints, 500
 Judgement forthwith on all to execute,
 And all that are ungodly to convince
 Of their ungodly deeds, and their hard speech,
 Which against him, Most Holy, they have dared.
 —Behold, exalted in the view of all, 505
 The Tables of the Laws of the Most High,
 The Decalogue of Heaven. God's finger graved
 Each statute on the consecrated stone.
 Hither, thou trembling sinner ! Stand thou forth,
 And answer for thy sin. What God is thine ? 510
 And he who thus was called upon replied,
 —I bow the knee unto the teraphim,
 And they have answered me, and made me rich
 In herds, and wives, and numerous progeny.
 Their glory is less terrible than theirs 515
 That flash and fulmine over Paradise.
 To whom the man of God : Read the command.
 “ Thou shalt none other gods to me prefer.”
 Then rolled the thunder louder, and the hill

More wrathfully cast out consuming flame, 520
And lightning smote the sinner to the earth.

Then came another, summoned to the bar.
What is that graven image in thy house ?

'Tis of my father, for he taught me much
Of knowledge, and my hand instructed so, 525
That, by its cunning, I can touch the harp
And organ to such harmony as wraps
The soul in extacy. Divine his art,
And he adorable.

Hear the command.

" Thou shalt not graven image make to thee, 530
" Likeness of aught that is in heavens above,
" Or earth beneath, or waters under earth.
" To them thou shalt not bow, nor worship them ;
" For I, JEHOVAH, am a jealous God,
" And visit the iniquity upon 535
" The children of the fathers who me hate,
" Unto the generation third and fourth—
" And mercy to the thousandth shew of them
" Who love me, and observe aright my laws."

Then rolled the thunder louder, and the hill 540
More wrathfully cast out consuming fire,
And lightning smote the sinner to the earth.

Then came another, summoned to the bar.
—Why callest thou upon the name of God ?

His name escaped my lips, for o'er my frame 545
Cold shudders crept, and so I uttered it,
As I am wont in terrour or surprise.

" Thou shalt not take the name of God in vain—
" For him JEHOVAH will not guiltless hold,
" Who takes in vain the holy name of God." 550

And then again the thunder louder rolled,
And wrathfully the hill blazed high in heaven,
And the just lightning smote the sinner dumb.

Another, summoned to his doom, advanced.
—Why, on this high and holy day, wherein 555
God rested from his work, that spade bearst thou?

I was a-working in my field, when men
Told me of what was passing here of strange
And wonderful, so from my work I came,
Who seldom, if at all, vacation know. 560

“The Sabbath-day remember—keep it holy—
“Labour six days, in them do all thy work.
“The seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord,
“Wherein thou shalt not any work perform;
“Thou, nor thy son, thy daughter, nor thy man 565
“Or maiden-servant, nor thy cattle, nor
“The stranger who may be thy gates within:
“For in six days the Lord made heavens and earth,
“The sea, and all that in them is, and rested
“Upon the seventh day; wherefore the Lord 570
“Did bless the Sabbath-day and hallowed it.”

Then rolled the thunder louder, and the hill
More wrathfully cast out consuming flame,
And lightning smote the sinner to the earth.

Then came another, summoned to the bar. 575
—Why with such scorn lookst thou upon that old
Woman and man—thy mother and thy sire?

For they are old and feeble, and in age
Ridiculous, mere objects of contempt.

“Honour thy father and thy mother, so 580
“Thy days shall be prolonged upon the land
“Which he, thy God, Jehovah giveth thee.”

Then rolled the thunder louder, and the hill
 More wrathfully cast out consuming flame,
 And lightning smote the sinner into dust. 585

Another, summoned to his doom, advanced.
 —Why with such scowling brow gloatst thou on him?
 He is my enemy—I slew his sire,
 And will slay him; for they have done me wrong.
 “Thou shalt not murder!”

Thunder rolled aloud, 590
 Fierce burned the mount, and him the lightning slew.
 Another, summoned to his doom, advanced.
 —What woman she with those lascivious eyes,
 Who hangs upon thee fearful, while yon man
 Creeps close behind you with desponding look? 595

He is her sometime husband—I am now.
 “Thou shalt not perpetrate adultery.”
 Loud rolled the thunder, fierce the mountain burned,
 And the just lightning smote the sinner blind.
 Then came another, summoned to the bar. 600
 —Whence gottest thou that staff?

It lay beside
 An aged man asleep, a useless thing;
 I took it thence to help me on my way.
 “Thou shalt not steal.”

The thunder rolled aloud,
 Fierce burned the mount, and him the lightning smote.
 Then came another, summoned to the bar.
 Why doth that man exclaim upon thee thus?
 He is my neighbour, whom, before the judge,
 I charged with deeds which ne’er, he saith, he did.
 “Thou shalt not bear false witness ’gainst thy neighbour.”
 Loud rolled the thunder; fierce the mountain burned,

And the just lightning smote the sinner dumb.

Then came another, summoned to the bar.

—Why lookest thou with such a stedfast gaze

Upon that ass whereon thy neighbour rides ? 615

I do affect it for its strength and shape.

“ Thou shalt not covet, or thy neighbour’s house,

“ His wife, his man or maiden-servant, or

“ His ox, his ass, or aught that is thy neighbour’s.”

Thus, while the Mount of Paradise burned up, 620

Alive with the avenging cherubim,

Into the midst of heaven with thunderings,

And lightnings, and the noise of trumpet, spake

Enoch, and so the ungodly did convince

Of their ungodly deeds. Then, while they feared, 625

And shrunk back from the radiance of his brow,

For their hard speeches them he thus reproved.

Ye murmurers against the ways of God,

O ye complainers for the doom of man ;

Ye who prefer to feed upon the dust, 630

Like serpents, yet disdain the serpent’s doom ;

Who lose the sense of immortality,

No longer worthy even of transient life,

And therefore justly dread eternal death.

What proof ask ye ? If ye have none in you, 635

None can be given—avails no miracle—

Nor such vouchsafed, but that the sensual man

May be without excuse. Yet, after death,

Know ye, is victory or discomfiture—

Victory to him who’s valiant to the end, 640

And overcometh. Wrath and shame to him

Who fails with sin to war, and is subdued.

But that ye may have reason to believe,

I do ascend the sacred Mount of God,
And, without dying, enter Paradise. 645
So saying, calmly, and in majesty,
He did ascend the cherub-guarded hill,
And passed the flaming sword. He walked with God,
And was not, for his God accepted him.

IV.

These are the words which Seth spake, in the day
When he received the Book that Enoch wrote,
Unto Jehovah, who created him.

Thou art Jehovah ! terrible art thou
In mercy. On thy horses thou didst ride,
Thy chariots of salvation bore thee on. 655
From midst the myriads of the hosts of heaven,
The Holy One with glory clad the sky,
And fire consumed the mountain where he trod.
Perfect in beauty, and in wisdom full,
Anointed Cherub ! who in Paradise, 660
Garden of God, his new-created man,
Didst cover with unshamed innocence,
Within the holy mountain, till, profane,
Thou wert cast out from midst the thrones of light.
Thine heart was for thy beauty lifted up, 665
Thy wisdom was corrupted, verily,
By reason of thy brightness. Thou art now
Brought to the dust, O thou who hast defiled
Thy sanctuaries with iniquities.
Therefore will God bring forth, from thee amidst, 670
A fire that shall devour thee. Thou shalt be

A terrour, and shalt perish utterly.

Jehovah is in judgement terrible !

When him I heard, my bowels shook, . . my lips

Quivered, and rottenness was in my bones ; 675

They trembled under me, and for the day

Of tribulation groaned my inmost soul.

O terrible in judgements ! thou in wrath

Rememberest mercy. Wherefore waxst thou hot

'Gainst man seduced ? Ah ! wherefore should the Foe

Say, that for mischief thou revealedst him ?

Jehovah ! thou art God, and thou wilt be

Gracious to whom thou wilt, to whom thou wilt

Be merciful. Jehovah-Elohim !

Gracious and merciful—long-suffering— 685

Bounteous of truth and goodness, laying up

Mercy for thousands, and forgiving all

Iniquity, transgression, sin ; and thou

Wilt not excuse the sinner, visiting

The sire's iniquity upon the child, 690

Unto the generation third and fourth.

I ever in Jehovah will rejoice,

In Elohim my Saviour will exult—

Jehovah, the Almighty, is my strength,

And I will trust in him for evermore, 695

For of his Bounty he created man.

And Seth did build two pillars by the tomb

Of Adam—by that altar-tomb he built them,

And them inscribed with old tradition true.

Stern Cain spake to his Mother, while she wept ;

Sin was of thy conception, Death of mine.

For Cain had smitten Abel as they worshipped ;
Since God accepted Abel's sacrifice,
And Cain's rejected. Firstlings of the flock
Meek Abel offered, first-fruits of the ground 705
Cain. For Cain said, the Lord of life was Lord
Of earth—one God breathed spirit into man,
And brooded o'er the void of formless earth ;
Sent he not cold and heat, and stubborn soil
Of culture difficult, and pain of toil, 710
Sickness and sorrow and infirmity
Of flesh, whence evil and remorse and fear?
So to appease vindictive Deity,
He offered of his works, that he might heal
In them what needed labour and caused grief. 715
But Abel's prayer was to the God of Love,
Who chastened thus the creature, that the soul
Might be made perfect, and the will renewed,
Which else would die of ire, by God consumed
In mercy, lest worse evil all destroy. 720
Willing, life offered he to him who gave,
Submitting to the Chastener, even to death,
So he might be redeemed and manhood saved.
Such the discourse they held, but Cain was wroth,
And rose against his brother, smote and slew. 725
Then spake to Cain Jehovah—Where is Abel,
Thy brother? And he answered, I know not :
Am I my brother's keeper?—Then God said,
What hast thou done? Voice of thy brother's blood
Cries from the ground to me. Accursed of earth! 730
Whose mouth has opened to receive his blood . .
Thy brother's blood from thy unrighteous hand ;
Now when the ground thou tillest, it henceforth

Shall not yield of her strength to thee ; become
A fugitive and wanderer in the earth. 735

Then Cain Jehovah answered, Punishment
Like this is mightier than I can bear ;
Exiled from face of human earth, and thine,
A fugitive and wanderer, whoso
Shall find will slay me. But Jehovah said, 740
Vengeance seven-fold on him that slayeth Cain.

And of his will in this straightway a sign
Miraculous appointed. From the wild
The savage steed he called, and on its mane
Laid his almighty hand, and it was tamed, 745
Then on its shoulders placed the fugitive ;
In fear he crouched upon the horse's neck,
But the Compassionate raised then his head,
And touching thus his brow, left there a trace
Of wondrous power, the fingers of a God. 750
So, from the presence of the cherubim,
Went forth sad Cain, and in the land of Naid
Dwelt, east of Eden, father of a race.

And Adam knew again his wife, who bare
A son, and called him Seth ; for God to her 755
Another had appointed in the stead
Of Abel, whom Cain slew. And this is he
On whom the Book of Enoch was bestowed,
Who built these pillars, and these words inscribed.

THE
JUDGEMENT OF THE FLOOD.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

I.

THE Book of Enoch read, the monarch's soul
Was solaced. Let us hence, he said : I will
Look once more on the City which I built,
Yet not to pamper pride, but smite it down,
Heart-wounded with remorse. Thou shalt behold— 5
Thou shalt support me. I have not the strength
To go alone ; the abiding fortitude,
To contemplate how vain was all my toil,
The labour of my hands and of my soul.
Prophet of God ! O thou shalt hear my voice. 10
My spirit shall repose on thine. Report
My words unto the people ; they may be
Rich by my loss, and in my folly wise.
Amen ! said Noah ; and they went along.

From Eden's Hill four Rivers are derived ; 15
The consecrated Garden of the Lord
Their sacred Fountain boasts ; each cedared aisle

It waters, myrtle porch, and verdant shrine,
 In that primeval temple, holier far,
 Richer, more beautiful than Solomon's. 20
 Nor other temple did Jehovah own
 In these first ages of the world of man.

By the Fourth Stream, the vassal of his rule,
 The monarch shaped his melancholy course ;
 Whatever realm it wandered, homaged him ; 25
 How famous each and all.—'Twas his renown
 Which gave a soul to them, and bade them live,
 Who now scarce lives himself, whose nature is
 Degraded to the perishable brute.

The king went on : they followed silently. 30
 Now, at the city gates, they overtook
 Zateel and Tamiel entering, who behind
 The people lingered in desire and fear,
 Wishing yet dreading to remain with them,
 The monarch and the favoured of the Lord. 35

The portalled arch magnifick entered now,
 Whose massy gates were made for giant throngs,
 And now were thrown back on the enormous hinge,
 Left by the panick-hurried multitude,
 Unfolded, wide displayed, like a huge book, 40
 A dead magician's volume vast of page ;
 —(With their companions diversely disposed,
 Shaming the brazen gates of Babylon
 In their excess of number and of size ;)—
 Behold, the pavement of the expanded street 45
 They tread ; a populous solitude, now thronged,
 Now empty ; for each man within his house
 Harboured his fear, nor once reverted look,
 Dreading again that monarch's countenance,

And hearing his approaching step, in thought, 50
 Following hard on each apprehensive heel.
 Silence was conscious of his presence ; yea,
 She deepened as she felt it, and became
 Thrice hushed—thrice lonely Solitude became.
 Silence of Solitude seemed nurse, and stilled, 55
 Even as a mother would a sleeping child,
 Its recent slumber to profounder rest ;
 And, like a mother, on surrounding things,
 Inanimate or human, quietude,
 As with a frown significant, imposed. 60
 On the broad pavement of the expanded way,
 Were heard not their feet-echoes. Stealthily
 They walked ; and street and square, and every high
 Locality of the metropolis,
 Did visit, and each edifice sublime. 65
 The traveller from Babylon or Rome
 Had marvelled, in the palmiest days of each,
 Had such a city been for his survey.
 Arch, column, monument, and pontifice,
 Palace and garden, temple and theatre, 70
 Were there for him to question and admire.
 'Twas noon, and the hot sun shone on the stone,
 And all the capitol, as molten glass,
 Reflected its own glory on every hand.
 Then to the Palace of his pride, but now 75
 Of his humility, the monarch led
 The solemn way. Shrunk back on either side
 The menials, thus surprised, with awe, and each
 Interchanged with his fellow eager looks.
 The spiry staircase now ascended he ; 80
 Through lofty hall, by ample corridor,

And mile-long gallery, he went ; and in
 The vacant presence chamber, rooms of state,
 Immense in their dimensions, as if art
 More than giantick had from envy grown 85
 Of nature, seeking to distend herself
 To her god-made capacity . . superb
 And sumptuous, and with ornament enriched,
 With pillar and with statue . . swelling high,
 In alabaster multiplicity, 90
 To a wide ceiling, like a firmament
 Moving in constant revolution o'er,
 Showering down perfumes and sweet waters, as
 By subtle magick. On a gorgeous couch
 Reposed the Sorceress ; in as gorgeous robes 95
 She lay, magnificent in slumber. Still
 She slept, with heat meridian sore opprest,
 And study of strange charm. Her indoor craft,
 While all the people were gone forth the gates ;
 Regal in her seclusion, seldom seen, 100
 Wild invocations Amazarah spun,
 The mother of the king. He saw her thus,
 And blessed her, in the hope that God ere long
 Would cause her to repent. He waked her not,
 And so departed. On the Terrace he 105
 Forth issued, and the pendant Gardens, built
 Arch above arch, fair paradises ; thence,
 Dilated in wide circuit, saw, beneath,
 The spacious City ; saw with other eyes
 Than once, and wept : then hastened from the view,
 And with precipitate return regained
 The threshold of the dome. Away—away,
 Unto the Temple of the Pyramis.

Beyond the extreme of yon suspended Bridge
 Ascends the Pile stupendous. Now the stream 115
 Surmounted, they arrived at its broad base,
 Where those earthquake-defying foundations delved
 That bore the astounding fabrick. Them about,
 A Temple, like a walled square, inclosed
 An ample area. At the foot, behold, 120
 A Man of giant stature and huge limb,
 Recumbent, scaled with his ambitious eye
 The punctual summit of the ascending spire,
 Till it distinguished through the crystal tube,
 With exquisite distinction, the nice point 125
 That tapered into air, like air itself.
 Alas ; his look was melancholy ; bent
 To earth, dejected ; when returned from that
 Sufficing, soul-dissatisfying theme.
 He saw the monarch now, and rose in haste, 130
 But straight assumed his re-collected state,
 And stood erect in proud equality,
 Barkayal—the transcendent architect :
 He drew his purple robe about his loins,
 Displaying in his hand his gold-leaved book, 135
 And instant 'gan to sketch his vast conceits,
 Creations which alone his mind might dare.
 He was the Founder of the Pyramid.
 Art vaunteth ever. Enter ye within
 The enormous porch of that stupendous fane, 140
 Co-eterne temple of the pyramid,
 That had beginning, but no end shall have :
 Such was the builder's hope, whose large heart heaved
 For more than diuturnity, to him,
 And his creations. In those days, man's life 145

Had that extent and term. Existence mere
 Of corruptible body then surpast
 That of ethereallest spirit now,
 If her hereafter be but in the fame
 Of deeds, or words, or silence—wisely timed ; 150
 For 'tis occasion maketh nobler act
 Of noble thought, though act extern be none ;
 (Witness the seven days' silence wherewith Job
 Bore his affliction—then he cursed his birth,
 As if to prove how hard what he had borne, 155
 And by impatience illustrate how vast
 The patience he displayed when he was dumb.)
 Let me not wrong the bubble, though they bruit,
 It breaketh evermore, and mortal end
 The most undying reputation hath. 160
 Do we not ken the blind old Man of Greece,
 No shadow, through the unsubstantial mist
 Of thrice a thousand years ? Yea, liveth not
 Solomon in his wisdom even yet,
 Only his follies dead ? Or, more remote, 165
 The Shepherd who, upon no oaten stop,
 Declared, yet with simplicity divine,
 The sempiternal Origin and Source
 Of this green earth, and yon cerulean sky ;
 Do we not know the meek man and the brave, 170
 Lawgiver, warrior, prophet, priest and king ?
 Of the Progenitors of human race,
 We know the name, and where they dwelt, and how
 Erect they stood in regal innocence,
 Their free and happy state, and fatal lapse. 175
 Yea, Fame outdureth worlds ! Waters may sweep
 Over the countenance of the peopled globe ;

And all that hath an heritage therein,
 Choke Chaos up ; yet she shall record have,
 That of the hoar world shall the auburn teach, 180
 Who were thereof the patriarchs and the chief,
 And their familiar history preserve :
 This doth the theme of our momentous song
 • Attest. Nay, War shall be in Heaven, and Angels
 Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky, 185
 In ruin and combustion, down to hell ;
 And Fame shall find a favourable Spirit,
 Content celestial bowers to quit awhile,
 On mission to advise astonished Man
 Of great Messiah's work and victory. 190

II.

ENTERED within the porch of that great fane,
 The seven lingered not, whom to repeat
 By name, for aid of memory, were these ;
 The Man of God, with Japhet, Shem, and Ham,
 The Scribe and young Zateel, and, finally, 195
 Majestick Samiasa. He sublime,
 His right hand perpendicularly raised,
 Stood in commanding attitude, whose will
 Was felt, not spoken ; while they entered, one
 By one, beneath the massy and lofty arch 200
 Of those huge gates idolatrous, designed
 For giant worshippers to underpass
 In their erect audacity. Anon,
 Crouching, their pride proved false, degraded straight
 Their bodies to the ground, their nature not 205
 More prostrate than before, which could not feel

In personal aim, and man's collective force,
 The littleness of individual mind.
 Oh, paradox, ill understood ; now learn,
 How fatal if ill understood, ill known. 210
 What they adored, i' the centre of the porch,
 On its vast pedestal, appeared to fill
 The illimitable expanse of that broad dome,
 With its immense proportions, and pervade,
 As with a presence supernatural, 215
 The circumambient space, with the wide curve
 Of each elaborate lineament and limb.
 Tremendous Idol ! miracle of art,
 When, like the body, mind gigantick was ;
 And of its genius the creations such. 220
 But they who enter now, degrade not thus
 The temple of the soul. One only glance
 (Of pity) on the monstrous image thrown,
 They pass : but Samiasa hurries by
 With look averted, and arrived within 225
 The interior of the temple—how he wept :
 Yea, at the altar's foot he lay and wept,
 Even like a child, and wished the innocence
 Might with the weakness of a child return.

Great Seth ! sire of my sires ! down on my soul 230
 Thy spirit broods—descending like the dew
 On Ardis, neighbour of the sky, whose brow
 Is in thin air, as spirit pure, and where
 None but pure spirits can live. Oh, I have heard
 Adon, my father, speak of thee ; and how 235
 Erst he could breathe in the rare ether, with
 The Sons of God, thine offspring, himself one ;

Then he would weep, and wish he might return.
Strange meat had made him gross, and flesh subdued.
Once, awed and wearied with the upward way, 240
He gained the summit, by the Brethren hailed ;
But found the air of fluid too refined,
And would have slept. They told him it was death,
And hurried him, dissolved with sleep and dread,
Midway down Armon. There awhile he sate, 245
And threw his locks aback, and laved his eyes,
As from a trance recovering. Then he fled,
Through fear he fled.

Remorse consumed his heart,
As in a crater smouldering till it burst,
And the hot lava overflowed his lips. 250
Then he would curse his being and his birth ;
But chiefly that sad hour, when his charmed ken,
As by the beauty of an adder's skin,
Dazed and enchanted, by the radiant pride
Of Amazarah smitten and transfixed, 255
Slumbered upon her form majestic,
As in a dream. The very atmosphere
Wherein she moved was visionary, seemed
To float around her in the wavy folds
Of an ethereal mantle, made of less 260
Than gossamer, and wrought within a woof
Fairer than that whereof the delicate beams
Of the pale moon are woven on the spray ;
And of all hues, each interposed with light
And shade, harmoniously mutable, 265
Wherein, as in a prism, were full displayed,
Voluptuous form and motion exquisite.
Her then the beauty of youth adorned—age since

Hath taken somewhat of her loveliness,
 But left her might, her majesty untouched, 270
 All puissant and imperial. On her mien
 My filial eye would gaze, as on some strange
 Sublimity, aye-wonderful and wild,
 Use levelled not, nor knowledge did abate.
 When, in the novelty of her approach, 275
 She blazed upon my father's spell-bound view,
 O'ershadowing, how potential must have been
 Her beauty and her pride. Forgive him, God!
 Thou whom the beauty of holiness delights—
 Him pardon, that with other beauty, he 280
 Abused the faculties divine of love
 And admiration, whence the soul ascends,
 From her terrestrial seat, to Heaven and Thee!
 The sun was on that day only less radiant
 Than man's bright soul, when first breathed into Adam,
 Pure emanation from great Deity.
 They said, of his superior glory then,
 That much he owed to her, who boasted rule
 O'er the curbed elements.

A festival

It was, and she the queen. The tuneful sons 290
 Of Jubal, in full chorus, celebrate
 How rose the primal city, proudly called
 From the first son of the first fratricide,
 City of Enos in the Land of Naid—
 And built the wall of that partition up, 295
 Which aliens brotherhood, and leaves to fear
 No bond but self-defence, that consecrates
 The deed of blood, baptizing it anew
 Heroick War; instead of its own name,

Murther of brethren—parricide—and worse. 300

They wreathed a crown of laurels round her brows,

And danced about her till they madly reeled,

As with the fumes of wine. Then haughtily

She rose, and by her mystick skill she sware,

That him who dared her fearful beauty woo, 305

She would make monarch of a capitol

Than Enos nobler far, and to each soul

He should be as a god. Pride burned within

My father's heart, and to his lips it leapt.

O credulous! yet to resign the faith 310

In the great God of Seth—the Only-True!

Fame had reached Ardis, eloquent of all

The beauty of Cain's daughters, and the arts

And arms of that excelling progeny.

Now they their skiey communings forsook, 315

And fell to keen discourse on what they heard,

Comparing woman in the vale with her

Upon the mountain top.

Cain's daughter sang,

Was voluble, and graceful in the dance ;

Men worshipped, and of her were giants born ; 320

Air burned about her, and fierce passion raged

At her least eye-glance.

Like a thought devout,

Daughter of Ardis! wert thou in thy bower

Of delicacy shrined. Who listened there,

Had heard the Mother prattling to the Children 325

Tales of their Father, and low-breathed numbers,

Like the sequestered stock-dove's brooding murmur,

Full of maternal tenderness—the burthen,

The gladness of that Sire's return at even,

When he should take the sweet Boy from her bosom,
 Or on his Daughter's head let fall the tear,
 The purest that can fall from human eye ;
 While, quiet in her bliss, she should await
 The sweet embrace ; and after, on his breast
 Reclined, from his meek lips receive account 335
 What knowledge, wisdom, truth, the Sons of God
 Had won from large discourse on loftiest themes,
 Or by the elders of the Brethren taught,
 Or from angelick ministry derived.
 —Anon, the sun went down ; their hearts first bowed
 In worship pure, then folded each to each,
 In calm repose, . . the stars watched over them.

III.

Here Samiasa paused—but all were still.
 Soon his emotion flowed in speech again.
 Bright was the bridal—gorgeous the array— 345
 Pride stretched her stature to the firmament—
 Tears fell from heaven, and the sun mourned in gloom—
 But she, who erewhile vaunted power to bid
 The Angel of the Sun attire himself
 With radiance new, feigned now he veiled his beams,
 That the surpassing glory of her pomp
 Might be itself, alone :—while some pronounced
 That his diminished head he hid in shame,
 And the heavens wept to see themselves outdone.
 And the queen's word went forth. Build ye the city,
 Lay the foundations deep and wide. What throngs
 Obeyed the magical command ! 'Twere long
 To tell what tracts they passed, what hardships bore ;

Sustained by faith in her unearthly claims,
 The thousands journeyed forth, and, on the way, 360
 Increased.

 DUDÆL ! from his orient gate,
 Went forth the sun, and did his task in heaven—
 Seasons returned, and morn and eve ; and on
 The dusky forehead of the night appeared
 A single star, her only coronet ; 365
 Ere long the flowers of heaven all budded out,
 Making of it a paradise indeed,
 For the meek Moon to walk abroad in—meek
 And mighty in her vow of chastity,
 By virtue of which she sways the myriad floods. 370
 But thou unto the mighty or the meek
 Madest answer none, nor moved by gentleness,
 Nor wakened save by nature's wrath. The stars
 Have holiest service to perform, and day
 Doth utter knowledge unto day, and night 375
 To night—the language of all worlds is theirs—
 Their voice throughout the universe is heard.
 To thee they spake in vain—for thou wert deaf,
 And a deep sleep had sealed thy vision up,
 And silence brooded o'er thee—Antre vast 380
 And idle ; unless, waking once an age,
 Nature, outwearied with protracted rest,
 Did start from dreamy slumber, and pronounce,
 With the loud clarion of the full-voiced wind,
 A marvel and tremendous mystery, 385
 An omen and an oracle to man,
 Fraught with most urgent meaning, and profound
 As her own indefatigable soul,
 Working in secret every where and aye.

Man's heart hath heard it now ; and thou must hear.
 Awake, Dudaël ! and rejoice—for thou
 No more art solitary, waste, and void ;
 Mother of many children thou, who wert
 So desolate and barren. Hearst thou not
 Echo of axe . . the voice of industry . . 395
 The song . . the laugh . . the shout . . the gush of springs,
 From the new-opened quarry, where the rose
 Flourisheth as in Eden ?

Now—behold,
 The City of the Desert and the Wild !
 Deep its broad base descends, and far in air 400
 Uplifted climb the walls. Massy the gates,
 And manifold the streets. Nor lacked there sound
 And sight ; concert of numbers and parade,
 To celebrate the finished work. Nor since
 Hath bardick praise been wanting, to report 405
 How, to the harmony of harp, it rose,
 Exhaled from earth by charm of magick verse,
 Creature of musick and the child of spells.

And, verily, the social state of man
 Hath musick in its soul, and is compact 410
 Of harmony. Good government and law
 Are a most holy diapason, where
 Right blends with might, and strength its octave hath
 In weakness, and all discords are deft aids,
 By contrast, to enhance the dulcet strain ; 415
 As peace is most delightful after war,
 And the sun's brightest beams the storm creates.
 Yet, in the state of innocence, I wot,
 Man to himself had been sole government,
 And all the law, under the Most High God ; 420

The bitter means in the prevenient end
 Absorbed, and melody been self-evolved,
 In independence of its opposite ;
 And union and obedience needed not
 A marble zone for bond of brotherhood, 425
 Nor fear a place of refuge ; . . but the sky,
 The boundless, the illimitable, alone
 The sphere of duty and of love prescribed :
 No roof but heaven—Man's home the universe.
 From Armon and from Ardis multitudes 430
 Arrived, curious or fond of change, or won
 By manifold example or report,
 Or wearied with ancestral piety,
 Worst of the wicked, an apostate race.
 Grief smote my father's soul ; and e'er his eye 435
 To Ardis was exalted. Thereon now
 Abideth not the good and pleasant thing,
 Brethren in unity together dwelling.
 The dew descendeth yet upon the hill,
 And yet the blessing is commanded there, 440
 Even life for evermore ; but none receive
 The gift ; no human spirit is refreshed ;
 And he who would the ethereal life imbibe,
 The flesh with abstinence must chasten long,
 And live on thought and quicken with much faith. 445
 Farewell ! thrice holy hill ! farewell—farewell !
 Thy pure delights for earth's I have exchanged,
 For fear from force and fraud—for cold contempt—
 The pride of Amazarah and her scorn !
 Remorse had been sufficient to destroy 450
 A spirit so susceptible and high,
 Convinced of error ; deeper still her scorn

Did in his soul the torturing iron drive,
 And, with intense corrosion, ate away
 The life from out his heart. My father's words, 455
 His memory, his lost inheritance,
 Sate brooding ever on my pregnant soul,
 That thence I know not what excelling schemes
 Of restoration and return conceived,
 And man's transcendent operance to achieve 460
 Original perfection. Pride enlarged,
 My heart—there proud imaginations made
 Their procreant place, and thence compelled the world,
 With winged words, the seraphs of the soul,
 Plumed for far flight, and summed for wonderous speed,
 The Queen, who kenned the phrenzy in mine eye,
 Inflamed my filial zeal ; she blent her own
 Wild lawless daring with the excited hopes,
 The audacious fancies of my sleepless soul ;
 False notions from report, or from the lives 470
 Of mere apostates gathered. Hence, abused,
 My faith was folly, watering the lands
 Of speculation, whence but weeds might grow,
 And at the root of things lay barrenness,
 Wanting the mist divine, that from the ground 475
 In Eden rose, and cherished herb and flower.
 The heart begets its like, and as the soil
 The deed or word it genders, and itself
 Reflects the imaged mind, which, from without
 And from within create, here substance finds, 480
 Thence shadowy form abstracts ; consistence so
 Assuming, such as its discourse, combined
 After the manner of their interchange.
 And like its food my mind became, my heart

Was desolate as that whereon it gazed. 485
 This place how desolate—magnificent
 In desolation ! Filial sorrow thus
 Congealed to stone—its tears were petrified.
 Art, like a winter in the wilderness,
 Known to Dudaël, froze them as they fell, 490
 And raised this lofty mound, for the loud north
 To sport with—like gaunt Death, when, with his mace,
 (As Cain beheld in Hades,) the thronged soil
 He smote o'er shuddering Chaos, and wrought on
 A mole immense, bridging the way from hell. 495
 This dome of ice—(*there seen*)—Art piled to him ;
 His palace where he dwells in cold and gloom,
 The King of Terrours ; or his temple gate,
 The God of Terrours—present though unseen.
 Imperial in his lone sarcophagus, 500
 Behold my father's sepulchre. And she
 Whose scorn had withered him in early age,
 Lauded my filial piety ; and proud
 Barkayal triumphed in his cunning work,
 That of a man could make a deity : 505
 None but a god might sleep in such a dome,
 An attribute of gods if slumber be.
 I speak in scorn of my imaginings,
 Not of his memory. Searcher of hearts !
 Before thee mine I bare—yet not to wrong 510
 The wonderous builder, and his work though vain,
 It did express a mystery, how within
 The womb of earth life's hid foundations lay,
 With death and silence, and on high aspired
 Past human vision, piercing into heaven, 515
 Guiding faith upward to the eternal home,

The immortal soul's abiding place with God.

But my changed heart to nature now would turn
 For solace rather, and within the deep
 Capacious bosom of maternal earth, 520
 Repose the dust it loved, in confidence
 That she thereto would act a parent's part,
 So that it should not perish, but be found
 With a more radiant robe to swathe the soul,
 The incorruptible, when Death shall die. 525
 Meantime, let the grass whistle a shrill dirge
 During the visitation of the gale ;
 The cypress droop above it, and all flowers
 Make odorous the bed of righteous men ;
 And night and morn, the dew fall on the sod, 530
 Making it sweeter and more beautiful.
 These things are to the soul as to the eye ;
 Life mightier than Death, and claiming right
 Even in his very sanctuary to dwell,
 As though he were an alien, and throughout 535
 The universe could claim no spot his own ;
 Joy strong in grief ; hope strongest in despair ;
 Grave-blossoms both. Our sorrows oft excel
 All joy in joy, as man were made for bliss,
 And Earth would be an Eden, maugre all, 540
 And, in despite of death and grief, would give
 Glimpses of Paradise returning yet,
 And happiness ere long to be restored.

The work of pride advanced. Column and stone
 Rose frequent ; and the garden bloomed aloft, 545
 Aëreal ; and the rebel wave was curbed,
 O'erarched. The city, called from me by love
 Paternal, felt my genius, and I sought

To testify unto my father's shade
 My gratitude, and make my name and his 550
 Deserving a memorial so sublime.
 Praise filled my mother's voice, and flattery
 Sweetened its pauses. Then my heart came home,
 That had erewhile so spread itself abroad,
 And self-love built a palace to the king, 555
 As unto one who had well merited.
 Men toiled for me, and their hearts sweated blood,
 The second curse—man's own. How worse than God's !
 Who in his judgements yet is merciful,
 And but the brow condemned !
Ere long, myself 560
 Of higher strain than mortal man I deemed ;
 And all the people answered that two gods
 Were only—He in Heaven, the Most High,
 And on earth Samiasa—equal both.
 Above the circle of the sky had He 565
 His dwelling ; and were rolled the massy clouds
 His temple gates before. Earth's deity
 Claimed worship also, and a votive dome :
 And in the senseless idol presence dwelt,
 Ubiquitous, divine. Then bled to me 570
 The sacrifice ; and incense—would to heaven,
 Rolling its fragrance thither, meant for man ;
 And hymns were chaunted. Hark !

Even as he spake,
 The priests within the holiest place were heard.

IV.

That blasphemy once heard with vain delight, 575
 Now Samiasa bore not. The descent
 To passage still more inward, prostrate, he
 Crept, like a serpent, on his knees, then clomb
 The ascending plane, supported by his hands
 'Gainst each low wall, so slight the indented notch 580
 Meant to sustain the advancing foot, a stair
 Of perilous construction, whose short step
 Escaped the adventurous tread. Before him went
 His voice, so anxious he. The cavities,
 With replication multitudinous 585
 Resounded, and awaked what hallowed bird
 There cradled safe in local sanctity.
 Arrived above, his lofty form obeyed
 The humble entrance. Now that spacious court,
 Entire of granite, him received. From wall 590
 To wall extended, three enormous stones
 Compose the roof with hieroglyphics graced ;
 And, in the centre of that ample floor,
 Yon huge sarcophagus, of marble hewn
 Out of the solid rock, concealed the god, 595
 Whose heart is shrined in that surmounting vase
 Of alabaster. There the king beholds
 His father's visible heart ; yet not the less,
 Having first dashed the intruding tear aside,
 And stifled in his soul the filial groan, 600
 Fulfils his aim. About the gorgeous tomb,
 The priests perform the rite, and raise aloft
 The vesper hymn, that to the crowd without
 May seem of oracle the voice, that hails

Abominations—oh, Religion, Truth !
 Mad are ye made with flesh, and drunk with wine—
 The Uncreated and Invisible ;
 The God of gods ! the universal He, 640
 By whom the pillars of the firmament
 Were founded on the floods, and the firm earth
 Was stablished in the immensurable space,
 Uttered his potent voice, whose fiat called
 The sun to instant birth, the moon, the stars, 645
 And all the host of heaven, creatures of earth,
 And man the lord of all ; and I became
 Emptied of man—more wretched than the brute—
 A brute with reason cursed, and wisely mad—
 He, on his throne above the heaven of heavens, 650
 From his religious state, looked down, and saw
 His arrogant creature, and denuded him
 Of all that made him proud, and smote his soul
 With worse abasement than his body bore.
 Forth to the people whom ye have bewitched 655
 With sorceries, and disenchant their souls.
 Forth—by the madness and the misery now
 That rush back on my brain—my heart !—(Awhile
 Stay, my good angel ! yet a little while
 Ward off the desert-demon from my soul)— 660
 By Earth and Heaven and Hell ! I charge you :—Earth
 Whose barren breast I graze upon, from whose
 Felicities I am an alien ; Heaven,
 Beneath whose terrible doom I suffer ; Hell,
 That doth within me, like a cauldron, seethe, 665
 And bubbles o'er my lips in this white foam—
 Ha ! the fierce phrenzy rushes on me. Make
 From the volcanick overflow.—Forth—forth.

God he is God, and there is none beside !

In terrour and dismay from him they fled 670

Precipitate before him—awe and fear

Urged them in safety down the perilous plane,

And madness guided—guarded him the while,

In his extreme pursuit. Returned within

The temple of the Idol, with a shout 675

That shook it to its base, he called aloud

To Noah—Man of the Most Holy God !

Oh ! Prophet of Jehovah ! with the sword

Of his indignant Jealousy destroy

The liars, the adulterers—even they 680

Who do abomination with man's soul.

By power supernal smit, at th' idol's foot

They fell, and bit the ground in sympathy

With his affliction, as his doom had fallen

Also on them. O infinite despair ! 685

He writhed his limbs in pain, and tossed his arms

Above his head, and with his clenched hands

Smote his hot brow, and cried, Almighty Lord !

Raise them again ! I am the sinner—I—

The liar, the adulterer—lied the lie, 690

And did the deed, that thou abhorrest most—

Behold even there the impious monument

Of wild and weird rebellion—my bold pride,

And bad ambition ! Satan ! down to hell.

So saying, on that monstrous idol he 695

Hung, in his maniac might, and tugged and strained,

Till o'er its pedestal it shook, it fell,

With a tremendous crash, in hideous wreck ;

The while, with yell and shout, he trampled it,

And, with his pulverising foot, destroyed 700

Its fine proportions, its fair symmetry ;
Pounding it limb by limb, and wrenching them
Apart with his strong hand—(such power he had 715
From heaven)—and thus exclaimed, Down, Lucifer—
I who advanced do hurl thee from thy throne,
Consume thee in mine anger, immolate
Thee to the God of Jealousy and Seth !
The sun had set ; the sabbath of his soul 720
Had gone ; and stronger and more strong, poured through
His heart and brain, the influxes increased
Of fury and savage impulse. Human pride,
Not by his fellow-man to be beheld
In his disgrace ; the human front erect, 725
Sublimely looking toward the promised heaven,
Changed for the earth-bound aspect of the brute ;
Stung him, as by the warrior's armed heel
The battle steed. Out at the gates with haste
He rushed ; and over the suspended bridge, 730
And through the silent city, . . as before
A populous solitude, . . whose habitants
Fear and the hour had prisoned in their homes ;
For well they knew the time of his return,
Through their expanded streets, to the forlorn 735
Inhabitable desert, where he dwelt,
For his appointed season. And, as he
Past in his lonely majesty along,
He lifted up his voice, and cried aloud,
GOD HE IS GOD, AND THERE IS NONE BESIDE. 740

END OF BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE
JUDGEMENT OF THE FLOOD.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

I.

EASTWARD of Eden lies the Land of Naid,
Where Cain of old the city of Enos built.
Tetrarch of Enos now was Tubalcain—
Of each expert artificer in brass
And iron, whence of keener edge were wrought 5
Weapons of war and implements of toil,
Instructor, royal then, and since divine.
And of his state partook his sister fair,
Fair Naamah, whence told, in after time,
Of Vulcan and of Venus fables lewd : 10
Zillah their mother, one of Lamech's wives ;
—The other Adah, who bare Jabal, sire
Of such as dwelt in tents and cattle owned,
And Jubal, sire of those who handled harp
And organ ;—Lamech of the line of Cain, 15
Son of Methusael, who was the son
Of Mehujael, son of Irad, son
Of Enos, he whose name the city bore.
For when his brother's blood had cried to heaven,

Cain's gracious Judge to him a token gave— 20
 For why should murther murther propagate,
 Private or social? Vengeance is the Lord's ;
 He will repay. Then on a swift wild steed,
 The first equestrian, Cain with fear escaped
 From human tents, and Abel's injured race ; 25
 His mother's anguish and his father's wrath ;
 And reigned in Naid, sole tyrant, till his death,
 Within the capitol that he had built,
 And named of his son Enos, who, anon,
 Over a race of strong and mighty men, 30
 Succeeded to his rule. Rooted in earth,
 Their labour rigid grew, as grows the oak,
 And spread its boughs abroad, beneath whose shade
 Erelong they dwelt, inventive of new arts,
 Laborious arts, though giving grace to life, 35
 And to false woman's beauty treble power
 Of fascination, like the subtile snake's ;
 Which charmed the sons of God to union strange.
 Whence men of strength and science, joining thus
 The force of contemplation, and the might 40
 Of quick observance and experiment,
 Empiricism, though gross, yet powerful
 Nature to sway, society to form,
 But evil in the end, and ruinous,
 If true religion guide not, and o'errule. 45

In regal hall of audience high enthroned,
 Graced with his sister's beauty, and begirt
 With warrior and with noble, whom among
 Jabal and Jubal eminent appeared,
 Sate Tubalcain amidst his counsellors ; 50

And in the level area of the court,
A shepherd knelt in suppliant attitude.
An oaken crook within his hand he bore,
And with a fleecy skin his loins were bound,
Sign of his simple trade, ambassador 55
From Abel's children to the sons of Cain.

In Adam's, and in God our Father's name,
O king, excuse a shepherd's guileless speech,
If its rude dialect the polished ear
Displease, imploring for a peaceful race, 60
Whose corn and oil have failed, that thou their need
Of thine abundance wilt supply, lest them
Famine abolish from the face of earth.

Thus he. Whereto the crafty statist crowned—
The country where ye sojourn, is it not 65
Fertile of soil, of so salubrious air,
Nature hath done her part, if man have failed?

God, said the shepherd, hath upon the spot
Bestowed his choicest blessings. With small skill
The seed is sown, with little labour reaped, 70
Whence leisure much have we the flocks to feed
Beside our sacred rivers, while we muse
The stately song, or, under the broad tree,
Or rocky shelter, stories old recount.

Work! said the tetrarch; and ye need not starve;
Or if your simple hands may not produce
Sufficient store, learn of our skill to make,
Of brass and iron, harrow, plough and spade,
Sickle and scythe, and rear ye food tenfold—
Work! or if idle, want—strive in your work, 80
Compete with one another, and surpass.
Know, fond of peace, 'tis strife divides the earth,

And shall partake its bounties. Now, in war,
Industrious man contends to win the soil—
Now, at the plough, he plants it, then ordains 85
Domestick order, and his household keeps,
Running for wealth, and wrestling for command.
One emulation prompts the strong-armed smith,
The tented herdsman, and the harper wise.

Abashed the shepherd stood, and groaned in soul—
Then Jabal of his silence vantage seized,
And spake. I know ye will object the name
Of Justice, which forbids extorted wealth—
But can the way ye tread be virtue's path ?
So easy, not the track of vice might be 95
Or smoother, or her mansion less remote.
Virtue in elevated region dwells,
A steep and rugged road, moist with the dew
That labour from his wrinkled forehead sheds,
Scaling the rough ascent. Still hungry want 100
Must vex the sluggard ; him who labour loves
The seasons bless, and in his garner heap
The floor with plenty. To his coffers comes
Gold, and his fields with flocks and herds abound.
Attend the times when ye shall sow and reap ; 105
Make sharp the sickle, till the glebe with care,
And throw aside your cloak when at the plough,
Nor let the third sun on your labours rise.
Do thus, and prosper ; so the weighty ear
Shall, with majestick bend, nod o'er the plain 110
On its strong stalk ; and, till the spring return,
With its white blossoms, and while heard afar,
A dismal hollow blare, the bittern fierce
Booms, from the sedgy river's utmost depth,

Ye shall not need to borrow or to beg. 115

He ceased, and ere the shepherd could resume
 Jubal took up the taunt. He spake of songs,
 And lays ancestral, chaunted on the banks
 Of streams, and under shade of tree and rock—
 Songs idle, unelaborate, and mean, 120
 Needing no leisure, yet absorbing it.
 Time utterly mis-spent, for diligence
 Maketh art perfect ; toil completeth skill.
 What though to ditties murmured to your flocks,
 Ye have postponed your harvest—yet have ye 125
 Organ or harp invented, or in song
 Or dance become initiate ; such as we,
 To ravish sense, have found ? Behold, and hear !

Then at the organ Jubal took his seat,
 While one the harp assumed ; and as their hands 130
 Waked from the chords, else dumb, scintillating sound,
 Their voices to the mind expressed the sense
 Of harmony intricate, on the air,
 From the vibrating string or sounding tube,
 In undulations borne ; and what stood by 135
 Moved to the musick—chief the human heart,
 Taught by the trembling nerves of pleasure near.
 Like harmony, with that which aye subsists
 Nature and Man between, that unison
 Which mingles still the human and divine ; 140
 The low, a symbol of the lofty still,
 Prophetick type of that whereto it soars.
 Twas as if Life were made to know itself
 Through Feeling, erst unknown, unfelt, or but
 In such degree, so of that rapture short, 145

As worthless with that extacy compared.
 And forthwith from the purlieus of the court,
 Groups of fair damsels flew into the midst,
 In wanton measures threading many a maze
 Of motion, kindling amorous desire. 150

II.

As when from under roof domestick—thus
 They sang—a son goes forth in ripened years,
 Conscious of power, to mingle in the race
 Of publick competition; Man went forth
 Out of the Garden of Delights, that had, 155
 With unremitting pleasure, lulled the soul
 To indolence, proud of his liberty,
 And brave to battle in the field, wherein
 Salvation might be won and Heaven obtained.
 There had he been in idlesse well content, 160
 Within an arbour evermore reclined,
 To listen to the descant of the bird,
 Morning and even, or the murmuring brook,
 Or breezes making vocal the green boughs,
 Nor known what fountain in his soul of song 165
 He might unseal, that should their warbling shame;
 The broken-hearted nightingale, entranced,
 On the excelling lyre, by musick slain.
 Musick ! he knows her now, he feels her too ;
 She kindles, she inspires him, she transports, 170
 And to a better Paradise exalts !
 She tells of love, and woos to soft delight,
 To rapturous bliss, the lovely and the young;
 Their glowing eyes, their panting bosoms own,

Their melting hands, their sparkling feet confess, 175
 Their dreams acknowledge, her persuasive power.
 She heaps the board, o'erflows the generous wine,
 The feast inflames, and gives the banquet joy.
 Heroes she makes—War revels and exults,
 And, while she sings, glows beautiful in blood. 180
 Not without labour is such art attained,
 Nor without praise the artist who attains.
 By labour, food, from its concealment drawn,
 Strengthens the human heart, and wine, expressed
 From the luxuriant grape, the human face 185
 Enlightens. Sweetly to man's listening mind,
 High on green bough supported, dusky winged,
 Shrills the Cicada's note the livelong day ;
 While Man complacent views the millet's ears
 Spring bristly with much grain, and on the vine 190
 The crude grape ripen in young summer's smile,
 The produce of his toil ; or—when the thorn
 Burns in its glory, yet is not consumed—
 The dainty food of goat, or tender flesh
 Of infant heifer, or of savoury kid, 195
 Partakes embowered in cool ; and the brimmed cup,
 With dark and piquant liquor mantling up,
 Commends to his pleased lip ; and laughs for joy.
 Nor less his joy, when the Autumnal god,
 Upon the harvest, in fresh showers descends— 200
 He feels the wheat the creature of his skill,
 Whose culture only causes it to be—
 Soon extinct, if his providence neglect ;
 No second year beyond the harvest sees
 Spontaneous produce from the fallen ear ; 205
 But, by his tendance nourished, it repays

Th' earth-tiller, with even more than daily bread,
With rights and manners, sciences and arts.

For this, that it may flourish and abound,
Man hastes by day-break to resume the plough— 210

Whose peaceful course is followed by the race
Of rooks, each eager with short flights to be
The nighest, seizing on the fresh-turned worm;
They for the larvæ of the dor-beetle,
Old mossy grass fields visit, by the scent 215

Discovered, feeding at the roots of grass—
Destructive tribe, deep in the soil immured.

Nor shall the song forget to celebrate
Who first, into a liquid ore dissolved

Iron or brass, thence moulded into tools, 220
Or what might be in metal fused or graved.

Hence fields are cultured, and hence fields are fought.
The ploughshare and the pruning-hook we leave—

Hail to the sword and spear ! hail glorious arms !
Hail, helm and casque !—but doubly hail the shield,

The Shield which Tu balcain for Lamech wrought !
Had Lamech, in his lust, a man and youth

Not slain—the second homicide ?—As yet
War had not been—and he his wives bespake,

Adah and Zillah, for he greatly feared— 230
Lo, I have to my wounding slain a man,

Yea, and a young man to my periling.
Was Cain avenged sevenfold ? Then sure

Shall Lamech be with seventy and seven !
Thus solaced he his terrour ; but anon 235

The Avengers rose in wrath, and sought his life,
And it returned. All creatures are preserved,

Lamented he, from perilous approach.

While the unsitting cock boasts golden hues,
The hen-bird obvious to the preyer's view ; 240
Or beast, or bird, or man ; hath Nature hid
In plumage dull, or coloured like the ground :
Thus cowers the lark, and squatting partridge, while
The robber hawk unconscious hovers o'er :
Or if both sexes boast like gaudy tints, 245
Swan, falcon, raven, owl, are strong to strive.
How strong of wing the pigeon of the wood,
To flee the hawk ; and him despise not too
The agile swallows, as they clamour round ?
Thick hedge and bush protect the warbling tribes, 250
Redbreast and wren, linget and nightingale—
The crake and quail, long grass and standing corn.
And him, the hawk, the brilliance of his eye
Provides with meat ; even for the cuckoo brood
Cares Nature, and permits an alien nest 255
Receive them, lest the mother's cry provoke
Despoilers, and direct them where they lie.
Is man less worth than these, that no defence
Avails him, when the wrath of multitudes
Burns against One ? How hopeless he alone ! 260
Then said his son, the hero of the forge,
Said Tubalcain ; I will an ægis make,
Of metal most approved, that shall protect
My father's person from all weapon's dint.
Soon he began the labour. At the forge 265
The anvil groans beneath the hammer's stroke,
And the strong fire dissolves the roaring mass,
Gold, brass, or steel. Orb within orb he forms
The massy buckler ; nor his sire's defence
Alone considered : mindful to display 270

A workman's skill ; o'er all its wondrous disk,
 The storied shield, impenetrable frame,
 Bears the traditions of the days of old.
 —First, round the ample verge, a river rolled—
 That river which from Eden journeyed first, 275
 To water and refresh that garden blest
 Where Adam wooed fair Eve, whence parted, it
 Into four heads divided, as they flowed
 Each marking out the limits of a land,
 Upon the expanse and surface of that round. 280
 Lo, at the junction of two rivers stands
 A horseman—it is Cain ! the fiery steed
 Rears at the opposition, and his rider,
 With terrouer wild, clings to his hairy neck,
 While he attempts the passage—nor in vain : 285
 For on the further bank a City stands,
 And Cain with his son Enos, manifest,
 There exercise authority and power.
 And now the artist Irad celebrates
 On that emblazoned field. Of the wild Ass 290
 The tamer he, and therewith he explored
 Desert and wilderness, and such report
 Brought home as since in Amazarah burned,
 And in Dudaël built metropolis,
 For glory unexcelled. How beautiful 295
 The ass which, at his bidding, bowed the head
 Obedient, and stood still—else swift of foot,
 That he might mount upon her streaked back,
 Else silver white, and there in silver wrought.
 And who is he, yon orator, who stands 300
 In action eloquent ? 'Tis Mehujael—
 Persuasion hovers o'er that multitude,

A radiant angel, seconding his speech ;
And keen Conviction, girt as if for speed,
Hastens from man to man, with ardent lips 305
And confidential whisper, others' torch
To kindle with the light she bears herself.
—Of God spake Mehujael, and proclaimed
The destiny of man—the doom of earth—
Of labour still inventive—still in want. 310
The evil mildew eats the stalks of corn,
And idle thistle chokes the dying field,
With burrs and prickly weeds soon overgrown.
What then?—the land with many a harrow work,
Noise off the birds, and prune the shading boughs. 315
To human labour must the soil submit,
And Paradise in every spot appear—
For skill shall make a garden of the earth.
—This lore Methusael learned, and well he knew
That earth had charms, and life might be enjoyed ; 320
And should be, since the grave her secrets hid.
Was Death not Hades, dark and shadowy ?
For him the olive flourished, and the vine ;
For him floods teemed with fish, and air with fowl,
And earth with fruits and flesh of many kinds. 325
There sculptured, lo, he revels as in life ;
He revelled, with the wine-cup in his hand
Raised high, as if he said—Life, if not brief
Is tedious, or it may be, both ; and death
Remediless—none comes from Hades back. 330
Chance-born, the dead are as they ne'er had been—
For breath is smoke, the heart-pulse but a spark,
Body to ashes, spirit to air returns ;
Time buries names, and man forgets man's works.

Life passes like a cloud, like morning mist— 335
Its end fast sealed, it ne'er again begins.
Come on, then ; let us taste the present good,
Let us with costly wines regale our youth,
With ointments, and the vernal blossoms seize,
And crown our brows with rose-buds ere they fade. 340
—Thus round the generous board in jovial mood
Methusael seemed, in festival elate,
And Lamech there, his son, partook his joy,
Eftsoons with terrour paled. For then it was
The feasters cried, Let none of us depart 345
Without his share of our voluptuous mirth ;
In every place be tokens of our joy ;
This is our portion, and our lot is this.
The poor, though righteous, man who would not scorn ?
Why not oppress ? the widow who would spare ? 350
Who reverence the grey hair of ancient men ?
Strength be the law of Justice—weak to be
Is to be worthless. Who shall us upbraid ?
Lie we in wait for him, though he profess
Knowledge divine, instructed child of God : 355
Enough, he doth reprove our very thoughts—
O hateful to behold ! his life is not
Like other men's—'tis of another make.
By him as counterfeits we are disesteemed.
Presumptuous ! Boasts he of God as of his sire ? 360
Prove we his words—he hath pronounced the Just
Blest in his end . . see we what then shall chance—
Is he the son of God ? him God will help,
And will deliver from the hands of foes !
—Thus saying, they arise. Lo ! where they haste 365
With song and dance ; so livelily his hand,

The artist's hand, hath on the metal traced
 The merry crew, the gazer deems they move.
 Anon, an old man and his son they meet,
 Beside a tent in prayer ; derived of Seth ; 370
 But sojourners within the land of Naid,
 And with its dwellers leagued by nuptial league ;
 Yet was the stock they sprang from not forgot
 By them, in pious act, or who beheld—
 And wanton mischief doomed them to the death. 375
 'Twas Lamech smote them ; hence his fear, and hence
 The avengers rose in wrath.

Now fears he not—

The shield of Tubalcain o'ershadows him ;
 The sway of Enos and the toil of rule
 Left to his sons, himself in shades retired, 380
 Far from the city to the plains of Naid,
 Adah and Zillah comfort and delight
 Methusael's son, even Lamech. Woods and groves
 Are conscious of their loves, and rocks and caves :
 The flowing rivers murmur with their sighs. 385
 Nor deem exempt from labour their delight.
 For art invents new pleasures, and they toil
 For new enjoyments, worthy highest song,
 Were song not worthy now of highest praise.
 Song was in Heaven the solace of the gods, 390
 Innumerable ages of repose,
 Ere it was known on earth to mortal men :
 An inspiration, actual breath divine ;
 Or lyric rapture, human, yet from heaven,
 Brought by the heroick angels, when they came, 395
 The prefects and their hosts, on Ardis down,
 And sware, defying all superior power,

They would, O Men ! your daughters beautiful
Crown with a race, celestially derived.

Thus sang they, and with fable ended thus : 400
With fable, but in coloured light, expressed,
Not without shadow, truth, nor truly pure—
Which if unmixed, had simply spoken how
Seth's sons, by merit, called the sons of God,
Forsaking Armon, lost their high estate, 405
By woman lured among the tents of Cain.

III.

Confused, the shepherd hearkened and beheld
The wanton sport, and had ere long been left
Alone within the hall, for now the court
Prepared to rise, contemptuous of his suit ; 410
But a loud voice from speaker, yet unseen,
Insult arrested. Sons of Adam, hear !
Have mercy on the Brethren, as your God
Was merciful to Cain, who slew their sire !
All turned awe-stricken. Gradually revealed 415
Out from the air, the contour of a man
Appeared, as if a god or angel stept,
Far forth the mystick hiding of his power,
The visible into. Beheld of all,
A venerable man, and yet not old, 420
Solemn of attitude, erect, unmoved ;
Heroick form ; awaiting who should speak,
Stood Noah, Prophet of the Most High God.
But none that apparition might address,
Save Naamah, of female beauty vain, 425

Like a young ash in bloom ; her wanton lips
 No awe might check, no virtue might controul.
 How delicately beautiful—as foam
 On the wild ocean, and as sportive too :
 Even in anger sportive, as when waves 430
 Toss high the slender bark, while suddenly
 The moon is hid in heaven, and through the gloom
 Thunders laugh loud—was lovely Naamah.
 As in a vale of pleasant bowers, o'erhung
 With an aerial fleet of stormy clouds, 435
 Conscious of gathering darkness, the bold oaks
 Bend down to greet the shock ; so men to her
 Bow, as in worship, to avert what ire
 Lours on her brow, else marble, so serene—
 Or haply waiting, till far-faring winds 440
 The squadron meet, and lead to other skies.
 Rejoices then the vale, escaped from wreck,
 And fair uprise her oaks in light renewed ;
 Thus smiling, she the Man of God bespake.
 Pleasant surprise thy sudden coming was— 445
 Fair jest thy words implied ; that Cain's, forsooth,
 Should pity Abel's race. We pity them !
 Seed of the strong, we pity and condemn
 The children of the feeble. Corn and oil !
 Have they not flocks and herds ? or have they grown
 So tender they would spare a lambkin's life ?
 Less brave then than their father, for when he
 Held sacrifice with Cain, not well content
 With earth's first fruits, the firstlings of his flock
 He slew upon the altar of his God. 455
 Blood chose he as an offering—for his own—
 And yet his own was offered. Death since then

On Life hath feasted, so hath Life on Death—
Go—kill and eat—

Tears trenched the shepherd's cheek
When this he heard. Deep feeling, like the Nile, 460
River since known, and symbol of past Flood,
O'erflowed, and scarce, by fortitude restrained,
Permitted brief reply.

God gave to man
Each herb seed-bearing on the face of earth,
Each tree wherein is fruit that yieldeth seed 465
For meat, as to the beasts of earth he gave,
And to the fowls of air, and creeping things,
Every green herb. For holy rite reserved,
To make atonement with offended Heaven,
The sinless creatures roam unfearing death. 470

Whereto the Tetrarch. To the Teraphim
We offer, like our father, of earth's fruits
Acceptable, whereby we spare our flocks,
And not the less our harvests they increase.
And, by the Teraphim ! we will not bear 475
With other worship, blasphemous, profane !
Hence ! glad to scape with life—so, linger not !

Then Noah lifted up his voice and spake.
Hear ye the words of the Omnipotent !
With Chavah and my sons one eve I sate, 480
In social converse, at our frugal meal ;
When lo ! three men, for such the Strangers seemed,
Approached, not long unwelcomed, and became
Guests at our board, as travellers from afar.
Anon, of things far off we 'gan discourse, 485
And then to reason high on holiest themes ;
As speech of distance will wake highest thoughts.

Survey, they said, this world—a Paradise
 Within an Eden, starry realm of space—
 But greater far those things that are concealed ; 490
 Whence mind, and its dominion, . . and the law
 That animates and beats in every pulse
 Of the all-teeming earth, which aye revolves
 In ceaseless agony, producing aye.
 And man is of these twain, and knowledge would 495
 Of both, but can of neither, unless he
 Become what he would know ; and one is Life,
 And one is Death, unique or else impure.
 'Tis in his will to choose, in Adam's was,
 When God to him o'er earth dominion gave : 500
 In sign whereof, two trees he did appoint ;
 One called the Tree of Lives, the other named
 Of Knowledge and of Death—and thus he said :
 "Abstain from this, freely of that partake,
 As ye would live, and in my love abide, 505
 And knowing nought, know all." True wisdom this,
 Not understood—till before human sight
 God brought the creatures ; then Man felt the power
 Whereof God spake, and gave them each a name,
 According to its nature. Coupled they ; 510
 He was alone, and perfect in himself,
 Awing the brute, yet awed himself of God.
 They gambolled in the love-sport, like with like ;
 He held with a Superior high commune ;
 Not all unequal to such colloquy— 515
 Or with himself discoursed, till thought grew big
 For utterance, and wished companionship.
 Then he discerned his insufficiency,
 (Yet innocent, albeit deserving nought,

Having his being of Almighty grace ;) 520
 And what was good before became not good.
 —These things return upon us as a dream,
 As of the sleep he waked from, when thou, Eve,
 Clad in thy beauty, burnedst on Adam's gaze.
 He was not what he had been, yet was blest, 525
 Beyond conception blest. What he desired
 Had being, love-created, made for love.
 "Eve," he exclaimed, "flesh of my flesh thou art,
 Bone of my bone !". . . nor knew how he should quit
 His heavenly Father, when he prophesied, 530
 That therefore man should willingly forsake
 Father and mother, and his wife prefer,
 More amiable, relation closer still.
 —Her thus in virgin innocence he wooed—
 "Our proper bliss is to enjoy what God 535
 Created, but enjoyment temperance needs,
 Else none ; and chief in kind and in degree
 Moral delight, of sensual much eschew,
 Evil, effect of sin, and cause of death.
 For the capacity of sense hath bounds, 540
 Being, as its object, finite, sated soon,
 And lost all relish in excess. For this,
 Test of our temperance, yon tree hath God
 Prohibited, of knowledge and of death,
 Of good and evil, . . evil the abuse. 545
 But of our spiritual faculties
 How infinite the scope, and only can
 With what is infinite be satisfied ;
 Knowledge of God, to love whom is to know."
 —In such discourse, reposed they underneath 550
 The Tree of Lives, whose umbrage broad and cool

Them there imparadised, and felt this truth—
To be is far more noble than to know.
Ah ! all must be what they would know aright,
And to know good or evil is to be. 555
Whence sin and whence redemption . . How redeemed ?
By labour and by death. For knowledge made
Man's nakedness ashamed of its own need,
Which hiding, from the sacramental tree
Its ample leaves they plucked. Aiming at what 560
Was His sole property who formed the heart,
They learned their wants, but not their remedy.
Discovery vain, till he, whose frown they feared,
Made manifest the love they dared to doubt,
As if the liberty of choice were not 565
Sufficient pledge of bounty. O ! forewent
Was reason then ! false oracle believed
Of knowledge without power, that God and Man
Made twain until the Woman's Seed atone ;
Better ambition justified, and man 570
With his celestial Father reconciled,
Though as by fire ; for who will not believe
Must try experience, though it torture him.
Doubt if ye will, in order to believe,
But not to doubt, much less believe to doubt, 575
But and in faith both doubt ye and believe.
Men prove that fire will burn by feeling it ;
Yet he who feels to prove must have believed,
That he should prove it first by feeling it.
And why should man doubt God, but to believe 580
The Adversary, false oracle, whose sense
Is double ?—There I answered ; True, my lord,
Of such false faith iniquity abounds.

Then spake again the Elder of the Three.
 My spirit shall not alway strive with man, 585
 For he of flesh as spirit is compact—
 One hundred years and twenty be his term—
 His wickedness is great, and, in his heart,
 Is each imagination of his thoughts
 Evil unmixed, unchanged. Me it repents 590
 That I have made him ; yea, it grieves my heart.
 Whom I created, him will I destroy,
 Even from the face of earth, both man and beast,
 And creeping thing, and fowl that wings the air.
 That I have made them it repenteth me. 595
 But in my eyes, thou, Noah, hast found grace—
 Know, therefore, that the end of all flesh is
 Come up before me, for the earth is filled
 With violence through them ; and lo ! I will
 Destroy them with the earth. Make thee an ark 600
 Of gopher wood, pitched inside and without,
 Three hundred cubits long, and fifty broad,
 And thirty high, with rooms three stories up ;
 A window and a door set in the side ;
 For lo ! I bring, even I, a flood on earth 605
 Of waters, for destruction of all flesh,
 Wherein is breath of life, from under heaven.
 And every thing that is in earth shall die !
 —So saying, they departed suddenly,
 Or vanished ; and we knew too late that we 610
 Gods unawares, or angels entertained.

Thus, while spake Noah, o'er that lawless group
 Passion or influence held attention mute ;
 But now it passed or changed, and they exclaimed,

Ha ! thou art Noah ? not to us unknown 615
The fame of what thou speakest. Pity though,
Prophets, who would save others, show small skill
In what themselves concerneth. Knowest thou now,
While thou art idling here, thy proper hearth
Protection needs, for that the sword of war 620
Hath entered Armon, and thy wife and sons,
Thine aged fathers, call in vain for aid
On Noah's name, vaticinator vain ?
Where to the Prophet, He who brought me here
Will take me hence, if so his wisdom will. 625
Hither not of myself I came ; for as,
Musing on yester-sabbath's history,
Eventful day, and Samiasa's words,
At morn I worshipped, ere I left my home,
To help in the completion of that Ark 630
Appointed me to build, howe'er ye scorn,
A hand invisible seized by the hair,
And without pain conveyed me where I stand,
So soon, I may not count the time elapsed.
Repent, or ye shall perish, and in sign 635
Of my commission, learn, since ye refuse
The sons of Abel needful corn and oil,
Your Seed-time and your Harvest they shall fail ;
Your Cold and Heat shall strange mutation know ;
Summer and Winter, Day and Night, shall cease. 640
The Prophet's curse was spoken. Uproar wild,
And rout succeeded ; but that unseen cloud,
Which him before concealed, now girt not him
Alone, but in its ample folds embraced
The shepherd too, and safely from that hall 645
They passed invisible—the righteous twain.

Now sailing on the broad Erythræan sea
 Were they. 'Twas past the noon, and from the shade
 The herd had driven his flock, yet broad the sun
 Shone o'er the billows—fair the sight of beams 650
 Reflected, grateful were the breezes cool,
 And sweet to look upon the ancient trees,
 Along the fringed shore, while, in frail bark,
 They voyaged to the land of Abel's race.
 So long they voyaged, that behind the hills 655
 They saw the sun decline, and felt the gale
 Of coming night blow coolly o'er the waves ;
 While rested sea-birds on the rocks about,
 And silence slept upon the shores around.
 But deem not that in silence voyaged they, 660
 Sweet commune long they held, and Noah thus
 Instructed Hori (such the shepherd's name.)
 Fear not, although your corn and oil have failed,
 For he who took away can give again ;
 Or if not, will permit that you supply 665
 Your need with substitution, though of what
 Is dedicated to the holiest use.
 Nor take to heart that this the scoffing sons
 Of evil dared to urge, nor do it not.
 For man is lord of all the things of earth . . 670
 All places, times . . his mind both place and time.
 Thus too, of Sacrifices be it said,
 It is the soul that fits them or unfits ;
 And fruits and kine may both in turn be ill,
 Be good ; nor was the sacrifice of Cain 675
 Refused, because the produce of the soil
 On which he laboured, but on that account
 Had been the more acceptable, if offered

With willing heart devout. Atonement may
 With corn and grape, earth's fruits, in liquid wise, 680
 Or solid, as of bread and wine, be shewn,
 A bloodless sacrament, as well as by
 The blood of bulls or goats, or sheep or rams.
 All equally significant of this—
 That man is not sufficient to himself, 685
 On this hand or on that, or earth or heaven ;
 Needing both food and raiment, would he live,
 And have defence from Nature in her wrath.
 This, physically, bestial sacrifice
 Declares not only but provides, and thus 690
 Redeems the body into life again,
 Ay, and well-being. But what thus is done
 For perishable flesh, in higher guise
 The human spirit asks, and shall obtain—
 Even spiritual food and covering 695
 Of quality divine, the Right and True.
 And this, methinks, less carnally were shewn,
 In simpler rites expressed, by corn or grape,
 Such as Cain offered, or by them in what,
 By art of man, has been from them produced ; 700
 Both bread and wine ; the latter rather, since
 This Art is even a symbol and a seal,
 A part of the Redemption, shewing thus,
 The soul is truly furnished, as it would,
 With power and wisdom, knowledge meet to save, 705
 Food of the soul at once and clothing too.
 Hence all these rites the Lord of all permits,
 That none be superstitious : Hence, dread not
 To put your holy things to common use,
 But rather seek to use your common things 710

As holy ; make the business of life
 Religious, every deed and word and thought—
 Then will each aspiration be a prayer,
 Discourse a priestly lecture ; nay, the act,
 The simple act of dressing when you rise, 715
 A pledge of reconciliation with your God,
 Each common meal a sacramental feast.

IV.

Conversing thus, and charmed with such discourse,
 Time past them swiftly, and, on moonlight seas,
 With Hori Noah sailed afar away, 720
 Forgot the vale of Armon, native vale.
 But God was careful of his prophet then,
 Withdrawn from peril, destined soon to fall
 Upon that spot, through consecrated long.
 Though not as yet had it descended there, 725
 Albeit the prince of Enos so declared—
 For not of execution but design,
 Soon to be put in act, the Tetrarch spake,
 Anticipating what he loved to think.
 O impious ! but the evil was delayed 730
 By higher hand, for his voluptuous Sire,
 Of the Death-Angel summoned, was perforce
 To Hades borne, though there no pleasures be,
 And Adah there and Zillah had in vain,
 (Were they not old, and beautiful as once,) 735
 Sought to delight the king in youth renewed.
 There are the days cut off, the years deprived
 The residue of years—no more beheld
 The dwellers of the world—departed thence

Is age, and as a shepherd's tent removed— 740
No praise hath it, no laud for God or man—
No celebration utters silent Death—
No hope awaits, who to the pit descend.
Alas ! and soon must all that shadowy bourn
Seek, nor return ; for Time himself will soon 745
Take the unstable ocean for a throne,
And riding in his fulgent chariot forth,
Rein his white steeds, or lash them into foam,
Till the waves seethe ; and then at him will Death
Grin ghastily—at him—a desperate smile— 750
Death—as that ravenous banquet were his last,
Unless he gorge his famine on himself,
Like the hyæna, eating his own bones.

Valley of Armon ! vale most beautiful !
Whose verdure is eternal in its bloom ; 755
Skirted with forests wide of oak and ash,
And graced with waterfall or mountain flood,
And cataract, and cliff, with changes wild,
Yet dear to fancy, and awakening thought.
For on the mountain's brow the heroick oak 760
With falling cliff—down from on high in air,
Smit by the thunderbolt, its head in vain
With cloud enwapt, such havock to preclude,
A craggy wreck—would, haply, sometimes meet,
And bowing to the shock with all his weight 765
Of mossy bough and branch and ample trunk,
Torn from his roots, with crash and groan descend ;
And from the noisy hill, the foaming floods,
Radiant and rapid, toward the lake rush on,
Before them driving arm of rock or tree. 770

Oft in the lonely desert of the dark,
 The screech-owls, scared with lightning's angry flame,
 Flashed o'er the rocks, scream hideous with affright.
 But thou art gentle, Armon, lovely vale !
 Why should the wild alone in Armon dwell, 775
 Where peace domestick is, and pious men ?
 There hill and tree do diadem the plain,
 Their stately heads in heaven, their feet embowered
 In shade and arbour, haunt of loving birds—
 And lake and river glass the blue blue sky, 780
 Or lonely star, that not athwart the vault
 Darts its strange way in fire at mid of night;
 Old Night who, watching from her dusky car,
 With terror sees, and upward looks no more ;
 But steadfast in its place and ordered well, 785
 Still brightly on the watery mirrour smiles.
 And of all brooks, thine, Armon, is the sweetest—
 Whose waters glide as with volition gifted,
 And him who bathes in them baptize with power—
 O Armon ! mystick stream ! and holy as 790
 The hill and vale, named of thee, thou of them.
 And though sometimes dark shadow cross the hill,
 And clouds conceal the sacred sun in heaven,
 While tempest flocks foresee, and hide them straight
 From coming ruin ; if the blast have not 795
 O'erthrown their tree beloved, or pleasant grove
 Of elm and stately fir, and left them bare
 Of shelter, knowing then not where to flee—
 More frequent yet, hill, vale, and tree, and grove,
 Rejoice in light and melody and love. 800
 The sun will o'er the kindling summits peep,
 As measuring, at one leisurely survey,

His journey to the west, ere he commence
 Diurnal travel, while, from fields of dew,
 The Herds upraise them with the joyous dawn, 805
 Of wood and grove with gratulation hailed,
 Singing in chorus anthems unto God ;
 And, by the sound aroused, the lordly Stag
 Quits the low brake, and, high upon the plain,
 Stands viewing pleased the glittering hills afar. 810
 Soon to old night an uttermost farewell,
 Climbing the northern hill, though oft behind
 Disdainful scowl she throw on coming morn—
 Her path by the glad hours with saffron strewed.
 Fair is the Morn on Armon, fair and bright 815
 The woods in loveliest bloom, the islet lakes,
 Or isleless, mid her mountains, sweetly clear,
 And beautiful the crests of hill and rock—
 Eagle and Vulture, with the Hawk and Kite,
 There make their homes, sublimest eyeries, 820
 And oft from cliff o'er chasm do shoot and shriek,
 Or, circling in the sky, with scornful soar,
 Abysses spurn whence giddy fancy shrinks,
 Exulting in the day-light as it grows ;
 While o'er the gentler uplands, flower-bestrewn, 825
 The Bee of blossoms fresh unfolded there,
 With buzzing murmur, provident enquires,
 Where to alight, nor stir the tender bloom.
 Grand is the Noon on Armon ; passing grand
 And glorious, pride of day. There silence reigns 830
 Profound, and solitude magnificent ;
 Wherein the lapse of waters musical,
 The fall of far off rivers, solemn sound,
 Heard by lone echo, hill and vale repeat.

So deep the awe attends thee, when, O Sun ! 835

As o'er the crown of some triumphal arch,
Centre of sky, thou reinest thy rampant steeds,
And stayest thy chariot, pausing as for state,
Majestick Warrior, radiant all in arms !

And what more wonderous hast thou to behold, 840

All-seeing Giant ! o'er the dædal earth,
Than that which on the side of Paradise,
The cherub-guarded Mount, in great repose,
Awaiting its commission, rises huge ?

More sacred and august in its design, 845

Than ruined tower in solemn state of years,
Where save the owl nought dwells, once lordly seat
Or princely, now by age and long decay,
With moss and ivy on its wall and roof,

Hallowed and sanctified ; or ancient grove, 850

Once holy place, with branches overgrown,
Hiding all glimpse of day or starry night,
And holy still, yea, holier than before,

To the poetick soul which apprehends,
In that capacious shade, at noon-tide, met, 855

Shapes of high phantasy, to celebrate
Mysterious worship, altar undisturbed.

More sacred and august the appointed Ark,
With more associations dignified ;

A Temple it, and of all temples since, 860

Sign and precursor, thus ordained to save
A world from ruin and restore mankind.

Gradual, even like the forests whence the beams
Were taken that composed its massy frame,

It rose, by labour reared. Nor were they few 865

Who toiled upon the God-appointed work ;

Chief Noah and his sons, and them besides
 The numerous progeny, not yet depraved,
 Of old Methuselah, and Lamech's tribes,
 The brethren of the prophet, still submit 870
 To patriarchal sway. So was the pile
 Completed, and now stood a monument
 Of perseverance and of faith divine ;
 Prepared, and daily seasoned to endure
 The wear its destined service must await. 875
 So midst the woods it grew, itself a wood ;
 And to prophetick vision magnified,
 With light more glorious than of sun or moon ;
 Though glorious they, when in the leafy trees
 They kindle up an unconsuming fire, 880
 At morn or summer eve, serene and calm,
 And beautiful as a redeemed soul !
 Sweet is the twilight Eve in Armon's vale,
 Sweet, lovely, tranquil, sometimes darkly throned,
 And oft refulgent ; soft the western wind, 885
 Floating white clouds through silent depths of blue,
 O'er hills and haunts secluded, where the voice
 Of waters murmurs with the bleat of Lambs,
 And from the fungus hollow of old oak
 The lively Squirrel starts, pleased with the songs, 890
 From thicket gushing, of the pious birds—
 Homage and pageant duteous to the hour
 Of sunset ! Well the Shaphan loves the time—
 Out from the blooming furze she comes and brings
 Her red-eyed young, wont to go forth by bands, 895
 Dwellers of rock and mountain ; on the crag
 They gambol, cropping else the herbage sweet,
 Or ruminat awhile ere they retire

To shelter ; and on high the shrieking Gull
 Wings to her home upon another coast, 900
 Ocean beyond . . threading for this ravine
 And rugged cleft, and torrent brawling there,
 Undaunted in her flight. All things are now
 Conscious of eve—the circling clamorous Rook,
 Fresh from his favourite trees—the quiet Deer 905
 Leaving his lair, on open heath to take
 A lingering farewell of the parting light—
 And on the dizzy cliff of his repose
 The Osprey worships ere he sinks to sleep.
 So sets the sun adored, to rosy couch 910
 Departed from the hill, wherever now,
 Veiled with thin clouds, the guardian eyes of heaven,
 Unnumbered watchers, in the dusky Night,
 Not dark, look gracious through the placid air,
 As listening to the current lowly toned 915
 Of rivers, while in native motion they
 Make stilly musick, not inaudible,
 Yet deepening silence, and itself scarce more
 Than th' unheard musick of the distant stars.
 Fair o'er the Vale of Armon walks the moon 920
 In brightness, and on flowers, and streams and hills,
 Flings beauteous radiance from her ample orb,
 Streaking with silver lines the swarthy night—
 Till, grey with age, herself foreshew her death ;
 The resurrection of another day, 925
 As yet but hoped for . . like a coming joy,
 Subsisting in desire . . as do the souls
 In Hades, till with risen flesh re clothed.
 But not at morn or noon, or sunset eve,
 Or starry night, comes Noah—borne on high, 930

By power divine, from evil far away.
 Thus was Elijah borne from Ahab's hand,
 Whence Obadiah's fear—him carried thus,
 Whither none knew, the Spirit of the Lord.
 And he and Enoch thus were rapt at last— 935
 Not into heaven, for thence they came not down—
 But into heavenly dwellings, chosen saints,
 Who death have never tasted, and shall come,
 (So theologians argue) to restore
 All things, the two prophetick witnesses, 940
 Preceding Second Advent of the Christ.
 Noah returned not—and through all the house
 Inquiry ran—but he had disappeared.
 In adoration, he had heard the song,
 The angelick harmony within his soul, 945
 And felt it lifted up as if with wings.
 Now the next Sabbath came, when not alone,
 Behold, was Noah absent, but the King
 Of Streams, even Samiasa, visited
 The violators of the hallowed day 950
 No more—no more—and still the marvel ran,
 And wild conjecture, laughter and loud mirth,
 With the profane, and to the pious fear
 And apprehension—ignorant what cause
 Man of his sabbath warning had deprived, 955
 Since the last even of the day of rest—
 To me revealed by him, Antient of Days,
 Who hath baptized me with the gift of song,
 And grace to sing this theme—at first a spark
 Deep buried in my soul, then blazed abroad, 960
 Wakening a spirit able to support,
 Even to the end, the energy of faith.

Thus grows in forest huge the circling fire,
And in the rarefying air creates
A gradual wind, increasing more and more, 965
Till in the woods a hurricane careers,
Wild, detonating, crashing, peal on peal,
Loud and incessant thunder ; heard afar
By settler, musing at the smoky gloom,
Thickening the atmosphere, but soon alarmed 970
With an impetuous ocean all aflame,
On high above the tops of loftiest trees,
Cherubick billows—terribly sublime.

THE
JUDGEMENT OF THE FLOOD.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

I.

WHY comes no more that Sabbath warning, since
The lonely streets a voice thus crying heard,
God he is God, and there is none beside ?
That Eve, in pensive contemplation, stood
The Angel of Repentance, Phanuel, 5
And, through the tear-drop in his quiet eye,
Watched westering Earth, with Uriel, in the Sun.
Beside him, Archangelick Michael towered,
Regent of Manhood, and of Virtue Prince,
Guardian of Nations, and the Guide of Kings, 10
Once Samiasa's, ere, in selfish pride,
He had become a god unto himself ;
Thence to his evil genius was resigned.
But gentle Phanuel, pitying his estate,
From the Most High, with earnest prayer, obtained 15
Permission, on each seventh recurring day,
To minister to his despair, and pour
The balm of healing through his smitten soul.

In the sun-world they stood, an orb of fire,
 To heavenly seraphs only genial place; 20
 To frames less ardent mortal element.
 Burning both day and night, a flashing mount
 Was Uriel's throne; and, round about it set,
 Seven other hills—compiled of fiery stones,
 Brilliant and beautiful, and living flames— 25
 Supported on their slopes and on their brows
 Unwithering trees, with odorous fruitage hung,
 In clusters, breathing fragrance where he sate.
 Hence Uriel swayed the multitude of Stars,
 Appointing them, in measure and in weight, 30
 Light, as they came, attracted, and, repelled,
 Went thence to do his bidding. The Moon, too,
 Waxing or waning, was his servitress,
 Handmaid of Uriel. Glorious was the throne,
 And at its footstool flowed a river pure, 35
 River of light and life, billows of life
 And waves of light, which spake even as they flowed:
 Tongues of quick fire, and cloven in the midst,
 Singing immortal anthems, hymns divine,
 Voices of musick, harmonies of heaven; 40
 Angels, the guardians of the fount of fire,
 Innumerable. Glorious were the Three,
 Watchers of Heaven, clad in celestial white,
 Of countenance transparent—clear aspect,
 That as of crystal shewed the mind within, 45
 Not hid deceptive—holy they and true,
 Bright Uriel, Michael strong, and Phanuel meek.
 And at the back of Uriel's throne were hung
 A bow of fire, and arrows fiery
 Within their quiver, and a sword of fire, 50

Lightning and radiance, splendours without end.

Now the great Mother, active for her sons,
Came to the palace of the Lord of Day.

The rosy Hours about her coming throng;
They from her dusky chariot loose awhile 55
Her wearied steeds, and out of golden urns
Refresh them with the living streams of light.

Mournful in her maternal majesty,
Straight she descended from her lofty seat,
And, like the queen of sorrow, proud and pale, 60
Entered the gorgeous dwelling of the Sun,
Whose glory dazed her elevated brow,
To treble wanness and intenser grief.

The radiant angel, affable as bright,
His yellow tressed head in homage veiled, 65
And gave her welcome from his shining state.
But from her blanched forehead she undid
Her oaken coronet, and cast it down
Upon the heavenly pavement chrysolite ;
The solemn foldings of her regal robe 70
Unclasped ; and on the footsteps of his throne
Sank down, in woe and agony extreme.

Me miserable ! with a heavy groan,
Began the mighty Mother, mighty now
Only in sorrow. Miserable me ! 75

Whose children have been murtherers from the womb.
Far other hope was mine, whom angel harps,
Emerging from the waste of Chaos old,
Hailed, on my natal and my nuptial day,
Sister and bride of the perpetual heaven. 80
How gladly, with diurnal industry,
I journeyed toward thy orient capitol,

To alternate warmth, radiance and delight,
 To either hemisphere of my round orb,
 Together with the sweet vicissitude 85
 Of grateful shadow and refreshing sleep ;
 And still, with indefatigable love,
 Controled the seasons to the weal of man.
 I nourished him with milk from out my breasts ;
 Naked, I clothed him ; to him I gave 90
 Country and home, and heritage and tomb ;
 But he, ingrate, my brow defiled with blood ;
 With armed heel he smote my matron face,
 With bloody hand he stabbed my pregnant womb ;
 And violence and lust possess the lands, 95
 With palaces and temples unto gods,
 That are no gods, sore-burthened and distrest.
 My heart is broken, sick and sorrowful.
 Ay me, I fear that the Long-suffering yet
 Will rise in wrath, and, in one common wreck, 100
 Me, for my children's sins, with them confound.
 To whom thus Uriel. O majestick queen,
 O melancholy mother, beautiful
 In sorrow, and sublime in misery :
 Thou well hast done the work thou hadst to do. 105
 This, as the Eye of the all-seeing God
 I witness ; this broad heaven doth avouch.
 Thee, hence, he circles still, as in the day
 Of your espousals, with intense embrace.
 And he hath heard thee groan, hath heard thy cry, 110
 From midst the floods, whereon thy throne is set ;
 And soon the Avenger shall pass over thee,
 And thou shalt be avenged, thou and Heaven,
 On your lewd daughters and intemperate sons.

Whereto the Mother. Let me be overwhelmed, 115
 Within the abrupt abyss, so but the doom
 My children may escape.

It may not be,

Interposed Michael. I, in my place in heaven,
 Have testified to their iniquities.
 The dreamers that defile the flesh, despise 120
 Dominion, and speak ill of dignities,
 Of things they know not, and beyond their sense,
 Themselves corrupting in the things they know ;
 Spots in the festivals of charity,
 Feasting in fearlessness and thanklessness ; 125
 Clouds without water, borne about of winds ;
 Trees, whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead,
 Uprooted ; raging billows of the sea,
 Out-foaming their own shame ; and wandering stars,
 To whom the blackness of deep darkness is 130
 Reserved for ever : mockers walking still
 After their own ungodly lusts, and who
 Divide themselves, the moieties of men,
 Sensual, of spirit emptied utterly.
 And every Star that watcheth in the sky, 135
 Hath, to his jealous God, his record borne
 Of adoration strange ; and, from her sphere,
 The Moon hath also lifted up her voice,
 And the bright Sun, abashed, doth veil his beams,
 Hereat, the heart of Earth sobbed forth aloud, 140
 Then Phanuel sought with these to solace her.
 Sorrowful mother of a sinful race,
 Whose hearts I fain would turn to holiness ;
 Hear what my anxious care has learned for thee.
 In Heaven there have been goings to and fro ; 145

And, from among the Myrtle-trees, the Angel
 Called to the Riders on the blood-red Horses,
 Who are ye ? and they answered, We are they
 Whom he hath sent to travel up and down
 Thorough the earth. Well, asked the questioner ; 150
 Is earth at peace ? As yet, the courier said,
 She sitteth still . . she is at rest as yet.

Then thus the Mother. 'Tis the deepest calm,
 Heralds the wildest tempest evermore.

Trust in the Father ; he is merciful. 155
 Thus Uriel comforted her misery.

So she departed, having, from his fount
 Of light her horn replenished ; her aspect
 Glowed in his glory, radiant as the eve ;
 And the tall turrets of her diadem 160
 Fused by his eye, shone like a molten sea.

Who then had gazed into the billowy west,
 Had deemed that Uriel on his orb declined.—
 How beautiful his glory ! how intense
 The beauty ! how poetical in dew ! 165
 How bright the crown of beams around his brows,
 Imparadising, with their burning hues,
 The clouds voluminous, that, in their joy,
 Change to a myriad tints ineffable,
 Gorgeously circling his refulgent throne, 170
 And it, in undulating majesty,
 Pageant to ocean, a glad company !

II.

And Michael soared into the Heaven of heaven ;
 But Phanuel sought the earth, and to the fiend,

His term expired, resigned the fallen King— 175
 Angelick tears he wept, to note how swift
 The human drooped to brutish, the sublime
 Spirit to shape ignoble, quadruped,
 And prostrate ; every attribute of soul
 Convert to abject quality, each sense 180
 To bestial uses piteously subdued.
 Go, said the Seraph, miserable man ;
 Dwell with the savage of the desert wild,
 Thyself a savage wilder ; doom severe !
 A beast ; but uncompanioned and unstalled, 185
 Wet with the dews of heaven ; desolate
 Of human habits, as of human heart.
 And may the Sire of Spirits thee restore,
 In mercy, to that Reason which HE is ;
 As I therefore will, intercessant, pray. 190
 —So with this sad farewell the Seraph went.
 Far other Spirit ruled thy spirit now,
 O king ;—Hherem, the cursed of the accursed,
 Whom hell's own gorge heaved forth, abominable !
 In lofty disbelief and wilful pride, 195
 When first our primogenial parents plucked
 The fatal fruit from the sciential tree ;
 Then Hherem, with ignoble aim, possessed
 The inferior creatures, a substantial form,
 And quickened with his rage the bestial soul, 200
 The creeping thing, and bird that wings the air ;
 Hence enmity between the kinds, the weak
 Prey to the stronger, in earth, air, and sea.
 The nobler fellows of the fiend aspired
 At quarry nobler far, the souls of men ; 205
 And scorned his sensual taste irrational.

Yet of immortal men, there are, content
 To share their nature with the prostrate brute,
 Earth's erect animals, and vainly proud
 As the gay peacock of his gorgeous plumes. 210
 Not such the monarch's sin : 'Twas too intense
 A consciousness of immortality,
 And spiritual vigour ; whence the pride
 Of reason, and the human will divine,
 That sought presumptuously to rival God. 215
 The sin of Adam and of Lucifer !
 For which the sons of Adam undergo
 Probation, and the devils are condemned
 Without reprieve and destitute of hope,
 Incapable of change, repenting not. 220
 Hence he was emptied of humanity,
 And even deprived its shape and form extern,
 That he might feel of grace, divine, and free,
 He was a human creature, and might know,
 The attributes, whereof he waxed too proud, 225
 Were the good gifts of Him, who made him great,
 And glorious in intelligence and power,
 And ruleth o'er the realties of earth.
 Such office was the demon's, self abased,
 Man's nature to the bestial to subdue, 230
 And, by unutterable sympathy,
 Partake humiliation so profound ;
 A penal task. Albeit he had forgone
 His own prerogatives, and was content
 To bow his functions to the creeping thing, 235
 That feeds on carrion and on carcasses :
 From such abasement as the monarch's soul
 Was doomed to, yet, repugnant, he recoiled,

Astonished and abhorrent. But the Power
Impelled him from above, and he fell down, 240
And ate the dust ; so deep his misery,
He might not even in anguish gnash his teeth ;
Much less give sorrow words : . . and so his soul
Consumed in silence ; punishment most meet,
For him, degraded willingly. How keen, 245
Shrunk from his pride, and lapsed from such estate,
Was the affliction and the agony
That seared the monarch's heart ! How hot the fire
In which his will was tried and purified !
But patient he endured and murmured not. 250
Dudael round them in a circle spread,
And them enclasped within his mighty arms,
Who recked not of his doings. The Simoom,
That parches the red air with arid heat,
And poisons nature with his sulphurous breath 255
Swept over them unheeded—though the blast
Did, like the wrath of the tornado, whirl,
Did, like the water spout of ocean, overwhelm,
The pensive pilgrim, lonely amid the wild,
Or merchant and his numerous company, 260
A thousand corpses withered by the storm,
Putrid and swoln, and scorching on the sands.
Surged to the clouds, they darkle, like a wood,
Within the heavy sky, the violet sun,
And flecked by his bright rays, seem shafts of fire,
Pillars of flame, and columns all a-blaze,
Or moving fortress armed with demon bands.
Three days the tempest glowed, the vision glared ;
Them, prostrate, the hot gale might visit not,
Nor the dread pageant awe. The Sarsar sped 270

His ice bolts through the wide waste wilderness,
 And, from his black surcharged cloud aloft,
 Made desolation yet more desolate
 With cold, whereto the cold within the land
 Of Hades, or the frozen tracts of Hell, 275
 Were comparable only ; so intense,
 Extreme and bitter ; and it smote all things,
 And in the heart of all things mortal burned ;
 Tree, bole and branches, with the writhen bolt
 Of winter blasted, leafless, barkless, sapless, 280
 Bare, and of life devoid ; and herb and weed
 Withered ; and, in their headlong torrent, floods
 Congealed, and stiffened to a stony sheet.
 The wild steed stood aghast, whom rein had ne'er
 Checked, now by more than human vigour curbed. 285
 And in the human veins the vigorous blood
 Was shackled, and the rivers of the heart
 Were as a sealed fountain, and the veins,
 Parched, became brittle, like to glass, and brake ;
 Or hardened into marble. Over them 290
 The ice-wind wrought its work ; but on the ground,
 They clasped the bosom of maternal earth,
 Unconscious, and the spirit's misery
 Had made the flesh insensible to change.

III.

Who walked upon the whirlwind that o'erwhelmed ?
 Who sped the unerring arrows that destroyed ?
 Satan rode on the whirlwind that o'erwhelmed ;
 Azazel sped the arrows that destroyed.
 They came in their pavilions, tended thus,

With their selected ministers : their tramp 300
Rang as of armies on a rocky pass,
Reverberate by the surrounding cliffs ;
Their voices, as the roar of cataracts
Hurled from a thousand hills enskied in heaven,
Resounded, and astounded, with the noise 305
And repercussion, all that neighbourhood
Of nature's desolation, and of man's.

Descending from his secret place of storms,
Issued to sight the Majesty of Hell.
His foot clanged resonant on the trembling ground, 310
And his dilating presence royally
Spread o'er the wild, his stature reached the sky.
Gloom'd o'er his brow the infernal diadem,
Like a black crag projected o'er a cliff,
White as the surge, the barrier of the main ; 315
And, like a blasted orb once over-bright,
His eye, a ruin, burned ; and on his cheek,
Immortal Beauty hideously shone ;
A wreck as of a noble Ship long tost,
Stanced, where it rived, amid the calmed sea, 320
Sublime though desolate, and beautiful
Though loveless ; for her sails the winds about
Woo idly, and play round her keel the waves,
Recoiling as in wonder evermore.
Of her the mariner shall fable, how, 325
When withered by the seasons utterly,
She yet at night walks o'er the waters wide,
With all her bravery flaunting to the stars,
Weft of the wave, the Spectre of a ship,
And on her deck the Spirits of the crew ; 330
While haunted ocean, in the shadowy gleams

Of the pale moon, looks ghostly and aghast.
—Nor seemed less dreamy now the desert drear
Than that old forest of the after-world,
Wherein the goblin guard, with impious pomp, 335
Held festival, whence awed fled all save one;
He through the fiery city high as heaven,
Passed bravely, unhurt ; anon, by pity stayed,
For lo, each tree possessing sense and speech,
The wounded rind forth gushed with human blood ; 340
But, from the pleasant isle redeemed at length,
Unmoved by sound, or sight, or amorous wile
Of her, love-lorn, whose palace had been erst
His o'er-sweet prison, thence the Appointed chased
Phantasm and shape and unessential flame. 345

But now no mortal virtue might dissolve
The terrors here ; not visionary these,
But real and substantial as the being
Of the immortal spirit in the mind
Of unobscurable humanity. 350
Yet less to them they hover round about,
Than is a dream, forgotten ere the dawn,
To him whose quiet conscience sleeps serene.

Then Satan, with a mighty voice, which shook
The wilderness, to Hherem cried aloud ; 355
Sleeper, what dreamst, in sleep profound as death,
Albeit not death—for spirit cannot die ?
Of universal scorn, that, from the courts
Of hell, thee followed with disdainful hiss,
O'er Chaos, on thy way abrupt and wild, 360
Precipitate, confounded and debased,
From the dimensions of spiritual life
Dwarfed wilfully, the demon of the brute ?

The brute hath sense, and oft, half reasoning,
 Is of much understanding capable ; 365
 The worm owns feeling, and the insect worlds,
 That are as of the dust with which they blend,
 And seem but as its atoms most minute,
 Have motion, life, are sensible to pain
 And pleasure animal, though lowest kind, 370
 And least degree. But thou art less than these :
 A grain of sand is as a god to thee !
 And thou to be the god unto the man
 Who late was as a god unto mankind ?
 Astonishment invests me like a robe 375
 Of poison, shrivels my angelick veins,
 Consumes my blood and licks it up like fire.
 Awake ! thou sleeper of the sleep of death,
 All but annihilation ! Wilt not wake ?
 Then slumber on eternally—sleep on ; 380
 Inanimate of bestial, as befits !
 Thus half in ire, and half in bitter scorn,
 The Archfiend raged, and felt, in sooth, his blood,
 Lapped in his veins as with a fiery tongue,
 Celestial ichor with infernal flame. 385
 For him within the consubstantial hell
 Burned ; and, perchance, to desperate act had wrought,
 Pain unendurable to mitigate,
 But that Azazel, the destroying One
 Swept by, borne in his icy chariot ; whence 390
 Alighted now, he rested on his scythe
 Magnificent, wherewith he moweth down
 Whole armies, front to front, in radiant rank
 Opposed . . proud, brave, and ardent ; prodigal
 Of active energy and breathing life, 395

Seeking for fame in gore-accursed deeds,
In death and dust for immortality.

Of old, on plains celestial, he was bred
To sports heroick, and in valourous play
Had joyaunce and delight. He loved to list 400
The trump of battle braze the ardent air,
And gird him with divinest panoply,
On mountain or in mead. And in the vale
Of slumber, he had visions of bright fame,
And glory without end ; and held it eath, 405
To soar above the heavens infinite,
Or into central Hades, and beneath
The unfathomable to descend, so he
Might lead bright Honour captive, or redeem
From durance far remote, obscure and old. 410
And, haunted by the shadow of such dreams,
He ranged heaven's champain, a chivalrick youth,
In quest ambitious of great enterprise,
To tourney with his equals, and prevailed.
They wrestled in the strife of sacred love, 415
And where their weapons wounded there they healed,
For sin was not, and pain no spirit knew,
Till Lucifer aspired, ere long o'erthrown.
Exiled from heaven, he made wild work in hell,
And desolation marked his whereabouts, 420
And aught of Order his transmuting spear
To chaos turned, to dissolution waste.
His front was scarred with thunder, and, above,
His battered helmet loured with lurid gleam,
As in the pregnant bosom of a cloud 425
Broods lightning, ripe for birth. His bloodshot eye

Gleamed mockery, his features were enlarged,
 As if a rock could smile that had no heart,
 With unangelick fulgour ; and his words
 Smote keenly cold the spirit they discoursed. 430

Prince of dark Powers, proud Autocrat of Air;
 O let there not be told, within the realms
 Of ether, or the gates of the abyss,
 Of strange amazement thus disparaging
 The majesty of unadoring hell. 435

Say, why is not thy bosom mailed as mine,
 Thy soul as stern, thy heart as pitiless ?
 Think on the day when thy bold voice declared
 The race of angels free. Did I not go
 To that great battle, as a festival, 440

For which I was athirst ? Drunk with delight,
 I swept destroying on. This lance erewhile
 That quickened where it vanquished, now dissolved
 Each substance to its elements, approved
 How mutable, and chased from form to form. 445

Annihilate I could not, though I would,
 But I might change and dissipate and scathe.
 Earth feels my tread and quakes. Fear and Decay,
 Famine and Death, Storm, War, and Pestilence,
 Cower to my presence, as of him they serve, 450

They my mastery, worship me as god,
 And do my bidding whatso'er I will.
 Change daunts not me, nor ruin makes afraid.

He whom thus Satan, gradually awaked,
 Boldly replied. Change I can contemplate, 455
 As thou art amazed ; such change as thou
 Canst perceivest behold, or gloriously produce.
 Can Spirit be less privileged than that,

Which, in despite of efforts such as thine,
 Subsists, in every change, and is in all, 460
 By its own properties, identified ?
 Here I seem lost in wonder, like a man
 Gazing upon a corse amazedly,—
 He sees the attributes of body there,
 But all the appertenance of spirit gone ; 465
 Yet, by the strange exception unconvinced,
 That what has been can ever cease to be.
 Of what once reasoned—willed—what here remains ?
 Insensible, inert, inanimate,
 Of what had motion and was sensitive, 470
 Perplexes reason ; wisdom fails me here.
 Can He, who claims Creator to have been,
 Deprive the rational of faculty ?
 Why not of being ? and annihilate
 Essence spiritual, as it seems he can, 475
 That by which only it may be discerned ?
 This, Angel, is a work thou canst not do,
 Nor canst reverse. Thou canst not waken him !
 Let Him who lulled him to so sound a sleep,
 Do that ! replied the War-Fiend truculent ; 480
 If that He did the work, or can undo.
 I rather argue for His impotence,
 Than His omnipotence, which not consists
 With liberty. Yon spirit had his will,
 Which him disposing to the lowest life, 485
 He gravitated even unto this ;
 The Tyrant him restrained not, if he could.
 All things are free, as in the realties
 Of Spirit, so in Nature, who, to change
 So prone, so free, is ever born anew, 490

And propagated, and for ever teems
Herself with births ; torne with perpetual throes,
Big with mischance and procreant of caprice.
What power restrains the Avalanche ? He sweeps
Terribly from the hills, and with his foot 495
Slays and entombs, a snowy monument.
The Glacier on his unobstructed way
Goeth precipitate, an icy scythe,
And moweth more than armies in his march.
Who lets the Earthquake, when she minds to heave
Cities from their foundations ? On the shore
The Whirlwind and Tornado have their will,
And on the sea the Tempests do their work,
And poor Humanity endures the wreck.
The Waves sport freely in the eye of Heaven ; 505
Who checks the Winds ? they blow even as they list !
For Liberty is the sole law that moves
The indefatigable Universe !
Lo, we are free ; and may be what we will :
We will be gods, and shall be ; nay, we are ; 510
Or if not yet, and we have much to win,
'Tis but because 't is easier far to fall
Than to ascend, as once we proved too well.
We are conquered, but our wills remain as free ;
And Patience, well opposed, may outwear Power. 515
Meantime, we hurl defiance at His throne,
And thrive on hate.—My charmed spear could once
Revive what seemed as dead ; that spell has now
Departed, nor would I desire it back ;
It went even with my wish and at my will. 520
But it may operate mutation yet,
Or in that corse, or spirit like a corse,

And re-establish in thy heart contempt
Of Power defied, and, not Almighty, scorned.

He thus blaspheming, smote them with his lance,
That straight returned effectless to his hand,
Whereat enraged, he but the more blasphemed.
But Satan from that unapparent thing,
(As hard for mind angelick to conceive,
As matter void of form, unqualified, 530
For human intellect, however wise,)
Averted his sad eye, and thus his mate
Admonished. Fury of infirmity
Reports ; Leader of Hosts and Lord of War.
Beseems it us, whether HE be or not 535
Omnipotent, and may annihilate
Substance with attribute, yet to retain
Consistency, Eternity's sole law,
And change not in our hate though he destroy.
And I have practised with the minds of power, 540
Whence strife may grow, and give thy hands to do
What fits them most, and best thy heart affects.

IV.

Communing thus, much truth and falsehood mixed
In their discourse, they heard the hunter's voice,
The hunter's voice within the wilderness— 545
A solitary shout, a lone halloo,
Well answered by the twain, who recognized
Azaradel, the brother of the king,
Usurper of his vacant throne, and worse,
The couch paternal, an incestuous man. 550
Arrived where now they stood, the audacious heir

Of premature perdition, mate of fiends,
 Paused, . . not in wonder, but as having found
 Who to his cry responded. Fair of form
 As Belial, and attempering arrogance 555
 With much lascivious grace, his presence bore
 No stern rebuke, but pleasing dignity
 Sate throned in comely pride ; yet, couched beneath
 That princely semblance, slunk a cruel heart.
 An iron crown was girt around his brows, 560
 And with his liquid and voluptuous mien,
 Made contrast strange ; a merry eye was his,
 A mellow cheek, a nostril dissolute,
 A melting lip, yet curled as in contempt
 Sportively. Like a morning iris arched 565
 O'er the deep musick of a cataract,
 The imperial purple glowed about his loins.
 Lofty of stature and of port erect,
 A giant or a demigod, he stood ;
 Like a fair hill, fit for an angel's choice, 570
 When he from some commanding eminence,
 Would tell his heavenly errand—now a throne
 Whence demons uttered the decrees of hell.
 In pride of heart and strength of sorcery,
 Despite the Simoom's and the Sarsar's rage, 575
 He dared through the wild desert to pursue
 Behemoth. With a courtly train he went
 Forth from the incestuous palace, and aroused
 Earth's biggest born from his enormous lair.
 Chief of the ways of God, compact of might 580
 And hugeness . . sinewy, strong, and valourous,
 The stormy perils daunted even him ;
 But man, the fiercer savage urged him out,

And braved the sulphurous whirlwind and the cold :
 Not long ;—part, smitten prostrate by the blast, 585
 Lay on the sands unburied, and the rest
 Were frozen into monumental ice.

But him his spells, and mother's magick skill,
 And the protection of the fiends, preserved ;
 Although astounded, and well nigh destroyed, 590
 In the convulsion of the elements.

Subsided then, each dissipated sense
 Restored,—his shout for help was recognized
 Even by the twain whom he encountered now.

O'er whom they hovered soon he understood, 595
 And his bad heart dilated. What thus low ?

Thus with the dust confounded, thou, whose soul
 Aspired beyond the visible confine,
 Ethereal—after whom were cities named—
 And to whose folly men bowed down the knee 600

In greater folly. Adon, yet they say,
 Our father, did resent thy growing pride,
 And smote thee thus—howbeit, I maintain,
 'Twas from affection to his younger son,
 Though he despise both thee and him alike. 605

Thus he, in pleasant vein. To whom replied
 Azazel. Sweeter than an infant's prayer,
 The scorner's depthless voice and hollow gloze !
 What reckst thou of things hallowed ? fleshly wise,
 Thou lovest to enjoy substantial bliss, 610
 No shadowy dream, like what fair Armon's sons
 Would fain withal their souls imparadise.

Scorn they these carnal joys ? What, if we prove,
 Their sense refined not free from pain, like his,
 —(It pleases thee, I see it in thine eye,)— 615

On whom no temporal or eternal thing
Hath power of change, immaculate in death ?

Then did Azaradel rejoice, and say—
Tis bravely thought, 'twere braver far to do !
My soul upon the present I expend. 620
For fools who mortify the fleshly mind,
Be that reversional eternity.

And hath it Samiasa come to this ?
Less than the dust thou scornedst ? less than he
Thou tauntedst with his altogether clay ? 625

But now with graver brow whereon sate pride,
Its proper throne, Satan the levity
Of their slight parle rebuked.

Such style of speech

Suits not the politick and wary mind.
This present pleasure that thou prizest so, 630
Thou of our grace enjoyest, as even now
Thy safety in the storm of hot and cold.
But lo, no tyrants, we no service ask
Unpleasing, but such as gives rein to mirth
Or ere the doing. We have filled thy sense 635
Topfull of joyaunce, nor from thee withheld
High Amazarah, proudly beautiful—
O how thou lovest her as sons seld love
The mother of their manhood ! How she loves
Thee as seld mothers love the sons they bore ! 640
I mark thy swimming eye, thy purpled cheek
I see—I feel thy beating heart. 'Tis great
To conquer nature, to be freed from law.

Then thus Azaradel . . High Lord of Hell,
I worship at thy feet, thy slave for this ! 645
How love the lawless impulses resists,

THE
JUDGEMENT OF THE FLOOD.

PART THE FIRST.

S A M I A S A.

Αγγίλους τους μὴ τηρήσαντας τὴν ἑαυτῶν ἀρχήν.
ΙΟΥΔΑ 6.

ARGUMENT.—BOOK I. TO VI.

Japhet, the son of Noah had in prophetick sculpture represented the post-diluvian fortunes of his race, under the symbolical statues of "Brouma," in reference to the origin of the Scythians—(see Bromley and Pinkerton)—"The Canaanite vanquished by the Roman"—(see Horsley)—"Alexander taught by Plato and Aristotle"—"Britannia and Commerce, and the East India Trade"—(see Horsley)—and "The Messiah." The contemplation of the last statue throws Japhet into a trance, in which a magnificent vision of the consummation of all things is presented to him. This he hastens to relate to his father, who shortly after has a dream of similar significance. In these visions, purposely, nothing is invented. One adopts the old fable of the Phoenix, with the Angel described in the tenth chapter of Revelations; the other the scenes that accompany the opening of the Seven Seals of the Apocalypse. From these visions the coming Judgement is rightly inferred, which Judgement was by the patriarch, Jared, on his death-bed, declared to be in some way connected with the death of Methuselah. The people are described as profaning the Sabbath with sport and violence, though admonished to the contrary by passages extracted from the Book of Enoch, written and distributed by Tamiel, the Scribe, at the direction of Zateel, the lover of Lamech's daughter, Zerah.—Noah sacrifices on the tomb of Adam, in the midst of the people; is smitten by the giant Rephaim, whence tumult follows, soon however subdued by Samiasa, King of the Fourth Stream of Eden, once great and powerful, now a Lycanthrope, yet restored every Sabbath to sanity. Rumel (an orator) charges him, implicitly, with being a founder of idolatry; whereupon, taking shame to himself, Samiasa declares, in great agony, the unity of the true God. The people disperse in awe.—To console his state of mind, Noah reads to the monarch the Book of Enoch, which relates the origin of letters—an account of the Creation—the death and obsequies of Adam, and Seth's investiture with patriarchal dignity—the Antediluvian Decalogue—the Translation of Enoch, and concludes with a Psalm of Seth, and the inscription on his two pillars. The Noachidæ and Samiasa then proceed to the city—enter the palace and visit the state apartments, (in one of which, Amazarah, the mother of the king, reclines in slumber,) and the temple of the pyramid. Barkayal, the founder of the Pyramids—The Idol—Samiasa's story of Adon (his deceased father) and the Sorceress, Amazarah, who, at a Caiuite festival, had declared, in her pride and beauty, that she would make the man, who had courage to woo her, the monarch of a city; Adon, though of the line of Seth, accepted the challenge, and, after the bridal, they travelled forth of the metropolis of Enos, to found a new city in the desert of Dudaël—Adon's remorse and death—Samiasa's speculative genius—institution of divine honours to his father and himself—His encounter with the priests in the Chamber of Beauty—The return of his lycanthropy—His destruction of the Idol—The race of Cain—The city of Enos—Tubalcain and Naamah—Jabal and Jubal—The Shepherd of the race of Abel—how treated—The Shield of Lamech—The appearance of Noah, with his prediction—A description of the Vale of Armon—Sunset—Angels in the Sun—Earth's lamentation—Michael, Phanuel, and Uriel console her—Samiasa delivered up by Phanuel to Ilherem, demon of the brutes—Dudaël—The Simoom and Sarsar—Satan and Azazel—Azaradel, usurping and incestuous brother of Samiasa—he consents with the fiends to annoy the patriarchal race—Phanuel on the next Sabbath returns to Samiasa—His unimaginable abasement—His ultimate recovery foretold.

Shalt pluck out thence, and prove its double edge.

Forthwith he left his house, and to his Sire's
Came, a day's journey. There his Brethren soon,
Moved by paternal mandate, also came.

Then Japhet told his vision—as he spake, 495
His frame dilated, and his port assumed
Strange grandeur, and impulsive energy,
Of concentrated import and deep awe.

Noah his son embraced. A Prophet thou;
And to thy Sire and Brethren sent by God. 500
—Shem worshipped—but tears fell from Ham's sad eyes,
He knew not why—he could not chuse but weep.

III.

Of this spake the Noachidæ, as now
They toward the Sepulchre of Adam paced,
In the bright shadow of the morning sun. 505
Their way was along valleys, from a vale,
Through winding hollows, guarded round by Hills,
Graced with the Palm, and groves of bearded Fig,
Vine, Date, and Plantain, Clove and Cinnamon,
Cocoa and Laurel, Chesnut, Oak and Elm; 510
Hiding more distant Rivers, Lakes and Streams;
Rocks, where the Lichens grew, pulverulent
Or leafy, Mosses struggling into light,
Huge Reeds, and Sedge gigantick; for the Sea
Had there a girdle both in beach and cliff; 515
And arborescent Ferns—with other stems,
Like, but of smaller size; for nothing lacked
The old world of what since the new may boast;
But rather in excess acknowledged life,

Both vegetable forms and animal. 520
 Trees, shrubs and flowers ; field, forest, flood and fell ;
 Rose up in heaven's great Eye, as Earth arose
 On Uriel's Orb, the Seraph of the Sun.

Accordant with the work on us imposed
 By messengers divine, angelick guests, 525
 Yon Ark to build, thus far by us performed,
 In faith submiss—thy vision, son, and mine,
 Both touched the end of things, as now well nigh
 Some cycle were complete, and old Time swinkt
 Halted, yet not as one whose journey's sped, 530
 But looking onward to the west, where he
 Shall with the sun repose. I call to mind
 The dying words of Jared, that pronounced
 The doom of earth, linked with our grandsire's death,
 Methuselah—now oldest man of men. 535
 Within the vale of Armon, I, then young,
 Sate in the radiance of the sabbath dawn,
 Betrothed Chava, at the patriarch's door,
 Anxious awaiting . . earliest visitant ;
 For Jared on his final couch was laid, 540
 And a prophetick dream had told his soul,
 That he should die that day. Therefore did I
 Prevent the dawn, that of his last of days
 I might be longest witness, but without
 Attend, till entrance household rule permit. 545
 —Soon, first awake, or rather, risen first,
 For tender thought made strangers sleep and night,
 Fair Chava me beloved beckoned in.
 And now the kiss of love received and given,
 Not without tears, we enter silently 550

Whereto even yet it yields . . the strife . . the strife,
 Which it o'ercomes, yet never reconciles,
 Endless excitement evermore renewed.
 Oh ! Amazarah . . most majestic 650
 Of women, wisest and most amorous !

Thus the incestuous man voluptuous sighed,
 And at infernal feet lascivious sank,
 O'ercome with fancy. But his speech had done
 What to Azazel's spear so late had proved 655
 Impracticable. Horror of the crime,
 Wherewith the very dust was animate,
 Thrilled Samiasa, and a miracle
 Performed, even by a power of wickedness
 Subtler than magick. Swifter than at touch 660
 Of spell-rod, or a charming verse, the King
 Arose, and o'er his prostrate brother stood
 Terribly eminent. Was never yet
 His visage marred as now ; a thunderstroke
 Had not so much disfigured that sublime 665
 Forehead, whereon of old sate thought enthroned,
 And yet in ruin there was visible ;
 Though shaded o'er with horror dark as Hell :
 Not totally obscured . . and thus he spake,
 While with new fear the incestuous bit the ground. 670
 What ! she, whose beauty was so terrible,
 Whose courage wooed her merited reward
 Of ample realm and huge metropolis ;
 Ay, for surpassing bravery, merited
 Power and all adoration, like a god. 675
 What ! she, whose speech was like a spell of power,
 And spake a country and a capitol

Into immortal life, . . whose lip was scorn,
 Whose eye was lightning, and the index of
 A spirit like the lightning, but more quick 680
 To dare and execute! She, who could call
 Ghosts from the grave, and spirits from the sky,
 As with the thunder's voice! She, to succumb
 From all this greatness, condescend to mix
 With that which owed her duty . . gratitude 685
 For life bestowed, and nourished, and preserved,
 Out of her substance! Adon! O my sire!
 If that thou be'st a god, make it appear!
 Vengeance on the unfilial! None but he?
 Oh! I did check the deep contempt I felt, 690
 Because he was my brother, for the stuff
 Whereof he was compact. He, Adon's son?
 Child of a fiend, thou progeny of Hell,
 I'll tread upon thee as with iron foot,
 Death treads on the cold forehead of the fallen! 695
 He is no son of thine—wherefore restrain
 My fury?—Adon! he is no son of thine!
 —No, no! I shall grow proud to have performed
 A deed so great, and merit deeper doom.
 'Tis for the righteous hand and humble heart, 700
 To recompense His vengeance, who repays.
 I bow me to thy will, oh, God of gods!"
 So saying, his strength did fail him, and he sank
 Into the sands, and like to them became;
 Deepest abasement and pride's mortal wound. 705

When from amaze recovered, after long
 And deadly silence, Satan thus pursued
 His wily purpose—

Rise, and heed not, King !
 The maniac words now hushed ; unless thou wouldst
 Be like their utterer, a corse—save when 710
 We touch him into mimick life for sport—
 Awake ! arise !

So by their help he rose.
 This was no work of yours.

No ; for we make
 No such wind instruments, vessels, else void,
 Of inspiration. We make Souls indeed, 715
 That have both will and purpose of their own,
 And take some credit for the work they do ;
 Obstinate Spirits, to resist and dare,
 Like thee, whom in their pleasure we protect.
 Thou seest His power, and ours thou knowst—on us
 Thy joys depend. Prepare to yield them now ;
 Or league with us.

Ye are my gods !

"Tis well—

Upon the border of thine ample realm
 The Patriarchs dwell. Of Enoch and of Naid
 The Kings array against the three-fold stream 725
 Of Paradise—they want thine aid.

"Tis their's.

Then we are thine . . thy refuge and thy rock.

Then grimly pleased, Azazel smiled.

Behold

A pattern of our power !

Therewith he shrilled

A subtle sound that pierced the wilderness, 730
 Not long unanswered. Hark, a silver neigh
 Articulates the desert of the air,

And thrills the quaking echoes with sweet sounds.
All wanton as a mare in merry May,
A Steed milk-coloured, sudden at his feet, 735
Kneels in soft duty, beautiful of shape,
And fiery keen of eye, albeit suppressed.

Mount, said the Demon to the demonised,
For she will bear thee well, the desert-born,
Thorough the desert, whose wild perils else 740
Thou yet wouldst scape not.

At the word, he sprang
Upon that strange steed's back, and swift away—
Afar—until the extreme Dudael's bounds
He reached ; dismounting thence, he sped his way
Now safe, and she into the wild returned. 745

And Man hath lost his Sabbath-warning now ;
For when the Angel of Repentance came
Upon the next, he found the King abased,
Past wakening, now more than ever lapsed
In last humility—extreme, intense, 750
Not to be broken, a deep slumber, as
Of death, but deadlier. Then the Seraph wept
Angelick tears, and said ;—

From midst the heaven
I called, when in thy pride, thou walkedst forth
Among the multitudes, a human god ; 755
Called from amidst the heaven audibly.
Alas ! how art thou fallen, Lucifer !
Son of the Morning, how thou fallen art !
Yet, surely God speaks through me. Thou hast now
Of thine abasement found the deepest deep ; 760
More hope, then, bitter suffering shall have end,

And such repentance perfect be anon,
 And thou arise more glorious from thy shame,
 And as thy fall thine exaltation be.

So spake the pitying Seraph, bathed in floods 765
 Of sorrow, sorrow that excels all joy
 In joy. Who feel not, never can be blest ;
 But the susceptible, albeit to pain.
 In love and pity so watched Phaniel there,
 And guarded him the livelong Sabbath through, 770
 And each recurring Sabbath constant came,
 Until the appointed period had elapsed—
 Long years lay Samiasa in death of death ;
 The quick soul buried in a sepulchre
 Of torpid dust, which mutability 775
 Changed not, supported by supernal power
 Divine. The Seasons did their work—Day, Night
 Past o'er,—the Simoom's and the Sarsar's rage
 Altern destroyed, unheeded yet by him,
 The Spirit's grief absorbing fleshly pain. 780

THE
JUDGEMENT OF THE FLOOD.

PART THE SECOND.

E L I H U.

Ἐλευθερίαν αὐτοῖς ἱπαγγελλόμενοι, αὐτοὶ δούλοι ὑπάρχοντες τῆς φθορᾶς.
B. ΠΕΤΡΟΥ, β'. 19.

ARGUMENT.—BOOK VII. TO XII.

The Book commencing this part was suggested by that of *Jos*, on which magnificent drama, it is understood, that Mr. Shelley designed to found a poem. This is mentioned to justify, as far as may be, the legitimacy of the attempt, for which, however, the highest authorities are not wanting. Virgil's *Æneid* is little other than a more artful recombination of pre-existing poetical materials, oral or written; a liberty of which Milton has availed himself to the utmost: to do so is, indeed, the especial duty and peculiar province of an epic poet.—Lamech, afflicted on account of Noah's absence, meditates concerning the patriarchs and himself. Shrieks are heard from the direction where the tribes are assembled to celebrate, with a Sacrament of bread and wine, the Harvest Home—Zerah—Zateel, and Elihu relate the irruption of the Cainites, with the destruction of the whole tribe of Lamech. Lamech's seven days' lamentation—his curse—Japhet, Shem, and Ham—their speeches—Methuselah—Noah's return—Lamech's death. The transfiguration of Elihu—Shem commissioned to provide for the interior of the Ark—Japhet, to defend it from without—Ham, to collect the animals. The burial of Lamech; how interrupted by the Cainites—Debate concerning funeral rites—Kael, the blind prophet—Mockery of heroick games—Kael's prophecy—is stabbed. Departure of the insolents. Signs of the seasons—their mutation and uncertainty. The Cainites, hardened by these judgements, take vengeance on the Children of Abel. The Erythrean Isle—The Eclogue of Junia and Nain. The Song of Hori. Michael and Azazel wrestle, as the battle proceeds between the hosts of Cain and Abel—The destruction of the latter—their captivity. Premonitory signs of Judgement. Discovery, by Zateel and Hori, of Elihu, in the place of Adam's creation. Description of the family of Noah. Conversation of Zateel and Hori in the Vale of Abel—The death of the latter, with the apparition of Michael, Azazel, and Elihu. Samiasa's return with Palal, a sophist.—They meet Ham and Elihu in Dudael, surrounded by wild animals—Ham and Elihu proceed with this train through the city of Enos; but the people, engaged in political controversy, and Tubalcain and Naamah in sensual pleasures, regard not the miracle. Hherem and Amazarah descend into Hades. Samiasa and Amazarah—Her horrible contract with the infernal powers. Invasion of the Mount of Paradise—The death and burial of Methuselah by an earthquake—Fountain of the great Deep—Appearance of Enoch with the Tables—Retreat of the invaders. The rejection of Noah—Death of the Giant Twins. The entry of the animals into the Ark. The sitting of the Judgement in Heaven, declared in a dream to Noah. Satan and Azazel—Cain—Windows of Heaven—the Oath. Entry of the Noachidæ into the Ark—Japhet deposits there his Statues, and Shem the Book of Enoch—(postdiluvian idolatry, derivable, by abuse, from the first)—Elihu confides the Decalogue to the care of Ham, being the Two Tables said, in ancient tradition, to be preserved by him from the Flood—Paradise—The Cherubim—Conclusion.

THE
JUDGEMENT OF THE FLOOD.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

I.

ANTIENT of Days ! . . led by thy Spirit, I heard
A voice within the Sepulchre ; the voice
Of ages in the vaulted vestibule
Of the far Past, in whose profound obscure
The night-bird uttereth her peculiar song, 5
Of joy or grief uncertain, and to both
Strangely attuned. Deep, sacred mysteries
Possessed those nameless old mythologists,
And in harmonious poem they concealed
Falsehood or truth sublime, or turned to shape, 10
In gorgeous allegorick weed arrayed.
The sensual fancy . . to external form
Idolatrous . . yet, testifying so
Man's eleutherean essence, still expressed
A consciousness of Spirit, and a faith 15
In Being elevate. Her better forms
Were transcripts exquisite of human thought,
And hence the human Spirit hallowed them ;
The links they were that joined high heaven with earth ;

The greses by which man clomb upward still, 20
In vision spoken into presence, made
In the hid image of the poet's thought.

Oh, what a fall was theirs ! from what height fallen,
Who maddened upon idols, in despite
Of better knowledge, having heard the voice 25
Of God of old, his attributes beheld !
Thus Israel in his latter days fell down ;
Worse than the heathen he, who but adored
Man's virtue shadowed in the symbol so,
But he the wood and stone, and fed his soul 30
On ashes and on carrion. Hence his thigh
The indignant prophet smote, and raised his hand,
And cried aloud, O earth ! earth ! earth ! The Lord
Is the true God—He is the Living God !
Thou at His wrath shalt tremble, and the gods, 35
That have not made the heavens and the earth,
Shall perish from the earth, and from beneath
The heavens. He, by His power who made the world,
And by His wisdom stretched the curtain out
Of the cerulean firmament on high, 40
Hath been from everlasting, and shall be.

Children of Ardis ! so fell ye, and lower,
Because from such height fallen, than they who looked
But with the fleshly eye on imagings
Of unembodied Reason ; . . far beneath, 45
Who in ecstastick vision shaped them forth,
Or worshipped only as emblems. But than all
Fell deeper ye, beneath the lowest deep,
Who in your own creations vainly hoped ;
Drunk with your own sweet fancies, as with wine ! 50

The faithful dwell in Armon's verdant vale ;
 But o'er its groves the spoken doom impends,
 Even now awaits—the hour is nigh at hand—
 For vile Azaradel hath them betrayed,
 The Land of Eden, and its Rivers four, 55
 That, with Methuselah, chief patriarch,
 To him are tributary, lord of earth—
 Such lords then earth acknowledged. Lamech now
 For Noah's absence sorrowed—wretched man !
 With many wounds, on times of evil fallen, 60
 Still stricken in his soul, in spirit poor,
 Debased, and e'er afflicted. Now apart
 He wept in his despair. Apart he sate,
 Alone, for that he would not now unite
 In holy festival, which in the plains 65
 Of Armon hence, beneath the cope of heaven,
 Methuselah, with all who own his sway,
 In presence of the Ark by Noah built,
 With celebration, at autumnal tide,
 Hold, for the Harvest-Home—a feast of bread 70
 And wine, and of thanksgivings unto God.
 Not in this festival would Lamech join,
 Albeit holy, by his grief withheld ;
 Grief even as holy—a father's for his son.
 Old was this sire in years, but older far 75
 In grief, not yet attained eight hundred years—
 In that rare time, by near two centuries
 Short of extremest age ; so long endured
 Life's spring and summer in primeval world.
 Dim yet were Lamech's eyes, for they too oft 80
 With tears had been acquainted, to maintain
 Their native brightness ; his uncurled hair

Was over-grey, and on his shoulders drooped
 In tresses long, which down his breast he drew,
 And mingled with the remnants of his beard, 85
 Shorn of its pomp of hair, a scanty grace.
 Silent he sate, low bent, as musing, mute,
 Heedless of interruption, and of garb,
 Save for one single garment, naked else ;
 Caring for nought but what was in his mind. 90
 Fast by, as by a tomb reared on a plain,
 Did flow the murmuring stream, and bloom around
 Green shrub and bower, and at high noon the flocks
 From solar heat retire, and every night
 The lone bird breathe in shades melodious doubt. 95
 Unconscious he of all, in grief intense,
 Only these thoughts conceiving—sighs, not words.

Happy wert thou, O Adam ! for thy God
 Provided thee a son, another seed,
 Instead of Abel whom Cain slew, and thus, 100
 To thee, himself ; unsonned of both at once—
 But Seth was in thine image, like thyself,
 Appointed sire of many—thou of all.
 And yet, alas for Seth, condemned to prove
 What strife with doomed earth hath man to wage, 105
 Ere it to him will render aught of good.
 Hence was his first-born named. O Enosh ! thou
 Wert even as Abel, happy in thine heart,
 For thou wert good, and evil might not irk
 A pious spirit by the Truth made free. 110
 And, ah ! to listen to thy lips inspired,
 Rapt into heaven the soul, though bruised or broken,
 And made the dimmest spot, and hardest chance,

A paradise, a means of happiness ;
So faith can conquer what subdues the flesh. 115
Friends made he to him of the holy Prayers ;
Angels of light, for him with glowing speed
They sought the throne of Grace, and wooed from Love
Divine, a worshipful inheritance,
A sacred fellowship of holy men, 120
A peaceful brotherhood of charity.
By Cainan well expressed, his first born son,
Right worthy image of a worthy sire ;
To whom, as a possession, earth was given,
Bought by submission, by obedience won— 125
Glad to the labour of the field went he,
Heart in his hand, and wisdom in his work,
And, in the intervals of labour, prayed,
Or meditated on sublimest themes ;
And revelations opened on his soul, 130
Glimpses of heaven—for which, in his son's name,
He lauded God, and offered, as a hymn,
The boy, Mahalaleel, and taught him how
To sing thy glory, Maker of the World !
Then were Religion, Law, and Government, 135
By Contemplation ordered, and his son
Jared, held high command ; a ruler he
O'er many tribes, like a descended god,
A priest, a king. Then competition rose,
Contest for rule, and battle for reward ; 140
And men, once calling on Jehovah's name,
Profaned the solemn word ; and Seth and Cain
Were covenant together. It is done !
Children, begotten of unlawful beds,
Witnessed their parents' wickedness ; but then 145

The righteous was prevented, and with God
 Had rest—for honourable age stands not
 In length of time, nor by the numerous years
 Is measured—wisdom is grey hair to men,
 And an unspotted life, that is old age. 150
 Young Enoch pleased God, and was beloved,
 And, living among sinners, was by him
 Translated—taken speedily away,
 Lest haply error might pervert his mind,
 Or guile bewitch from honesty his soul. 155
 O why was I not taken from among
 The wicked, for to me may never come
 Due honour as of old? Methuselah
 To me may never leave what Jared left
 To him; nor to my son may I bequeath 160
 Rule unimpaired. O Noah! O my son!
 Of Consolation named, for sore I felt
 The appointed labour still by earth required,
 And looked to thee for aidance in my toil.
 Nor vainly—with good hope by thee performed, 165
 In Cainan's power and spirit, the daily task!
 Then came to thee the Word of the Most High,
 Judging the earth, whence rose the mighty pile,
 To swim the Deluge threatened to o'erflow.
 Ah me! and whither now hast thou gone hence? 170
 With sorrow to the grave my head is bowed,
 And my soul feeds on ashes and on dust!

Alas! for Lamech! Even now the cloud,
 Late but hand size, develops to a storm—
 Shrieks loud and long break his abstraction up; 175
 And Zerah, by his side who still had sate

Unseen, in filial love observing him,
Starts to her feet—O father ! whence that wail ?

But then in rushed Zateel with weapon bare,
Blood-stained, and cried, Here stand I to defend 180
Thee, Lamech, now—yonder my work is done !
What work, Zateel ?

O Zerah ! may the God
Of Adam pardon what, this day, his children
Have shed of blood, upcrying from the ground !
—Far o'er the plains, the faithful Sons of God, 185
In presence of the Cherubim, were spread,
Offering the holy feast of Bread and Wine,
For Harvest well accomplished, with the shout
And song of praise, and supplicating prayers.
There were the tribes of Seth, of Enosh there, 195
The tribes of Cainan and Mahalaleel,
Of Jared, Enoch, and Methuselah,
And thine, O Lamech ; sons and daughters both,
With their sons and their daughters, in their tribes,
And in their generations, ordered right. 200
Midst all upstood Methuselah, and blest
The multitudes, and cried aloud to God,
And blest the bread and wine, and hallowed them ;
Partaken soon of all with joy of heart—
When, hark ! the yell of onset, and the men 205
Of Naid and Enos, by Azaradel,
With numbers from the City of the Wild,
Enforced and guided, skirt the peopled plain—
And, driving in the outer circle, make
Huge massacre of man and woman, boy 210
And girl—the aged and the infant—slain
Without remorse or pity. What I could,

I did with this good sword to stay the slaughter,
 While of the inner ranks as many as might
 Fled, and sought refuge—some even in the Ark, 215
 Before which stood Methuselah as guard,
 With Japhet, Shem, and Ham. Then I sped hither,
 To thee and Zerah.

While he spake, a youth,
 Youngest of Lamech's offspring, Elihu,
 Appeared before them saying, O my father ! 220
 The youngest and the sole-left of thy sons
 Kneels for thy blessing—bless me, O my father !

While Lamech wondered, sad Zateel replied ;
 Art thou spared, Elihu ? then praise the Lord,
 The Merciful !—O Lamech, pardon me— 225
 I sought to shield thy heart from a new blow,
 That well might break it ; now thou knowest all.
 The day was ordered so, the tribe of Lamech
 Lay, as the last in time, the last in rank,
 Where massacre began, nor paused an instant, 225
 Till all were sacred to the wanton sword.

Alone scaped I to tell, said Elihu ;
 Nor thus had scaped, but that the plague was staid
 By miracle divine. Before the Ark,
 Whither had fled the people, Japhet stood, 230
 With Shem, and Ham, and old Methuselah.
 Approach not, cried the aged Patriarch ;
 For know, my death produceth the outbreak
 Of what ye dread ; and only by my death
 Now victims ye may reach. Away ! fond men— 235
 Slay me, and from the heavens the floods descend,
 In sudden vengeance, and from earth shall rise,
 Deep call to deep, and heaven to earth reply.

—As smitten with conviction of these words,
 The Cainites paused in superstitious fear, 240
 And saw increase in splendour as in wrath
 The Cherubim, and glow with fiercer fire
 The flashing Sword, whence darted terrour forth;
 Terrour so terrible, the enemy
 Fled as before the Angel of the Lord. 245
 In heaps they fled, and of each other made
 Havock, as in their fear together thronged,
 Either by other's death his life preserved.

While thus spake they, Lamech, in silence deep,
 As it were death, and prostrate as in slumber, 250
 Clasped Earth; seeking, perhaps, within her bosom
 To sleep, as in a mother's would a child;
 And answer none returned to sigh or word,
 Heedless of sympathy, and scorning comfort.
 Soon Japhet, Shem, and Ham came there to him, 255
 And wept to see him weep not, wept aloud,
 But vainly—ne'ertheless with him they staid,
 And sate about him seven days and nights;
 And oftentimes Methuselah repaired
 To help them in the labour of their love; 260
 But when they saw his grief was great, forbore
 With words to wound him, and in silence watched.

II.

And when these days were ended, Lamech spake;
 —O that to me no children had been born!
 The Comfort of my work is rapt away, 265
 I know not whither, even like Enoch gone,
 Perhaps with God, but still to Lamech lost.

O that to me no children had been born !
 All slain ! slain ! slain ! by Murther's cruel hands—
 All—and their families—their little ones— 270
 Their wives—sons—daughters, withered, past away,
 Like visions of the night. Ah ! I have dreamed
 That I had children—'twas a lying dream,
 I waked and found I was a barren man.
 And well I was so, for had I not been 275
 They had been martyred. So they were ! they were !
 O that the sap of life had been dried up
 Within me, and the marrow of my bones
 Perished from the beginning of my days,
 Or they had ne'er begun ! Yea, cursed be 280
 The day that hailed me first—and on the night
 When it was said, a man-child is conceived,
 Be malediction ; let it see no dawn,
 But be for ever lost to blessed light ;
 Not only of the sun, but moon or star ! 285
 Why died I not beneath my mother's heart ?
 Then had I now been still—been quiet now—
 I should have slept—then sweet repose were mine,
 With Patriarchs and with Prophets—Adam, Seth,
 Enosh and Cainan ; with Mahalaleel 290
 And Jared, and perhaps with Enoch too—
 With kings, who built them places desolate—
 With princes, who had gold and houses full
 Of silver. There the wicked cease from troubling,
 The weary be at rest—the prisoners there, 295
 Unheard the oppressor's voice ; the small and great ;
 The servant, master-free ; there rest together.
 O in the many chambers of the grave,
 There dwell high thoughts and populous memories ;

There are my treasures hid, there let me go ! 300

Then Japhet answered—Wherefore wouldst thou leave
Even us who love thee ? Are not we thy sons,
Sons of thy son, even Noah ? Let us be
In place of whom thou grieveest ?

But Lamech cried—

O God ! that thou wouldst grant me my request ! 305

Spare not ! destroy me ! Is he Man who would
Teach to my grey hairs wisdom ? Have I erred ?

Would he reprove the desperate ? Teach me then—

Submiss am I to learn—thou sage to teach—

Why should I not loathe life ? why should I wish 310

To live for ever ? Are the days of Man

Aught else but vanity ? and is there not

A time appointed, when reward shall be ?

And shall I not complain, and not express

Anguish of spirit, bitterness of soul ? 315

A solemn thought then sate on Japhet's brow :

A happy man is he whom God corrects ;

Therefore despise not chastening divine !

Speaketh not God in dreams ? Here watching thee—

Thought was tumultuous, visionary, night ;

Deep sleep on all had fallen, and none beheld,

Or heard, beside myself, the fearful Thing ;

For lo ! a Spirit passed before my face !

I trembled, my bones rattled horribly, 325

My flesh crept, and its hair all bristled up—

I could not chuse but gaze—and It stood still—

That shape, if shape it were, for what its form

Discern I might not—but an Image stood

Before me, silent—then I heard a Voice— 330

Shall Man who mourns be justified before 330
The Almighty ?—Man in best estate be pure
In his Creator's presence ?—Angels he
With folly charges ; and is man exempt,
Dwelling in clay, and founded in the dust,
Crushed ere the moth, and perished ere the eve, 335
His beauty first departed, and devoid
Of wisdom, mind with body even decayed ?
—Then be not wroth—commit thy cause to God ;
Thy seed he can increase, thine offspring yet
Perpetuate like the verdure of the earth, 340
And save thee from the grave till latest age,
A shock of corn in season fully ripe.

I know it of a truth, then Lamech cried—
Even so the unwritten word of Enoch saith,
Tradition sacred, that no flesh shall be 345
Before its Maker just. Were I to say,
That I am perfect, I were proved perverse ;
Nay, grant me perfect, the Supreme destroys
The pious and the impious both alike ;
For what avails the excellence of dust ? 350
Hence is my soul aweary of my life,
For he hath given the earth into the grasp
Of wicked men . . the blessed land of trees
And herbs, and fruits, and waters, . . hill and vale,
Though holy. God ! thou hidest in thy heart 355
Decree divine ; I sin, thou markest me ;
Am wicked, and wo to me ; righteous, yet
My head I may not lift ; yet shall I die
Even as the sinner . . die in grief and gloom.
And what advantage have I over him ? 360

Are we not equal? Equal are the dead,
 Nor look on light for ever. Meanwhile, he,
 With meat and drink, with plunder, rapine, lust,
 Wealth and good days, hath been made arrogant ;
 But the poor saint has sorrowed while he lived, 365
 And died in trouble, going to the land
 Of darkness and the shadowy vale of Death,
 The shadowy vale of Death, of order void ;
 And where the very light as darkness is—
 Let me alone, and soothe me as I may ! 370

Here Lamech paused, and Shem to him replied—
 Art thou as Adam, first-created man,
 Or wast thou made before the hills, and hast
 The Almighty's secret heard? or hast thou quaffed,
 Like Enoch, wisdom from the fount of God, 375
 With whom the spirit of instruction dwells,
 And power, and the souls of those who sleep
 In righteousness. Sayest thou, that he destroys
 The perfect, that of thee may none infer
 Aught other from the doom on thee divulged? 380
 But gave not Enoch to Methuselah
 The word of wisdom? Blessed—blessed all
 The righteous; blessed they, for unto them
 Shall mercy come, and utter might accrue,
 And sinners be delivered. Would my eyes 385
 Were clouds of water, and my tears might flow,
 Like to the rain that Noah hath foretold
 The world shall overwhelm, then might I weep
 What woes shall seize the wicked. To the wise
 The earth was given, neither need they fear 390
 The sinner's strength. Breaks in the oppressor's ears

A dreadful sound, late by the Cainite heard,
When he his hand stretched out against his God !
Wo ! wo ! to him who builds his house with crime,
And lays of fraud foundation, and acquires 395
Silver and gold—his riches shall depart,
His chambers be subverted. Wo to him,
Who to his neighbour renders recompense
Of evil !—Wo unto the proud of power,
Who feedeth on the glory of the corn, 400
And drinketh at the sources of the spring ;
To him shall be denied Life's Fountain pure,
Nor of the Tree of Life shall he partake—
Wo to the crafty ! to the simple wo !
Contemplatists of earth, effeminate, 405
And clad like women, gorgeously and vain—
Like water shall their falsehood flow away,
And folly. Wo to him, the obdured in heart—
The stained with blood, the witnesser of lies,
To him who worships idols, or who makes ! 410
But wait in hope, ye righteous ! in the day
Of suffering, your posterity shall soar
Like eagles, and your nests be built on high,
Safe in the rocks, and, in the rocky clefts,
From sight ungodly be securely hid. 415
—Therefore prepare thy heart, and stretch thy hands
Toward thy God, O Lamech !—put away
Whate'er offence be thine ; so unto thee
Shall restoration come ; thy griefs forgot ;
Or but remembered as the waters are, 420
When passed away—then clearer than the noon
Shall be thine age, more glowing than the morn.

Hereat, in passionate grief, Lamech exclaimed—
Heard I not Enoch? Am not even I
Son of Methuselah, sire of thy sire? 425
'Tis now long since that Wisdom found no place
On earth she might inhabit, though of old
She came to dwell among the sons of men,
Ere Cain forsook her presence. Banished thus,
She to her throne returned, her heavenly seat, 430
Amidst the angels; Sister-spouse of him,
The Secret and Elect, whose name was named,
Even in the dwelling of the Holy Ones,
Ere that the sun and starry signs were made.
Since then, of all mankind, she thee hath chose 435
To visit only, and with thee hath vowed
To live and die. Better it thee befits,
To shew to sorrow pity than rebuke.
The arrows of the Almighty are within,
Oh! and their poison drinks my spirit up! 440
But wherefore should I be to thee as one
Whose slipping feet are as a lamp despised
To him who walks at ease? Yet well I know,
That Wisdom unto thee hath not yet shewn
The palace of her treasure, nor declared 445
The secret path thereto, by lion's whelps
Untrod as yet, by lion never passed,
Known to no fowl, by vulture's eye unseen—
Since thou not knowest, who would seek out this,
Must rise to higher wisdom than concerns 450
Life natural or spiritual life,
Whereof experience none hath yet been had.
Yet ask the beasts, and they shall teach thee true;
The fowls of air shall tell thee;—earth and sea,

With voice oracular, avouch—with Him 455
 Abides the Soul of every living thing,
 The breath of all mankind—All-wise is he,
 And his alike deceiver and deceived.
 Herein is wisdom ; whoso knows her ways,
 He can declare that good and evil both 460
 Befall the righteous and the wicked too.
 Nay, that the wicked prosper, and hold rule
 In the dominions of sublunar life,
 Such pregnant instance in these days have we,
 Divine interposition needs prevent, 465
 And he, who first created, now destroy.
 They do remove the landmarks ; and compel
 Flocks not their own away, whereof they feed—
 Afar they drive the orphan's ass, and take
 The widow's ox in pledge ; themselves meanwhile, 470
 Like the Onagras of the desert, prey
 Upon the needy, yet in their own fields
 Reap every one his corn, and gather in
 His vintage. This our eyes have seen, and how
 The murderer, rising with the day, hath slain 475
 The poor, and in the night is as a thief.
 Did He not now permit the robber band
 To slay my offspring, children of the Just ?
 For is he not Jehovah ? and besides
 There is no God but he. He formed the light, 480
 And darkness he produced. Peace is his work,
 And evil he creates. Be silent, clay !
 —Yet will I trust in thee ! crush not, O God !
 A withered leaf thus driven to and fro !
 My purposes are broken with the heart 485
 Which thought them, and for me the light is brief,

Anxious awaiting darkness and the grave !
 Corruption ! welcome ! thou my father art—
 Hail ! worm, my mother and my sister thou !
 Yet earth hides not my blood, nor God rejects 490
 A father's tears, he knows my prayer is pure !

III.

Thus Lamech spake—grief brought him to a pause.
 So long they argued that the day was gone ;
 Unmarked the sunset though most beautiful—
 But night was glorious. In that orient clime 495
 Heaven kissed the earth, so nigh to her embrace ;
 And broad as bright the stars, and the round moon
 Was larger than the sun to other lands,
 And like to moons the planets, worlds indeed—
 Seemed to the upward gazer as he lay 500
 Supine, that with the people of those orbs
 He might converse, that voices might be pealed
 From sphere to sphere, communicant of mind.
 Day hath no pomp like this—so splendid nought,
 And nought so shadowy soft—so like a dream 505
 And yet so real—all so hushed and deep,
 Holily breathless, awfully serene.
 With look intense up to the sacred Night,
 That there displayed to him the Universe,
 The choral echo, image multiform 510
 Of that divinest Word, which filially
 Affirming the great Being and his own,
 Pronounced Beginning in Eternity,
 And spake the heavens and earths to wondrous birth,
 Ham there reclined adoring, silently, 515

His steady soul collected in that act
 Of worship pure ; slow then to thought restored,
 Utterance scarce conscious murmured, like a gush
 Of waters from a fountain in a vale,
 In sweetest undertones, yet not unheard 520
 In whispers by the children of the hills—
 Or like the mellowed sounds of ocean's roar,
 That comes in sighs to far and lofty cliff,
 Whereon the traveller, looking o'er the main,
 Stretches his length, else dizzy with the height. 525
 Thus deep his soul, thus distant from the sense
 The emotions lowly syllabled by Ham—

Far hyaline of light ! Dwells not in thee
 The Eternal ? Stars ! how high are ye ! how high
 That height above you ! far above that height 530
 The throne of the All-Holy ! Say, can he
 Look from that elevation through blue sky,
 Or darkened cloud—(for sometimes even thy smooth,
 O Sea of Glass ! storms wrinkle, and obscure
 Mirrour so placid now)—and from the heaven 535
 Whose circuit he inhabits, stoop to judge ?
 So sinners deem yon deep expanse a veil
 That hides them from his eyes, and him from theirs.
 Yet with good things their houses who hath filled,
 If not the bounteous Maker ? Who but he 540
 Shall their foundations with the Flood destroy ?
 Make then to him thy prayer, and he shall raise
 The humble, and restore the meek of heart :
 Pride was not made for man ; and what may boast
 In presence of the Eternal ? Lo—behold, 545
 Radiant the stars, though lofty, yet are they

Not pure in the Eyes of Him who made them so !
 Not pure, all sin, though all sin not alike,
 And sorrow waits on sin, just punishment.
 Hence righteously the righteous are condemned 550
 To months of pain and nights of weariness—
 Thus God is justified, and, in the end,
 Will doubtless vengeance take for the oppressed ;
 Though ill it man beseems to call to him
 For justice on his fellow, who himself 555
 Is yet imperfect and deserving wrath.
 Attend we then in patience and in faith,
 That equitable state which saint and sage
 Shall recompense, unanxious of what doom
 May crush the worser sinner—rather hope 560
 In mercy his redemption, that to us,
 Coming to all, compassion may be sent.
 For, from the gulf that separates too oft
 Success from human merit, soars a voice,
 Announcing difference in man and beast, 565
 Whose aims aye prosper to their destined end ;
 Difference in kind no less than in degree ;
 Ay, and a contradiction in ourselves,
 Creation elsewhere knows not ; Mind and Will
 Diverse in law and choice, and what the sense 570
 Affects too mean to satisfy the soul :
 Whence an enigma all the world without,
 Fortune and circumstance ; whereof the word
 That may the riddle solve, is then pronounced
 Whene'er the human feels itself divine ; 575
 Set free from sense, and free from accident,
 Immortal ; giving Nature's transiency
 Permanent attributes like to its own,

Beauty and Order, Harmony and Law,
 Motive and deep Significance sublime, 580
 Yea, and Existence—testifying thus
 To its own being—its eternity—
 And oracling a promise of a state
 Continuous, and adapted to content
 And to employ each organ, pre-assured, 585
 Anticipant, prophetick of its use,
 In region suited to its highest aim ;
 Whereof credential Enoch gave to man,
 Who walked with God in groves of Paradise.
 —With HIM, the Woman's Seed, the One foredoomed
 To sway the kingdom of the skies, the Hour
 Abides, that shall reveal the treasures hid,
 And kings and warriors from their couches raise,
 The teeth of sinners break, and from their thrones
 The mighty hurl. The Light of Nations he, 595
 The Rock whereon the holy shall depend,
 The Hope of troubled hearts. Before the world
 He was, and in the presence of our God,
 The portion of the righteous has preserved,
 Himself their lot and life. When he appears 600
 None shall be saved by silver or by gold,
 Nor by escape or flight, nor shall there be
 Iron for war, or mail-coat for the breast.
 But blessed they who trust in the Elect,
 For them the light of everlasting life 605
 Is as the sun, and a perpetual day ;
 For darkness shall be scattered and destroyed,
 And they shall magnify the name of God,
 For his long-suffering to a guilty world,
 And for the glory for the good prepared. 610

Thus counselled Ham, and Lamech thus replied :
 I know the Eternal my Redeemer is—
 Surviving all things and transcending dust—
 With frame renewed, and in immortal flesh,
 God shall I see ; mine eye shall see him then. 615
 Estranged no more—my Advocate, my Judge.
 My heart consumes within me at the thought !
 I pant to stand before him ! Then will I
 His mercy implore, my sins acknowledging ;
 This chiefly ; that with murmuring discontent, 620
 On stubborn earth my brow's sweat I bestowed.
 Regarding not herein creating Love,
 That willed all pleasures or of body or mind
 Should be by labour earned, suspending thus
 Fatal indulgence, and obliging man 625
 To wake sublimer faculties, to war
 Successfully with nature, by the might
 Of ghostly power. The families of men
 Had won them habitations on the earth ;
 Hence I, the eighth from Adam, had to seek 630
 Remoter dwelling for a later race,
 In soil yet virgin of the plough or spade.
 Herein, aright considered, mercy was,
 That Life in me might be developed full,
 Moral and intellectual. Spirit acts, 635
 Nor can be idle, or if idle, dies.
 Hence speculation evermore suggests
 Inquiry, and new knowledge, to erect
 System on fact, then only edified
 Secure, when theory is built on truth. 640
 Hence Reason, (by like spiritual act
 As Nature is subdued, ere for the frame

Of outward life provision may be made,)
 Must hold like war with Nature, on a stage
 Of nobler conflict, in her strongest holds 645
 Of low propensity or feeling high,
 Ere right intelligence may rule, and Will,
 Admonished in the members, to a Will
 Superior yield, and it in act express,
 In practice as in precept still supreme. 650
 Oh ! as in seasons past that I were now ;
 Then God was with me—then my children were !
 He breaketh down that none can build again—
 He shutteth, none can open—he withholds
 The waters, they dry up—he sends them out, 655
 And they the earth o’erturn. Speed, God of doom !
 Make ready as a king prepared for war !
 Shake from the oppressor’s vine the grape unripe,
 And as the olive cast his flower away—
 Let not the dew lie on the wicked branch, 660
 Let it not come to verdure ! Rise ! arise !
 Blood of the righteous, from the earth ascend,
 And cry in heaven before him ! Yet, oh spare
 The innocent—so that thy work, great God !
 Perish not utterly from off the earth. 665
 Perish therefrom who have offended thee—
 But be the upright stablished as a plant,
 To flourish and bear seed for evermore !

Thus ended Lamech ; and all had relapsed
 Into like silence, utter and intense, 670
 As the deep stillness that was broken then,
 When grief found words which else had madness found,
 But Elihu here interposed with speech

Of wondrous wisdom, though the youngest there,
 And whereof in the end more wonder grew ; 675
 Such great event and high result ensued.

IV.

Father beloved ! God is merciful !
 Hath he not for thy sake spared Elihu ?
 That, even till Noah do return, a son
 May for his absence comfort, and their loss 680
 Whose cruel doom I weep. Oh, I had spoke
 Ere this, and with my grief thy grief relieved,
 But that, of youth admonished, I was fain
 Years should teach wisdom. But there is in man
 A spirit, and the inspiration of 685
 The Almighty knowledge gives ; of matter full,
 And as with wine, am I constrained to speak.
 Yea, now esteem me in God's stead to thee,
 A Mediator, but of clay composed,
 Whose terrour need not make thee sore afraid— 690
 Think not, O Father ! that the Highest seeks
 Occasions to afflict, who loveth all
 The creatures he hath made—yet, sooth to say,
 Greater than man, he stoops not to account,
 Or, if he speaks, man's understanding fails. 695
 In dreams, in visions of the night, when sleep
 Deepens on men, in slumberings on the bed,
 Them hath he visited, himself revealed—
 In sorrows also, tempering human pride,
 He chastens even with life-abhorring pain, 700
 And flesh-consuming agony, the soul
 He would from hell deliver ; oft hath he

To such his Angel sent, interpreting
 The grievous visitation merciful,
 Instructing how uprightly thence to walk, 705
 And thus avoid the need of lesson hard.
 So worketh God with man ; and why ? that light
 His life shall see, who loved the darkness erst,
 Because his deeds were evil, now are good.
 And shall we say, it nothing profiteth 710
 Man should delight his soul with God ? Be far
 From God injustice. For his works shall man
 Abide the eternal Judgement, nor may he
 Arraign decree divine. From whom hath God
 His charge o'er earth derived, and who for him 715
 The universe disposed ? Let him but will,
 The spirit and breath of man should be recalled,
 All flesh shall perish, and return to dust.
 When he gives quiet, who can trouble make ?
 He hides his face—who can behold the same 720
 Of nations or of men ? Befits us well
 To say, that we have borne due chastisement,
 And will offend no more—for none may claim
 More righteousness than what to God belongs,
 And think no profit to be cleansed from sin. 725
 —What can it profit thee ?—Nay, rather, him !
 Look to the heaven—behold the clouds aloft ;
 Thou sinnest ? well ! 'gainst Him what doest thou ?
 Art righteous ? what receives he thence from thee ?
 Thee—others—it may hurt, or may avail— 730
 But the Most High how can it reach or move ?
 Yet may his work be seen, even though from far—
 But who can understand it, or know Him ?
 'Tis wisdom, not to question, but adore !

Thus Elihu. Even as he spake, the youth, 735
 Beautiful ever, glowed more beautiful.
 Whoso beheld him, saw a mystery
 In his composure and his youthfulness—
 Nor seemed his youth as of few years, but as
 Of dateless and unchanged eternity ; 740
 Even as the form of Wisdom, ere the hills
 Begotten, yet new always in all ages,
 Simple and childlike, to the child a child,
 To youth a youth appears ; howbeit to age
 Not old, but blooming fresh as in the day 745
 Of her espousals, and with growing charms,
 Yet undiscovered, smiling, when the grave
 Imprisons flesh to set the spirit free.

Softened to tears, hereat old Lamech wept—
 Still, Elihu ! hast thou a prophet been, 750
 Though youngest of my sons, and now the sole—
 More wisdom yet this day hath dwelt in thee,
 Than in all former days, though ever wise.
 And who am I, that should contend with God ?
 Nay, shall I answer him who speaks in thee ? 755
 Once have I spoken, and again—but now
 I lay my hand upon my mouth. I know,
 Thou canst do every thing, O Lord my God !
 And that no thought from thee can be withheld.
 Grief from my heart hath utterance wrung of things
 Not understood, too wonderful for me ;
 But even herein I find that it was good
 For me to be afflicted ; wiser hence,
 Now know I what I cannot know, and where
 Experience ends, and whence Faith upwards soars—

Faith ! even by hearing of the ear it hath
 Come hitherto, but now, as with the eye,
 It sees the Eternal ! Dazzled with the gaze,
 How vile am I ! abhorrent to myself—
 Great God ! in dust and ashes I repent. 770

And God . . said Elihu . . hath looked on thee,
 And seen thy sorrow to compassionate—
 The Merciful ! Hence was I sent to thee,
 To utter words of comfort, to reveal
 The purposes of Wisdom. He forgives 775
 What grief imagines lest the heart should break,
 Climbing for solace to the Throne of God
 In daring question, and meet answer finds.
 Thy sins are pardoned, and thine end shall be
 That of the righteous—but behoves it first, 780
 That Noah should return—and lo ! he comes.
 A blessed death shall thine, O Lamech ! be.

Then Lamech looked, and saw his Son aby,
 Led by Methuselah in solemn talk—
 Oldest of men, image herein express, 785
 Antient of Days ! of thee. Mysterious Man ;
 Nay, an embodied mystery in his
 Identity, to whoso him bethinks,
 How hard on earth that absolute to hit,
 Of all relations head ; wisest or best, 790
 Or worst or simplest, in extreme degree ;
 Knowing it is, yet what or where unknown ;
 In all that is, inferring, elsewhere, is
 Still something more above it or below,
 Wiser or better, worse or simpler still. 795
 Oldest of Men—the Abstract Sublime of Age—

Like an Idea in its Purity
 To contemplation, worthy thought's high mood,
 By fancy deemed Old Age Impersonate,
 A patriarch indeed. And well expressed, 800
 The venerable man, the kingly priest,
 To fleshly eye, proportions visible
 Of dignity, in sinews, thews, and limbs,
 Majestick height, expanse of chest, and breadth
 Of shoulders and of back, surmounted with 805
 A head magnificent as that of Jove,
 Sculptured by that old sculptor's hand, who taught
 Of Homer's song, that antientest of heads
 With manliest beauty, most luxuriant hair,
 And beard august, elaborate and profuse, 810
 Invested, with ambrosial locks adorned—
 Melchizedek he might have seemed, the priest
 Of the Most High, who met with bread and wine,
 Refreshment for himself and wearied troops,
 Abram returned from rout of Elam's king, 815
 Chedorlaomer, and those other kings,
 In Siddim's slimy vale who battle waged,
 And won, but to be lost again to him,
 The Father of the Faithful, who pursued
 The victors unto Dan ; by Salem's prince 820
 In Saveh's royal dale, on his return,
 Blessed :—priestly monarch, sacramental type ;
 His priesthood of eternal Order was,
 And he a priest for ever as would seem ;
 Fatherless, motherless, without descent, 825
 Having beginning none of days ; nor end
 Of life ; to him, as to his greater, gave
 Abram the tenth of spoil, Similitude

Divine, whose blessings rest on Abraham's sons ;
Not of the flesh, according to the faith. 830
Him might have seemed Methuselah, whose death
Seemed distant still—his life fore-doomed to end
But with the world, which now by right were his,
Subdued beneath his patriarchal sway,
Had evil and rebellion not forbid ; 835
Whence doom shall be pronounced. With Noah now,
Came on that reverend Sage, in all the pomp
Of many years, and told in solemn wise
Of Lamech's grief, and soon to Lamech's arms
His Son beloved presented. In embrace 840
Mutual they stood, and, though in sorrow, both
Were glad, as the survivors of a wreck
Long to each other lost, and late restored.
But Lamech's gladness was the greater far,
And, like a sluice unbarred, in deluge rushed, 845
And brake what it o'erflowed—a father's heart !
So when for answer to his greeting sought
Noah, behold, from that enraptured face
The spirit had passed, but left its likeness there,
In that entranced expression it had fixed ; 850
The last the features wore, by death impressed—
In death how lovely ! not grown rigid yet,
But life-like ; only softer than in life ;
Life's lingering look ; and if of motion void,
Only reluctant to forsake its shrine, 855
That aspect of paternal ecstasy !

THE
JUDGEMENT OF THE FLOOD.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

I.

NOR this the only change. Transfigured there,
Stood Elihu, as when Messiah took
Apart into a mountain high those Three,
Who saw his face shine as the sun in heaven,
His raiment pure even as the light, the while 5
Talked Moses and Elias there with him—
Anon, o'ershadowed with a radiant cloud,
Whence cried a Voice, This is my Son beloved,
In whom I well delight me ; hear ye him.
Such change came over Elihu ; his face 10
Glowed, and a spirit breathed from him enrapt,
As if a vision dawned upon his soul,
And warmed him with its lustre, and enlarged
His attitude into such majesty
As would become a god, and, like a god, 15
Thus he that group bespake.

Effectual is
The prayer of pious men, and Lamech hath
That which he prayed for—Death—his fittest doom.

Thus blest whom God corrects . . if for past sins,
 That they may be forsaken and forgiven ; 20
 If righteous that bliss future may surpass
 The present pain, or be in joy secured :
 Else taken from the ill to come away ;
 And for the sufferer in the worst extreme,
 A crown of glory incorruptible 25
 The Eternal hath prepared. Mine hath it been
 To comfort the expiring saint, who meets
 In Hades Elihu, now there before
 Gone with his brethren, on that fatal plain
 Doomed to the slaughter. Ye too have your tasks. 30
 Thine be it, Shem, the interior of the Ark
 To furnish both for use and ornament.
 Thine, Japhet, outside to protect and watch
 Gainst the designs of foes, for such will be.
 And Ham, thy passion and thy crafty skill, 35
 Well, if well used, shall find employment meet.
 Go forth, and from the desert and the wild
 Bring forth the savage, beast and bird : know, strength
 And wisdom shall be given thee in the hour
 Of trial in the chase. Thereafter will 40
 The time appointed come ; for He shall make
 Small water-drops, and they shall pour down rain
 According to their vapour, from the clouds
 Dropt, and on man abundantly distilled.
 Then unbelieving man may question God, 45
 If he can understand. Or let him now
 Tell, if he knows, the spreadings of the clouds,
 The noises of his tabernacle, and mark
 The growing gloom whence cometh peal on peal !—
 My human heart is moved—when God thus speaks. 50

Thus spake the Incarnate, glowing more and more
 With glory still diviner, and meantime,
 Voices and lightnings, from the electrick cloud,
 The presence of the Omnipotent announced ;
 Anon the sound of whirlwind, and the wings 55
 Of Cherubim were seen ; his chariot, who
 Rides on the Cherub and doth fly ; yea, he
 Comes flying on the wings of mighty winds ;
 And ministering seraphs o'er his awful head,
 A canopy expanded of their plumes, 60
 As of a fiery sky ; while, from amidst
 That dread pavilion, thunders thus discoursed.

Man ! where wast thou when Ages I decreed,
 And laid for Space foundations ? Knowest thou
 Of the Beginning when the Heavens and Earths, 65
 His filial words, were of the Eternal born ?
 To thee all void and formless, and a deep
 Of darkness, till thereon the Spirit brood,
 And the voiced Light distinction introduce
 In Hades, else confusion ; and divide 70
 The light from darkness, making day and night ;
 Light immaterial first, till, self-evolved,
 It shine, and glow, and burn, within and on
 The earth, and, with the watery element,
 Act in construction, previous to the sun. 75
 Where dwelt it then ?—now dwells ?—the darkness where ?
 Hast thou commanded since thy days the morn,
 And caused the day-spring gild the purple air ?
 The treasures of the snow hast thou perceived,
 Or those of hail, for time of wrath reserved, 80
 Of these yet inexperienced ? Canst thou tell

Who for the overflow of waters cleaved
 Its channel, and divided the fit way
 For lightning of the thunder, that the rain,
 Whereof thou knowest not, may fall from heaven, 85
 In Judgement, and then Blessing, and oft time,
 On desert wild, untenanted of man,
 To quicken desolation into bloom ?
 Hence when to heath and waste and far-off isle,
 Not habitable, or mountain too sublime 90
 For human feet to tread, the traveller come
 Exploring, and shall see, distant or near—
 There he shall own a God, and laud the hand
 Benevolent, that the barren bleakest soil
 Leaves not, mid frost and snow and ice, undecked 95
 With vegetation, but prepares a shew
 Of Beauty to delight the Wanderer's eye.
 From seas and rivers, lakes and rivulets,
 With the moist earth, the clouds in vapours rise
 To elevate expanse. Hast thou explored 100
 Their secret treasures, and Life's fountains searched ?
 Hast thou the Centre reached, or have the gates
 Of Death to thee been opened ? hast thou seen
 The dreamy portals of his shadowy halls ?
 Or hast thou soared on high to other orbs, 105
 And taken knowledge of their secret years ?
 The greater Light and less, with the bright stars,
 Morning and evening ? or their number learned ?
 Canst thou unrein the Comet, or upbind ?
 Or travel to Orion ? or exchange 110
 Impulse that gives them motion, or the checks
 By which the attracting Spirit reins them in ?
 Canst thou command the Sea and Earth obey

United influence both of Sun and Moon ?
 The vapours draw from waters, floods from clouds, 115
 Replenishing the earth with great increase
 Of flowers and fruits ? or teach the forms of things
 The power to separate the beams and rays,
 Whence glow with various hues the works of God ?
 Set'st thou in the Old Obscure the plants and seeds,
 Then gavest to them the Sun, whose beams should call
 Their beauty and their produce into life ?
 Madest thou for light the Temple of the Sun ?
 Or multiplied it sevenfold, and shrined
 In floral emblems, vegetable life, 125
 His loving gifts, in grass and herb and tree,
 Each teeming to the birth with germs and seeds
 Productive, with progressive growth endued,
 With blood, and bone, and brain, and nerve, and skin,
 According to their kinds, the types of thine, 130
 As they of thee, in birth, and life, and death,
 As thou, in all things, image art of God—
 Who wisdom in the human bosom put,
 And understanding in the human heart.
 —The cunning of thy frame, it is not thine ! 135
 The heart itself is his, and unto him
 Belongs thy spirit as thy being doth,
 And whatsoe'er in other creatures shews
 Thyself to thee, a shadow shews of God,
 Of higher Wisdom vouches, greater Power ; 140
 Both what the seas produce, where great Whales swim,
 And what in air soars far above the earth,
 Fowl in the open firmament of heaven.
 —Behold the Hawk ; he by thy wisdom flies !
 Whither the summer travels, and due south 145

Stretches his wings, to men ill seasons leaving—
 Or lo ! the Eagle, sure at thy command
 She hath upmounted, and her nest on high
 Made, where she dwells abiding on the rock,
 And in the crag her palace fortifies, 150
 Whence with a glance she dooms her far-off prey.
 Fed are her young with blood, and where the field
 Craves for the slain in battle,—there is she.
 —Remark the diligent and frolick Fish,
 Play all their work, and all their labour sport, 155
 Them moves, not thy volition, but their own ;
 Their proper mind inspires them, guides, and guards ;
 To swim—to fly—to leap—to climb—to crawl,
 According to their needs, in sea or air,
 Up cataract, or palm tree, or on shore. 160
 Some, when the streams are dry in which they dwelt,
 In search of water migrate o'er dry land,
 Or in the night for food, oft time in shoals
 Banded, with leaders marshalled rational.
 With what nice judgement they direct the blow 165
 Against the insect ! lo ! from peril how
 In mud they hide them, and when storms approach,
 Sink to the bottom, to the surface soar,
 As wishing to avoid or to enjoy
 The agitation of impending change— 170
 Colours and sounds distinguish they, and burn
 With love of mate, and offspring, and of kind.
 Some sleep in herds, appointing first their watch,
 While on the rocks they sun themselves at ease—
 A peaceful race—a happy social tribe ; 175
 Various of bulk, but ever more serene,
 In consciousness of power, the huger size ;

Fearless of death, in pleasure living still,
 And dying in a moment, with least pain ;
 Heirs of an element wherein but they 180
 May none exist, and made for their delight,
 In motion slow or swift, free from the change
 And influence of seasons, creatures bright,
 Bright as if wove of beams, amber of hue
 Or golden—azure and green—and of all tints— 185
 Making the deep a marvel. Knowest thou
 How they were framed to balance and adjust
 Their weight against the waters, and divide
 Their way therein ? to see—to hear—to breathe
 The fluid pregnant with the air of life ? 190
 Or how they chuse to wander, or prefer
 Local abode ? Or from the sea saline,
 Against descending currents persevere
 To the selected stream, there to depose
 Their eggs in fitting beds by bank or shore ? 195
 Of them may man tranquillity of mind,
 And abstinence of appetite, be taught ;
 Wise if he learn—from God their wisdom is.
 —Nay, he gives will and wisdom even to forms,
 So brief and so minute, the straining eye 200
 Discerns not parts nor motion. Beauty too
 He gives, and Musick to the higher kinds ;
 The Birds of plumage glorious, rich of song,
 Whose home is in the air, and there their road,
 Wherein they cross the ocean, visiting 205
 East, west, north, south, the ends of heaven and earth.
 Learn wisdom too of them, for ne'er have they
 Absurdly done, nor ever folly known—
 Accomplished in their nature, to the bourn

Of their perfection come, while thou hast yet 210
 To rise to thine by labour and by death—
 Needing redemption. Sinless are their ways,
 Having affections, nor unapt to judge,
 And act on thought, reflective and enrapt ;
 And, with their numbers various, and how sweet, 215
 Awaking meditation in thy mind,
 And ecstasy of feeling in thy heart !
 Yet fierce of these are some, on raven bent ;
 But most are gentle. So of Cattle too—
 And all were thus till Evil, made by man, 220
 Was found in Nature, to correct in him
 Fatal result, and mortal tendency.
 —But in the coming age, when blessed Life
 Shall Death have conquered, then shall peace return
 To all creation, both to man and beast. 225
 For unto thee hath God dominion given
 Over the inferior kinds, even as he made
 Thee in his image, that even thou shouldst rule
 Over the fish of the capacious sea,
 Over the fowl of the expanded air, 230
 Over the cattle, and o'er all the earth,
 And over every creeping thing thereon ;
 Blest to be fruitful and to multiply,
 And to replenish and subdue the earth.
 —And bird and beast to thee, O Ham ! shall come,
 From brake and den, in desert and in air,
 In quiet majesty and peaceful might—
 Come as of old to Adam, to be named
 Of him in Eden, and as yet again,
 They shall with Man abide, when He who made 240
 Shall re-create the Heavens and the Earth.

—Thine with their restoration reconciles ;
 Nature advanced to Spirit ; when with all,
 Even as with Shem, the Godhead shall abide.
 Thrice blessed be Jehovah, God of Shem ! 245
 By Ham, and Shem, and Japhet, for to them,
 His incommunicable Name is given,
 The knowledge of himself. On earth shall be
 His residence divine—his mercy-seat—
 And spread his glory o'er the cherubim. 250
 Of human seed becomes, of human loins
 His incarnation grows—the Son of Shem,
 Pacifick Victor ! Lord of Heaven and Earth,
 In whom the fulness of all lands convenes,
 The consummation of the Age to come ! 255

Thus spake the Incarnate, and was borne away ;
 Now when the thunder and the Voice had ceased,
 Together with the noise of winds and wings,
 Up from the ground, where prostrate they adored,
 Methuselah, with Noah and his sons, 260
 Rose, and lo, none was with them ; save there lay,
 His face on earth, the corse of Lamech dead.

II.

Seven days from Lamech's death were passed in sorrow.
 The day then dawning was decreed to do
 Exequial rites to the forsaken shrine, 265
 The temple of his body, of worshipper
 Now void, but not of God. For as on wilds,
 Once cultivated, once the abodes of men,
 Altars in ruin picturesque survive,

By Saint or Idol o'er-presided still— 270
 Thus with our flesh, or buried or cast out,
 His providence remains, preparing it
 For restoration incorruptible.
 Therefore, o'er corse and sepulchre, the Sun,
 Regardless of the dead, still rises, sets, 275
 As when the wept-for such vicissitude
 Found grateful ; hence the waves dance in their joy
 Over the drowned ; air freshens yet, the fields
 Laugh, and the flowers do vaunt their dewy charms,
 Though day by day, and hour by hour, Time dooms
 And slays his thousands ; for in earth and sea
 The human seed, in much dishonour sown,
 Corrupts but to requicken gloriously.
 Hence death is kingly, and high state affects ;
 Quiet and placid, of uncertainty 285
 Untroubled, and, with destiny at one,
 In independence of the illusive hours,
 Crowns the pale corse what mystick majesty !
 Thus now, up from his bed with health aglow,
 The Sun arises at this autumn tide, 290
 Rejoicing o'er the golden sheaves of corn—
 Hues sport in clouds, whose fleecy skirts are checked
 With silvery tints of light and glancing shade ;
 While the round orb awakes on the blue hills,
 And the wild deer play in his dewy beams, 295
 And the birds sing their pæans ; chief the Lark,
 His grassy couch forsaking, hymns the gate
 Of everlasting heaven, but heard on earth
 At intervals, the speckled warbler's song
 Wafts on the breeze, the pious Shepherd's joy, 300
 His sinless flock unfolding, early risen.

At later hour that Shepherd pipes along
 The hills unconscious ; so the Peasant too
 Unlatches his lone wicket, and his flask
 The Housewife fills, as he his ripping scythe 305
 Sharpens in preparation, while his Dog
 Expects his homely crust. As wont, the Cock
 Rouses the barn, nor Partlet wakes alone
 With all her scarce fledged brood ; but eke the Maid
 That, laughing underneath the shady elm, 310
 Fills, for the dairy, swift the frothy pail,
 Milched from the patient Cow. Thus Life proceeds,
 While to the grave a patriarch's corse is borne—
 Nor cares the Woodman, as he cleaves the oak
 In the deep forest, whom amongst mankind 315
 Grim Death hath felled ; and, on the daisied green,
 The frolick Children, chasing Butterflies,
 And principled in every limb with life,
 Dream not of death, its terrors unconceived.

Of Lamech's hallowed corse, yet are there who 320
 Be mindful—friends and foes. From every part,
 —Laid in his coffin, laved and well perfumed,—
 Came crowds to look upon his winding-sheet,
 And gaze on his shut eyes, his silent mouth
 Closed with the fillet, and his tresses shorn. 325
 Great were the lamentations in the ways,
 Whenas the pomp of funeral passed by,
 Of brethren and of sisters, and of throngs—
 Great was the wailing among multitudes,
 Natural emotion, for restraint too big, 330
 Nor of excess ashamed, so worthy whom
 They wept. Now at the burial-place arrived,

In the hewn rock a sepulchre prepared,
 They, on the threshold of its narrow porch,
 Repose awhile their burthen, while they pray 335
 Above the dead, and friends and relatives
 Take their eternal farewell, ere the grave
 Close on the form they shall behold no more.

But ere these rites were well begun, arose
 Loud clamour, for a host of warrior men, 340
 In long procession came, a gorgeous train,
 On chiefs and monarchs tending. Head of all,
 Haughtily moved the enormous Elephant,
 And his intelligent proboscis swayed
 From out his ivory tusks, conscious he bore 345
 What was or worthy or of high esteem ;
 Not worthy though of high esteem was he,
 Azaradel. Next on a Zebra came

Jabal, and Jubal on an Antelope,
 Full grown, and of dimensions larger far 350
 Than now in Ind associate in herds,
 Timid and shy, or Nyl-ghau, provincied
 North-west, twixt Hindostan's peninsula,
 And Persia's once renowned empery—

Hunted of Aurungzebe, when that Mogul 355
 Held progress gay from Delhi to Cashmeer,
 Summer retreat. Likier this beast to that
 Which, on Euphrates, trees with jagged horns
 Sawed down, though tangled in their bushes oft,
 The hunters' easy prey ; but likest far 360

The Unicorn, though other ; for upon
 That fearful brute, of high exalted horn,
 Symbol express and very type of pride,
 Rode Tubalcain. And other chiefs were there,

In chariots lion-yoked, and, mounted or 365
 On foot, the populous throng rolled after them,
 Like billows topped with foam, so thick the plumes
 In ostentation worn. Right in the midst
 Of that funereal train, Azaradel,
 Advancing, spake.—

Wherefore are multitudes 370
 Assembled? Hold ye politick debate,
 How ye may cast the inevitable yoke,
 Imposed on the surrounding lands by them,
 The children of the City of the Wild,
 Of Adon prospered, deity benign? 375

Him answered then Methuselah. O prince!
 No yoke can be imposed upon the free,
 The truly free, who are not less at large,
 Because in chains or close in dungeon penned.
 The soul no bars nor shackles can confine, 380
 Her liberty is of herself or God,
 Of every Being the essential Self;
 Therefore no controversy we maintain
 To break what galls us not; else even with thee,
 We might dispute the right of mortal man 385
 To question our design, yet unsubdued, . .
 Or why assembled here, to assemble free,
 Or not assemble, even as we list.

Yet know, we meet to consecrate the bier
 Of Lamech, and within the grave repose 390
 His clay, whose soul in Hades hath found rest.

Replied Azaradel, the glozing prince—
 To him yet higher honour had we done
 By force of his descent and rightful sway;
 And now for such, even o'er the precipice 395

And brink of th' all-feared grave, contention hold.
 Why hath not the anatomist made meet
 The corse for the embalmer, and this last
 Anointed it within with cassia,
 And aromatick myrrh? O kinsmen false! 400
 Were ye impatient of his poor remains,
 Ye hurried them into their resting place,
 Seven days past only? Them why seventy days
 Preserved ye not, to be with gum prepared,
 In linen swathed, and shrined in carved frames? 405
 Where are the judges too, and orators,
 To set forth all the merits of the dead?
 The mausoleum might build up his fame,
 And Earth adore his planet in the Heavens.
 Whereto thus Noah. At the portal now 410
 Of Man's last home and peaceful house we stand—
 Wherefore should strife upon its threshold step,
 And with his clangous foot break silence there?
 Wherefore, since honour to the dead do we,
 Debate the form? Honour is honour still, 415
 Whate'er its shape, the spirit still the same,
 Through every metamorphosis unchanged,
 Alike indifferent to whatever mode.
 Yet free to choose, that spirit transmigrant
 May not of right be bound to other will. 420
 Our customs have we—ye have yours; and both
 Our sorrow and our hope may well express,
 Or better one, yet neither may by force
 Procure observance, but by reason shew,
 At fitting time and place . . for time and place 425
 Are her's to choose, if reason be to rule . .
 The ground of preference; but now reason is,

Our custom be permitted, and obtain,
For future hour reserving argument.
And rather, seeing that the day arrives, 430
When deluge shall distinctions all confound,
And earth in one great interest unite,
Whither salvation, what and how to seek.

Hereat among the ranks of Cain was zeal.
To whom are forms indifferent? Jubal said— 435
Thoughts ill expressed are maimed, and harmonies
Of verbal images, and metrical
Proportions sweet, make not a pleasing song,
If unto musick set unskilfully,
Or married unto sounds unmusical. 440
Religious rites are holy—holy they,
Inviolable as fair religion's self—
The altar as the God, the sacrifice
As he it worships; whoso one contemns,
The other offends, and merits penal stripes. 445
The sons of Cain are wise, and in their rites
Best signify the soul's return to God,
And body to its elements restore.
Raise high the funeral pyre, and let the flame,
To such the corse converted, soar to heaven, 450
Type of the soul's ascent, while with the air
Mingles the smoke, or into fluid melts,
And blend with dust the ashes, element
With element composed; and thus farewell!
Thus air to air, water to water, fire 455
To fire, and earth to earth! Of these is Man,
And unto these reverts in order meet.

This speech loud murmurs followed of applause,

Sent from the hosts of Cain ; but on the part
 Of the mixed race disapprobation rose. 460
 Then weapons were unsheathed, and blood was shed
 Betwixt the opposing creeds ; and more had been,
 But that Azaradel and Tubalcain
 Together spake apart. Soon both exclaimed—
 Bring forth the Prophet ! let the gods decide. 465
 At once arose the universal shout,
 Bring forth the Prophet ! And they brought him forth,
 Kael, blind seer, blind of mind and eye,
 Who dared to deem even his own visions false,
 Even to his own predictions infidel, 470
 Yet ne'er the less believed by them who heard.

III.

Now in the rear, high seated on a car,
 Drawn by two Leopards, Kael came enthroned,
 Of a barbarick army chief adored.
 Prince of a savage tribe, that dwelt beyond 475
 The far Erythræan Sea, once emigrant,
 From Naid and Enos for their crimes exiled ;
 And, free from government, thenceforth declined
 From lawless human to mere animal,
 Half brute, but not half angel, and yet men, 480
 If but as idiots ; hence into their souls
 Glimpses of reason flashed an awful light,
 More piercing made by the surrounding gloom—
 Whence they had superstitions, and from Death,
 And from the Dead, were visited of dreams, 485
 Acceptable to Faith—high faculty,
 By weakness to credulity reduced,

Yet even in weakness to be revered.
 For them, strange meaning had the closing Year,
 Since on its Last Day, at the mid of night, 490
 The ghosts of the departed wont appear
 To friends and relatives, who ready made
 For spiritual visitants their house,
 And set the room in order, and prepared
 Water to purify, and wine to welcome, 495
 The traveller from worlds transcending this,
 Whose coming they awaited all the night,
 Until the hour appointed, and then held
 Communion with their guests invisible—
 Which whoso failed to do might vengeance fear. 500
 Such vengeance fell on Kael. Lightning smote
 His eyes, and so they withered, and his frame,
 Convulsed with the quick flash, in agony
 Shrunk, and for sickness he was cast abroad,
 Into the fields where corpses had been strewn, 505
 As one already dead, or doomed to die,
 Left with dry bones to perish. What great Power
 Preserved the abandoned wretch? More helpless he
 Than unprotected babe, yet he returned
 Even from the Place of Skeletons, to health 510
 Restored; and by the people thence believed
 With spirits and demons in the haunted fields
 Communion to have held; and in their fear
 Him they avoided, till by priestly hands
 Made pure, and then as prophet him esteemed. 515
 Such Kael was, whose inspiration now
 Armies awaited, to decide dispute
 Of rituals vain; and he with writhings torn,
 Prelude of unintelligible sounds,

And other signs of ecstasy, at length 520
Was of clear speech delivered ; thus it ran.

Fools bury, fools embalm, fools burn their dead.
Fling them forth to the plains, and let the bird
Not shun them, nor the beast, as if abhorred
And doomed to hell, but as sweet morsels eat, 525
And worthy entrance into worlds of bliss—
The feathered tribes may bear them then aloft,
Their pastimes to partake, and bathe in air,
And the four-footed creatures on the hills,
And in the forests, and by banks of streams, 530
Teach them new pleasures, and delightful sports.
What murmur ? ha ! ha ! ha !

And then he laughed,
So wild, and loud, and long, that all the rocks
And burial places in that field of graves,
Echoed the bitter mockery of that laugh :— 535
Loud pealed the same from Jared's sepulchre,
Mahalaleel's replied to his dread mirth,
Cainan's that laugh resounded, and the vault
Of Enosh was alive with that mad voice ;
And Seth's twin-pillared temple of repose 540
Was wakened with the hoarse profanity ;
And Adam's tomb reverberated deep
The cachinnation ; strange and hollow tones
Of laughter and of blasphemy prolonged.
And well that scorn succeeded to allay 545
The growing tumult, which had else arisen,
And, in that prophet's infidelity,
Found reason 'gainst the judgement that pronounced
Their prejudices void, and in their stead

Proposed what all abhorred ; but in that pause, 550
 A power unfelt before the savage swayed,
 And change in his aspect and form produced,
 Whence wonder died of awe, a gazing corse,
 Not uninformed of life, but seized and fixed
 In catalepsy, senseless—speechless—blind ; 555
 Though glaring as restored to sudden sight.
 But blind he stood a swarthy monument,
 Gigantick—for his hue was as the night ;
 Burnt by the sun and clime where he was born,
 With fervency intense, his flesh was coal, 560
 And his blood fire, black with excessive heat ;
 And he was huge of size—his limbs were cast
 In moulds titanian, shrivelled yet, and shrank
 From what they might have been, by indolence
 Enfeebled, such as in the wilderness 565
 Weakens the human rival of the brute.
 Held by the charm whose spell he could not break,
 He stood enrapt ; and, though unwilling, spake
 Words, which, though true, and because true, the more
 He disbelieved.

Laugh ! Spirits of the Dead ! 570
 Laugh ! laugh ! and like the impatient battle-steed,
 Cry ha ! ha ! to derision ! laugh ! ay, laugh !
 Came not the Foe your Children to subdue ?
 Came not the sons of mischief forth to seek
 A quarrel, and with insult to shed blood ? 575
 Laughed not your God in heaven as they came,
 And beckoned to the Angel of the Air,
 Whose sword and symbol is the hairy Star,
 Whereof none knows but He, who measured out
 The appointed ages of its mystick course, 580

That it should wing its fiery way to earth,
 And lash it with a scourge? Make from the wreck
 Of worlds—the void and formless deep returns,
 Such as it was ere moved the Spirit there,
 And the quick fiat of his strong right hand 585
 The Light created, when the Sun leapt forth,
 And with his left begotten, rose the Moon,
 While with his speed were kindled the bright Stars.
 And shall I curse whom He in heaven hath blessed,
 Who lies not nor repents? What charm is there, 590
 Or what enchantment 'gainst the sons of God?
 Here divination fails. But from the heights
 Of Armon I behold the sacred Ship,
 Walking the waters o'er the drowned world,
 How lovelily—alone—a goodly tent, 595
 A blessed bark, none curse but the accursed,
 And blessed he who blesseth it and them !

By this were weapons flashing in the wind,
 Some at the prophet's throat ; he saw them not ;
 But now recovering from that strange access, 600
 Finds words of recantation to appease
 The credulous crowd—I spake not, 'twas the Fiend—
 The lying Fiend, commissioned to deceive ;
 Believe it not. Thus leads the blind of eye
 The blind of heart—but the more politick chiefs, 605
 Self-shamed of such absurdity, postpone
 Their primal purpose, and with ill design,
 One insult with another substitute,
 And round about the patriarch's corse, at once,
 Funereal games, mock honour, celebrate. 610
 Straight were the prizes placed in view of all,

Women and vases, mares and mules and steeds,
And ornaments of silver and of gold,
And instruments of musick, bowls for wine,
And gems of price and wonderous works of art, 615
And talents of great worth, which who possessed
Might purchase what to him gave most delight,
With sacred tripods, palms and verdant crowns,
And arms and vestments for the conquerors.
The trumpets blare, forth the keen racers start, 620
Each eager for the goal. With various luck,
The rivals haste ; nor is ill chance to lack,
Sport making for spectators, who laugh loud
At him who slips, his feet on treacherous ground,
Or wearied with exertion. Olive crowns, 625
Steeds, helms, and quivers, grace the victor-youths.
Then stand the combatants in order forth,
Of shoulders broad and strong, and large of limb ;
The hand with cæstus or with gauntlet gloved,
With clenched fists attacking and attacked. 630
On tiptoe first erect, their arms in air,
Thrown up defiant, either head drawn back
From blow expected, they the fight provoke,
Then strike the void of air, or on the sides
And breast, sounds loud or hollow next excite. 635
Ears, temples, jaws resound—now this avoids,
Now that misspends his stroke—falls—rises ; shame
And skill, contending in the indignant soul,
New vigour give, add fury ; and, like hail,
Incessant pelts, sans pity, blow on blow, 640
Till mouth and teeth and nostril run with blood,
And the faint head trails ghastly, sick to death,
Over the unconscious shoulder, gory, pale ;

How pale—and paler by such contrast made
With that purpureal tide ! Less savage game, 645
The race of horse and chariot puts to proof,
O generous steed ! thy best nobility—
Even as thy master's, on thy back enthroned,
Or more conspicuous in the lofty car,
Lord of the reins, to guide or goad thy speed— 650
Haply unskilful, from his seat of pride,
Cast ignominious, under hoof or wheel.

Pleased with the rapid motion, even though blind,
Kael permits his charioteer to strive
In emulation, whirling him along, 655
To the far goal, how eager for the prize.
Great was his skill—for not in steed or car
The artist trusts, but, as a pilot guides
Through storms his vessel, with unerring hand
Drives forthright to his aim. Not his the steed, 660
But the strong Leopard, male and female, as
They couple in their solitary dens,
Conscious of force, although to them denied
Sagacity of dog or wolf, which given
End none had been to ravage—furnished so 665
With horrent teeth, set in the mouth and jaw,
Incisor and canine, and in the cheek
The lacerant, for deadliest purposes ;
The tongue even armed, and the ridged palate rough.
Nor these alone ; but claws, keen, long, and curved,
And each with sheath defended, skinny folds,
And callous, whereon, as a sole, the foot
Rests in progression,—with the teeth combine,
To rend the prey, dashed with the flexile paw .

To ground, and irresistibly compressed. 675
Hunger to sate, the forest depth they leave,
Steal on with noiseless tread, or ambushed lie—
With ears astretch for slightest sound, or step
Far off, and eyes that see by day or night—
Slow of their gait, incapable of speed 680
Continuous, well behaved the charioteer,
Caution like theirs, suspicious watchfulness,
Lest swiftness him unskilful throw aback.
But Art prevails. In dusty whirlwinds driven,
Coursers are lost, and chariots hid in smoke— 685
And wide afield in vain contention spent.
He by the shortest line holds on his way
Patient, nor finds obstruction, for none deems
Such tardy motion might the crown attain—
Anon, he nears the goal, not unobserved, 690
And competition burns. Now—now—be proved
Muscular power, and force of giant size.
Now—now—my leopard coursers ; brief the game !
Not far the goal—not needed swiftness long—
Start and away. What speed may rival theirs ? 695
In vain contends the horse—for what is he
But as his rider ? nothing in himself,
By man unguided, only confident
In that superior wisdom which controuls :
Insensate now, for idle human skill. 700
Not so that twain feline—their genius waked,
Malignant and ferocious—agile, thus,
As with one bound, the appointed bound they gain ;
Then stand—the victors they in that career.
How beautiful of hue, and spotted well, 705
In rose-like circles, though irregular,

With centres coloured like the gentle fawn,
Upon a lighter yellow for its ground.
Head, neck, and limbs, and right along the back,
Dotted how thick with small unopened buds, 710
And of pure white the belly, chest, and neck.
Proud of the conquest, Kael stood upright
In triumph, and had spoken words of vaunt,
Straight by a spirit not his own constrained,
Possessed with prophecy ; hence, to the race 715
Of Cain, repeated he that parable,
Which Noah for that Shepherd lately spake,
In open hall, not then by Kael heard.

Repent, or ye shall perish, who refuse
The sons of Abel needful corn and oil. 720
Your Seed time and your Harvest they shall fail ;
Your Cold and Heat shall strange mutation know ;
Summer and Winter, Day and Night shall cease !

Scarce were the words pronounced, ere flashed on high
Steel in his rival's hand, a Cainite chief, 725
The second victor in the chariot race,
Descending soon into the prophet's breast,
A sudden stroke, and mortal in its aim—
Back Kael fell—but in his driver's hand
The scourge resounded, and with wonderous speed, 730
The leopard pair fly thence, like winged steeds ;
So, when disturbed, they frightened bear their prey,
Else on the spot devoured, to lonely place,
Glutting their raven with the carcase meal.

Thus ceased the impious games, and from the graves

Those wicked hosts, in wild confusion, fled,
 Awed with strange fear, presaged from that event.

IV.

Fair at the close of this tumultuous day
 Art thou, O moonlight! on this field of death,
 Reposing here where mortal flesh decays, 740
 Even at the portal of Eternity,
 While in the myrtle walks of Paradise
 The virgin spirit contemplates its bliss.
 Sweet are the breezes that now cool our brows,
 Erewhile with wrong inflamed; soft breathe ye round
 These peaceful beds; and soft, ye honey dews,
 Drop on the rocks, and fitting soil prepare
 For vegetation. Mallow, purple-streaked,
 And Asphodel with yellow flowrets, bloom
 Where'er the dead are pillowed. Weep, ye Trees!
 Shed your dishevelled leaves o'er the calm vale
 Of their deep slumber! Willow, Ash, and Birch,
 With heads suspended, mourn—and hang your fruit,
 Ye laden Fig trees! to the hallowed ground.
 Or rather let the mountain Cypress, with 755
 The Poplar, and the Fir, of spiral form
 And floating foliage, point, like Faith, to God,
 Nature's own obeliskal monuments,
 Raising their arms to Heaven, while they deplore
 Their brethren of the earth; but chief the Pine, 760
 In his perpetual green of solemn hue,
 His shape pyramid, his aroma sweet,
 And his wind-shaken branches' hollow moan,
 Symbol of grief and immortality.

Also thou Yew, whose years outlast the tomb, 765
 And on the wreck of temples flourish still!
 Osier, Oak, Vinestock, Laurel evergreen,
 And Myrtle, Violet pale, and meek Primrose,
 Ivy and Olive, with the Jessamine,
 Heartsease and Holly, Honeysuckle too, 770
 With Palm and Cedar, consecrate with life
 Thy garden, Death; as at extremest South,
 The sepulchre of nature, Winter's tree,
 Rich in perfume, perennial, shades with green
 Valleys of snow, and territorial ice, 775
 Mountain and promontory, frozen isles
 And floods of crystal, and wide tracts of snow,
 Even by the petrel and the penguin shunned,
 Left all to loneliness and sullen gloom,
 Save gleam of star or moon, or meteor wild. 780
 For Thou who madest givest to the soul
 Life, in the regions whither she is gone—
 There morning from the orient aye looks down
 Upon the laughing sea, that hyaline
 By saints in spiritual vision seen, 785
 And in the Eternal Presence she subsists.

Thus to the Patriarchs came serenest peace,
 But on the race of Cain prediction fell.

Behold the Stags—how mournfully they gaze
 Upon the waveless brooks, and pass away 790
 In sorrow. Is it Winter? No—the time
 Of Autumn only—and but late the fields
 Were white for harvest, but no harvest now
 Hath Hope to glad withal her prophet eye.

A blight and mildew, and a blasting wind, 795
 Passed o'er the plains, and withered every ear.
 One morn the Huntsman rose, the biting air,
 Charged full with fog and mist, rebuked his sport,
 And made him glad to shut his casement close,
 And cower anigh his hearth. Then stood aghast 800
 The Statist, and authority decreed
 The Sower to go forth. The plough and wain,
 With clods of iron and a soil of brass,
 Prevailed not, and full soon the labouring Ox
 Was to his stall returned—but not to feed— 805
 For his provision now is needed more
 By man, and he himself must die for food—
 If the superior animal be still
 To live and lord it o'er the barren earth.
 The lowing Kine awaits the flowery mead, 810
 But cold hath parched the pasture—and the grass,
 The everlasting verdure of the earth,
 Hath perished.

What may then long time survive ?

For it is written that no higher can
 Without the lower be, albeit the least 815
 Seek to the greatest, by that perfect law
 Which urges to perfection all that is.
 Hence appetite, in man and brute, desires
 The inferior aliments which earth provides,
 Inanimate or animal, as those 820
 Without which all would cease. The vegetable
 The inorganick nourishes, and thus
 Aspires to better ; so the herbage soars
 To a superior life in beast and man,
 Material transmigration, melting one 825

Into the other, from mere mineral
To human and divine. But now the links
Are broken of that mutual harmony ;
Interdependence wise.

Work, self-despised,
Is scorned, nor labours in his hut the Hind, 830
While dreams the Hound upon the household hearth.
But he hath slain his faithful Dog for meat ;
And from the axe and spade the Robin dashed,
That there for refuge perched, a famished bird.
Then Pestilence came on, a meagre fiend, 835
And wretches blessed the Winter, whose sharp cold
Was a defence against infection's breath—
In vain ; for now the heavens all glowed, as they
With fervent heat would melt—the sun was wroth,
And glared with anger. Then the chains dissolved
Wherein the soil had suffered ; but the race
Of men, plague-smitten, at their useless toil,
Died, and the unseasonable solar heat
Pierced the cracked ground, and obvious laid the seed
To bird and beast, or smote it in its bed, 845
For lack of moisture, with a treacherous ray—
Life from the germ extracting. Tree and shrub
Died with excessive heat.

Men cried to God,
He would withdraw the sun from midst of heaven.
And soon their prayer was heard. The months arrived
That Summer had been wont to visit earth,
When lo, the cold returned. With evening airs,
Came on the incipient chill, and men were fain
To shelter in their homes—hour after hour,
They slept and waked, and slept and waked again,

But still no dawn—they looked out, and behold,
 The round red moon, of unaccustomed size,
 Made pale the planets' ineffectual beams,
 And rose and set in blood, and rose again.
 But the sun rose not. Night had Day usurped, 860
 And Winter, Summer, as before it had
 Autumn displaced ; and blank uncertainty
 Made strange vicissitude more hideous still.
 At length the sun appeared—O blessed orb !
 And warmth came with him ; but sad earth was bare
 Of vegetation. Morn and noon have been,
 And evening looks to see the Sun decline :
 Still reigns the fiery king, and Day prolongs
 From week to week, until the wearied eye
 Loathed the unchanging light ; and the worn heart 870
 Sickened with uniformity, and longed
 To sleep in darkness unashamed, nor less
 Ashamed in day so long to waste the hours
 In idleness, or only half employed.
 'Twas Autumn, but no harvest was there now 875
 To gather in the barns, nor grass to mow,
 Nor fruit to pluck. But all was to begin
 Anew, earth lay before them as a map
 Uncoloured and unnamed, and of their toil
 No certain issue. Winter came at length, 880
 Spring—Summer, and the soul of man rejoiced
 To look upon the produce of the fields,
 Grass, corn, and fruits, and flower, and herb and tree.

And were the Wicked warned ? Hither oft came
 The Prophets from the land of Eden, Shem 885
 And Ham, and Japhet, and their Sire ; to preach

Sincere repentance, that these ills might cease;
And more, the threatened Flood not drown the Earth.
But they were hardened in increasing sin,
Because of the dread judgements, which were signs
Of Power divine and Will for punishment.
And chief their hatred burned against the race
Of Abel, for whose sake and by whose arts
Of incantation, evils so extreme
(Thus they believed, by malice rendered prone 895
To credit aught against the land they wronged)—
Fell on them ; and they sware, in council met,
To wreak dread vengeance on the favoured seed.

END OF EIGHTH BOOK.

THE
JUDGEMENT OF THE FLOOD.

BOOK THE NINTH.

I.

MEANTIME in peace and blessedness reposed
The far Erythrean Isle ; and stern farewell,
O Abel ! to thy children, Famine's fiend
Pronounced, and winged his way to distant shores.
Now, from the beach, two maidens fair behold 5
The fresh awakened sun from ocean rise,
Dallying awhile with the crisped billows' mirth,
Whose foam, else white, is tinted with a blush
From his salute, and, dimpled by the breath
Of the young breezes, breaks upon the waves 10
In sparkling smiles, innumerable, to hail
His resurrection from the apparent sea.
Of Love the maidens talked, nor were defiled,
For love was here religion—sinless—pure.
Of Love and Hori, Junia talked with Nain, 15
The shepherd's sister—no ungrateful theme,
Yet not from sorrow free ; since Junia
Pines that the youth for whom her heart was sad
Met not her virgin love. To him the stars

Had beauty far more excellent than all 20
 The daughters of his land, and the bright moon
 Was as a golden goblet full of wine,
 A garland of renown, and on his soul
 Shed inspiration, glory, life and power.
 Song him delighted too ; the youth was wont 25
 To mould the sea-shell to an instrument
 Of musick, and therefrom the tones extract,
 Accordant with the feelings of his heart,
 The thoughts of his high soul ; and much he loved
 The solitude of ocean's shore, to muse, 30
 And mark the poetry magnificent
 Of wave and wind embracing. Hark ! she hears—
 Junia—the murmur of the shepherd's shell.
 And with her fairy finger hushes now
 The lips of her companion ; both concealed 35
 Behind a crag of rock, where well they list,
 Unseen, the lay of Hori. Thus he sang :

Dear is the Ocean to the Island Bard,
 As to the flapping Gull from coastward flying ;
 Or Swan, that in the bay, when waves are calm, 40
 Conscious of grace, floats proudly on the rise
 And fall of billows, fearless, all the more
 Arching her neck with freedom and delight,
 Oaring her way with glancing feet reversed,
 Striking the enamoured surge to foam minute, 45
 Like silver sparklets on an emerald urn.
 Frail was the tender bark, but fair, which bore
 The remnant of the Martyr's exiled seed
 O'er the thence-named Erythrean, to the wild
 Of waters trusted—God their only guide. 50

Balm the propitious gales, and glass the sea,
For He had made it smooth, who wisdom gives
To the winged sojourners, to leave the land
Of coming winter for benigner clime.
Like them they voyaged forth, and, as they went, 55
The lyre preluded to a pious hymn,
The winds enchanting, and relieving well
Th' else-wearied oarsman, with its cadences
Solemn and sweet, and sweeter because solemn.
The Dolphins sported round, as pleased to hear 60
The anthem on the surge. Silence and night
Succeeded, and the moonbeams rushed from heaven,
A cataract of light, on measureless
Expanse of ocean and of air. The stars,
With lamps of love, came dancing on the deep, 65
A solitude but for our lonely bark,
Companions lovely, smiling from the sky.
Glorious the Sun-rise on the desert main,
The hum of billows awful as they wake.
Out of their silence, by the breathing Morn 70
Admonished of his coming, Seraph bright;
And the swift murmur of unnumbered fins,
Rejoicing in his welcome influence warm.
But he who would magnificence behold
Too great to bear, intolerably bright, 75
Let him, mid boundless Ocean, in mid noon,
Gaze on the burnished billows, and o'ershade
His dazzled eyes from the volcanick orb,
Making a desolation, how profound
And hushed, throughout the wilderness of waves, 80
The universe of water and of sky,
Interminable. Eden! like thy Mount

Cherubick-guarded, on the eternal sea
Of Sunset the great Vision. The wide West
Is as a Temple, and an Ark of clouds— 85
With pillar and with cupola, all hues
Of costliest splendour, as in gems and gold,
The chariot of the Sun. Awhile he stays,
So pausing on the brim ere he descend
Until the mighty shadow of his orb 90
Apparent rise, where Heaven and Ocean meet,
And he into her open bosom sink
In motion visible, and both immerge,
In bridal union, mystick and divine.
All day and night upon our endless way, 95
By Angels we were watched ; till, lo ! the Gull,
And fragrant breezes token gave of land,
Whereof our Dogs were conscious long before.
The faithful Dog, dear to the Shepherd's heart,
Dear partner on the hill side and lone height, 100
And meditative as the race he serves,
Inseparable friend—a pious brute !
How beautiful the far Erythrean Isle !
The ocean breezes visit her pale shore,
With grateful warmth, and genial moisture charged,
For wanton flower and bud of living leaf—
With the far boom of rolling billows borne
In murmurs on his ear, who muses lone
In the dim vale behind the cliffy beach,
On either hand a fair and verdant hill, 110
Delightful solitude, an inland scene,
So nigh the world of waters deep and wide.
And there are minstrelsies of torrent streams,
And rivers, growling over rugged beds,

Fringed on each bank with trees as old as Time, 115
 Sown in creation's hour, majestick Oak
 And leaf-proud Elm. And far away the woods,
 Pensile or level, stretch their shadows broad,
 On upland slope, in valley serpentine;
 Forests and groves apparelled by the hand 120
 Of the Almighty, with a luxury
 Of bough, and branch, and foliage; bounty such
 As his alone would on his works bestow.
 How grandly rocks and mountains heave their scalps
 Into his heavens—the footstools of his throne! 125
 With what delightful change, he scatters, o'er
 The verdant sward, the prodigal flowers, amid
 The waving grass, up-sparkling their own hues.
 Myrtle, and Rose, and Woodbine, rathe or late,
 Report of human dwellings, to the eye 130
 That, from the hill, the prospect meditates;
 Nay, even the stern rocks hath he adorned
 With Moss and Lichen, and the barren heath
 With dew-drop Blossoms, elegant though wild,
 Small Shrub and Berry, hyacinthine dark. 135
 For this, thy children, Abel! on the brow
 Of yonder hill, have raised a votive shrine,
 An altar to his name. There, morn and eve,
 Where Eagle once, and Hawk, held sole domain,
 Hymns celebrate his greatness, and the voice 140
 Of choral psalm and anthem magnifies
 The praises of the Highest!

Sweet it is,

To praise Him who has cast the exile's lot
 In this so lovely isle. Here glows the Vine—
 How lush of tint, how frankly clustered! Fig 145

And Olive flourish—the ripe Orange blooms—
 Who may report his gifts ? who name the sum
 Of the spread sands on ocean's shores, the stars
 Within the firmament ? He gave, even He,
 The father's heart to man, to woman hers— 150
 Sweet is the love of woman ! sweet is truth !
 Of all things greatest ; but far loveliest,
 When in the heart of womanhood it lives—
 How lovely then, my Junia ! if in thine.

Thus closed his song. How thrilled with bliss the soul
 Of Junia as she heard ; and Nain exclaimed
 Aloud with joy ; and both, discovered so,
 Were found of Hori ; with a trembling lip,
 His sister he saluted with a kiss,
 And to his bosom clasped his blushing bride. 160

II.

No more of pastoral loves. War wears on high
 His horrors like a plume, and his loud voice
 Roars like a whirlwind amid echoes wild,
 Of rocky beach or desert solitude.
 —Hovering like ominous bird, a veriest speck 165
 Upon the horizon rising, might be seen,
 A winged Bark, that larger, more distinct,
 Grew, and approached, ere long of men beheld—
 Nor unobserved of angels. Michael,
 Guardian of Nations, rushed on Helam down, 170
 Bold cliff, that beetling far o'erlooked the main,
 And not in song unfamed. For fable high
 Thereof young Hori had conceived, supposed

Of island dwellers ere the arrival there
Of Abel's seed, a mythos well designed, 175
With passion graced and manners suitable ;
Nor ill-conjectured. For beyond them lay,
In isle remoter, that same race, for whom
Kael was seer ; blinder they of mind
Than he of body ; haply—'scaped from Naid, 180
In fear of vengeance for enormous guilt—
Furthest was best, they deemed, from that cursed spot,
Where justice might be born ; but ne'ertheless,
The Cainite found them soon, and not as foe,
Chance-roving on the deep, in search of gain. 185
Whereof let this suffice. Me it behoves
To speak of Michael, the Archangel, whom
Met strong Azazel on that rocky height.

Straight each the other seized, in mutual wrath,
Well matched, and wrestled there from morn to eve.
Meantime, the Cainite, with malicious speed,
Like a sea-hornet, from the o'erswarmed air,
Lights on thy coast, O far Erythrean Isle !
Fame spread her bruit, and Battle raised his shout,
And his loud trump resounded. On the beach 195
Full many a man of the invading hosts
Was victor—of a grave—a common grave,
Dug in the sands ; for to the shepherd race,
Where'er they spread, the sacred threshold they
Of each loved home, the fender of each hearth, 200
The temple's portal, and the altar's steps—
Such was that shore—so dear—so sacred then,
And holily defended, as from touch
Of sacrilege, with heroism so devout,
That whoso fell was as a sacrifice, 205

An offering slain to God, to whom the warm
 Steam of the living blood, like incense, rose,
 By angels in their golden censers waft,
 When they present the Throne Divine before,
 The prayers of saints, accepted graciously. 210

For there is Sympathy for evermore
 Of Angels with Mankind ; nor wanting proof.
 Witness the infernal God of Battle wage,
 With the Archangel, conflict terrible,
 On Helam in the clouds, so high its scalp 215

The craggy summit reared. Less high the hill
 In Rephidim, whose top ascended once
 Moses, with Hur and Aaron, while in war
 Stroved Israel with Amalek. In hand
 The Legislator held the Almighty's rod, 220

Wherewith the Rock in Horeb he had smitten,
 Whence water quenched the thirst of discontent,
 A weight but ill sustained ; and ah ! when fell
 His arm, the foe prevailed, nor might succeed
 The chosen race if it were lifted not ; 225

But, by the twain upheld, his heavy hands
 Were steadily preserved, till going down
 Of that victorious sun. Like fortune waits
 The seed of Abel now ; as prospers here
 Michael with his assailant, on this height, 230
 So they below advantage gain or lose.

Nine days the Angelick Wrestlers, on the head
 Of visionary Helam, ruled the doom
 Of meeting armies. Hand in hand they strove ;
 With strenuous wrist at arm's length either held, 235
 Lest, closing, one antagonist might win
 Possession of the other, and o'erthrow.—

Struggling they kept at distance, so from side
To side swung with contention emulous,
And action muscular, supernal strength. 240
O ! for the war embrace ! with outstretched hand,
Each aims to grapple at the heaving chest
Of his opponent, by a mighty gripe
To strangle and subdue, or to enclose
The staggering victim in the stringent folds. 245
As of a serpent's clasp, and so to crush.
Now either shoulder clenched in either fist,
Their arms at equal length are mutual crossed,
But neither yet might cling to other's neck,
Not yet compest the bosom or the throat. 250
Deep-dinted in the substance ; from such grasp
Reciprocal they shrink, and writhe and reel,
Till shaken off, or with a sudden sleight
Removed, that by some other joint or limb
The foe may be constrained, by hip or thigh 255
Caught, and with dreadful violence elanced
From the strong wrestler's seizure, in his wrath,
As from an arbalist or catapult
Arrow or stone, the enginery of war.
With various fortune thus, but equal force, 260
On Helam strove the gods, while in the plains
Men fought with men, from morn to eve, engaged—
The invaders and invaded ; those constrained
Battle to court, and foremost to attack,
Safe only when assailing ; these inclined 265
To wait occasion's favour. But ere long
War won more inland passage, and hewed down
A pathway to the valleys and the hills.
—O Vale of Elul ! once so beautiful,

270

So tranquil in thy beauty—now in thee
Is exclamation, with the shriek and shout
Of battle, wanton with the loud uproar,
As a glad hunter with the merry noise
Of hound and echo, discord musical.

There, Hori, were thy mother and thy sire, 275
Adra and Abi, sheltered in their age,
Watched o'er by thee, and by thy sister Nain,
With filial love ; in humble confidence,
Reposing, and in peace, a blessed pair.

But strife now enters, and the whetted Sword 280
Is forth against the Shepherd ! warriors sing
To it their songs—to it, and to the Spear,
And to the Shield . . and boast that they with them
Till, sow, and reap, plant vines, and press the juice,
And hail them conquerors of field and flood ! 285

Slaves in Ambition's service ! scorned by hell
For fools, less wise than are the fiends, who prey
Not on their kind, but, strong in multitudes,
Find wisdom in convention. Yet with these
Man maketh widows, orphans, and doth mar
His brother's visage, and the father's face . .

With woe-begone expression for the slain,
The prematurely dead ! In gorgeous weeds,
The fine proportioned and elastick limbs,
(So skilfully marked out, that cunning art
Of painter or of sculptor, fails to mend
Contrivance exquisite) of generous Steed

They gird for battle ; . . pleased with such array,
The heroick Courser, gently pacing or
High bounding, goeth proud of his career. 300

How mild the Elephant ! yet him man makes

Furious in war, and cruel as himself ;
 Yea, and the adoring Dog instructs to rend
 The human form, whereto the conscious brute
 Else bows in awe . . the deity he loves. 305

There grew an old Oak in the Vale of Elul,
 Old as the world, and planted in the day,
 In that mysterious day, wherein God made
 The earth and heavens, and each plant of the field
 Before it was in the earth, and every herb 310
 Before it grew, while man as yet was not.
 Of stature scant, its sturdy trunk threw out
 Huge arms and branches o'er an area wide—
 Birds loved it for its shelter, and its boughs
 The Raven loved, to build her eyry in ; 315
 And young and old of humankind, beneath
 Its umbrage, on a summer eve, indulged
 Innocent mirth, or listened to the speech
 Of Abi, priestly man. There was he wont,
 With Adra, to preside o'er pastoral sport ; 320
 And to the swains and maidens oft would they
 Give counsel prudent, couched in proverb quaint,
 Or ancient saw, or present parable ;
 Then pause at intervals to listen, pleased,
 To Hori's sylvan song, . . a happy group. 325
 But now no more may Hori's numbers charm
 Old age or youth ; the shepherd's pipe is changed
 For battle weapon, and the rural bard
 Lost in the patriot hero, brave to share
 The common peril in his land's defence. 330
 —Now the parental sage and monitress
 Are fain, beneath the favourite tree, to while

The anxious time away, in simple talk
 With sinless childhood, to their guardian charge
 Confided, or resorting to their smiles, 335
 For consolation, in the hour of doubt,
 By weeping mothers tended, crowding round.
 But, ah ! not sacred long that spot from strife !
 And massacre found unresisted way
 With womanhood and infancy and age. 340
 Slain by the Cainite, there flowed Abi's blood,
 And Adra's, watering that aged root
 With needless moisture ; for the murtherers,
 In wanton malice, laid the axe of war
 Thereat, and hewed it till it fell to earth, 345
 Groaning, its feathered burthens undislodged,
 And, with their nests of many centuries,
 Crushed with the crashing boughs ; thus slaying there
 The unfledged offspring and the mother bird.
 —Needs not of Hori's grief to tell, the heart 350
 That's human will conceive ; but rather now,
 How, on the Hill of Dreams, angelick might
 Mortal controuled, by mystick sympathy ;
 That so the coming doom, and what the end,
 May be prejudged, and soothe the expectant mind.
 Equal the wrestlers yet—advantage none
 Had either gained ; and the ninth sun went down,
 When, as by compact, each antagonist
 Upon the summit slept, to rise refreshed
 As wont, when morning dawn. So Michael 360
 Lay down to his repose ; but in his heart
 Azazel had imagined treacherous wile,
 And feigned to sleep, but slept not. Mid of night
 He rose, and the Archangel, where he lay,

Seized by surprise. In wonder, Michael, roused 365
From slumber, with a shout, alarm conceived,
And strove amain with his perfidious foe.
Yet ah ! what now avails ? Can this be night ?
Than noon more radiant, but in terrours clad,
The sun knows not at mid-day ? It is night, 370
With vesture all ablaze, and hair aflame,
Like a Bacchante, in her phrenzy fired,
With torch, for revel meant, to ruin turned !

The crackling forest burns into the heaven,
And the clouds glow—the skies are drenched in blood—
Type of the blood now shed in agony
Upon the quaking earth. In Elon's grove
Of many trees, a wilderness of wood,
The race of Abel nightly shelter sought
From the invading hosts. Inspired by hell, 380
The Cainite, in his cruel mind, resolved
To fire the forest in the noon of night,
And to each corner set infernal flame.
Gradual toward the centre of the wood
The element careered, converting to 385
Its proper substance, and consuming, all.
Escape was none ; on every side was fire ;
The baffled victim only could retreat
Into the depth of Elon, and await
His death in horror. O what shrieks arose, 390
Unheard without, but not within by them
Whose own soon echoed to the shrieks they heard,
Nor with the howl unanswered, wild and drear,
Of beasts and savage tenants of the wood.

What name had borne the fair Erythrean Isle ? 395
Whate'er it was before, only by this,

After these deeds, 'twas known, . . . Aceldama.
 Hence fitly were that sea Erythrean called,
 Which circled in that isle, or led thereto,
 As to a land adjacent, red with blood : 400
 But at the first, because that o'er its waves
 The martyr's seed fled from the wrath of men,
 It from the blood of Abel name derived.
 —Not that the Persian or Arabian Gulf,
 Of Edom styled ; they other, for o'er this 405
 Great Deluge rolled, displacing every site
 Of a past world, on ocean or on earth.

III.

Swift o'er the far Erythrean wings its way
 The Slave-Ship of the World before the Flood.
 Heaven loured above its course, and gathering clouds
 Spake anger ; but worse horror waited it,
 The horror of great darkness, on the shore
 Whereto it voyaged ; blessed light enough
 Was but permitted to debark the freight
 Of captives ; then into the city passed 415
 The Cainite and his victim. Capitol
 Of Fratricide ! what glories now adorn
 The huge and still enlarged metropolis ?
 Vision by gloom excluded—skill of man
 Dies unadmired, unused. 'Twas morn—bright morn,
 Bright as if meant to make more bitter still
 What followed, and with disappointment, cark
 The care and woe and agony, which Wrath
 Supernal had prepared. Night—starless night,
 And moonless, quenched at once the Eye of Day, 425

Deep sleep o'ercame the Watcher of the Sun,
 And Earth was Hades, and as ghosts were men,
 Unseen but not unheard. Shriek, sigh and sob,
 Were frequent, and the ear, grown sensitive
 To malady, was startled evermore 430
 With constant sounds of lonely misery—
 A solitude, though crowded. When came on
 The darkness first, man converse held with man,
 In mutual wonder ; but when it endured
 From day to day, by weariness induced, 435
 Silence—dogged, sullen silence, shut the heart,
 In its own wretchedness pent broodingly—
 By curses yet preceded ; for whenas
 Communion ceased, and motion was essayed,
 The blinded came in contact, and provoked 440
 Contention in each other, ire and oaths,
 And blasphemy, and malediction, first
 Cast on their fellows, next upon themselves ;
 But chief, 'twas horrible to hear the tone
 Of woman's accent changed to malison, 445
 Vindictive as more feminine—and oh !
 The very lips of infancy expressed
 Feelings of desecration, and partook
 The common madness with the common doom.
 And there was random slaughter, father slew 450
 His son in darkness, and the son his sire,
 In ignorance and rage, as each opposed
 The other's wished escape from out the cloud
 Into what sunnier air, for so they hoped,
 Might lie beyond. And reason for the hope 455
 Had they ; for as at ease, and in the light,
 They heard the voice of prophets, Wo ! Wo ! Wo !

Denouncing to the unrepentant still—
 It was the voice of Noah and his sons,
 Who through the darkness moved as in the light, 460
 Protected by the Holy Ones from touch
 Profane, nor touching in their progress aught
 Of opposition, person, brute, or thing.
 To them the Highest had appointment given
 To pass with word of warning, though in vain, 465
 Through that great Plague of Darkness, and absolve
 The Maker's mercy, and his justice save,
 If man should perish, obstinate in guilt.
 Such Portents spake impending Judgement nigh,
 And well it might have seemed that now had come 470
 The very doom pronounced. For the dark cloud,
 Whose bosom had embraced the sons of men,
 Dissolving shed upon the startled earth
 Premonitory Rain, that had forewarned
 Of Power Divine, to accomplish that, prepared 475
 For the unrighteous world, which it foreshewed ;
 But Wisdom ne'er with Unbelief consorts.
 —First, was seen through the accumulated gloom
 A flash ! 'Twas Lightning !—next was heard a peal,
 And peal on peal succeeded—Thunder called 480
 To Thunder, from his thrones of mountains, where
 He reigns ubiquitous, expressive form
 Of God in anger, voice omnipotent.
 And evermore the lightning's sheeted flame
 Enlarged, and made a chasm of fearful fire 485
 In that felt darkness' thick and heavy fog,
 Infesting as with death the breath of life. .
 Then seemed heaven's gates to unshut, and the shower,
 Ne'er known till then, to come down in a flood ;

Nor ceased the lightning nor the thunder then, 490
 Unquenched, its jagged jaws still oped and shut,
 Like to a dragon's mouth, outspitting fire,
 In the o'erburthened air it purified.

Fear with that deluge fell—fear that it was
 The final doom—But no ! great Mercy sent 495
 The Sign before to warn and to reclaim—
 Yet with no Rainbow followed—such as since
 Makes a triumphal arch of the whole Heaven,
 For Earth redeemed from tempest once again,
 Obedient to the promise . . God's own bow, 500
 Which in the clouds he set, encompassing
 First Altar raised on the restored earth.
 Such too as circled that Archangel's form,
 Who stood in air, on ocean, and on earth,
 All three engirdled in that triple round, 505
 Bended on high by the Almighty's hand—
 By Noah seen in vision, which foretold
 The doom of Deluge, whose receding skirts
 Therewith were beautified, for Love had shed
 Light on the cloud, and grief to glory turned. 510
 Token of everlasting Covenant
 To Earth, and to her saved worshippers ;
 Celestial way for Mercy to descend,
 Upon a flowery bridge ; a fluid arch ;
 The Brow of God shewn smiling and appeased, 515
 Visibly shewn, distended and relaxed.

Sad was it to behold the scenes and groups
 Of men and beasts, and things inanimate,
 After such visitation. Trees were black
 And smouldering, blasted with the electrick wrath, 520
 And tower and temple smitten to their fall ;

And on the plain sheep, oxen, steer, and dog,
 Like statues, lay or stood, as the swift stroke
 Had found and left them, life-like but not living—
 Life with a touch quenched or transfused, or caught
 With the quick flash, and to its source returned.
 And human forms there too were piled in heaps,
 Like ruined pillars—woman, man, and child,
 Old, young, and middle-aged, all in groups
 Fantastick, or grotesque, or picturesque, 530
 But each in mockery, and most so the last.
 Cold—cold stood the survivors, though unscathed,
 Shivering, and soon the unaccustomed Rain
 Hardened to Hail, and agonized the flesh
 With keen impression. Straight the symbol changed,
 And it was Winter, such as winter is
 In the restored world. Rain—vapours—snows—
 Snows ! like swan's down or sea birds, they descend
 On the diluvian earth—a volant flock,
 Wonderous as novel, sailing on the wind, 540
 Feathery and flaky, sharp as arrows are ;
 And the bleak storm with piercing violence,
 And stern in desolation, teaches man
 What wretchedness may yet appal his soul,
 Or if not, penetrate his shrinking frame, 545
 And task much fortitude of mind to bear,
 And much experience to inure the flesh,
 Else quivering with smart pain.

And were
 The innocent race of Abel then involved
 In the just vengeance that thus fell upon 550
 The Cainite for his crime ? That were unjust—

And thus in this heaven's hand was manifest—
 For not alone were Noah and his Sons
 Free from the darkness, but the captive race,
 And with the prophets were delivered thence. 555
 In Armon's vale, and in the Land of Streams,
 They lived at large, while signal miracle
 The City of Enos visited with plagues,
 With signs of doom, and witnesses of power.
 Free welcome gave the patriarchs of the vale, 560
 O Abel ! to thy seed, and young Zateel
 The influence of his virtue, birth, and rank
 Exerted in behalf of injured worth ;
 But chief with Hori rapt communion held,
 By sympathy of soul, alike akin 565
 To the great heart of nature, poets both.
 —Born in the exile's land, far far away
 From old traditions, and the sacred soil,
 Of high renown for deeds and names of fame,
 Fame honourable in the sight of God, 570
 Not of men only, to the shepherd bard
 Zateel had pleasing knowledge to impart.
 Come with me, Hori ; said the lovely youth—
 (O both were lovely ! amiable they
 As Jonathan and David, singer sweet, 575
 In after ages, whereof may be read
 In Hebrew Scripture episodes divine.)—
 Come with me, Hori ; and in Armon's vale,
 I will instruct thee in the wonderous spot
 Where Adam was created, ere his Maker 580
 Set in the garden Man whom he had formed—
 Till then the child of Nature, thence of Grace.
 Moreover, I will shew thee the sad Vale

Where fell the father of thy sinless seed,
 Beneath the hand of Cain. Nay, weep not, Hori. 585
 It is no grief, Zateel ; or if it be,
 It pleases more than it afflicts—it soothes
 With a calm joy that elevates the soul ;
 As when the dews have fallen the fields revive,
 And look with gladness into the blue eye 590
 And glittering face of everlasting heaven.


IV.

So to the Vale of Man's Creation came
 The friendly pair. A shaggy wilderness,
 Luxuriant, void of culture, beautiful
 But savage, wide as wild, an ample grove, 595
 Or rather forest country . . a wood world . .
 It stretches far—a wonderous theatre,
 Huge and majestick, of a scale so bold,
 As Nature's hand may only operate.
 On high rose cliff, and rock, and precipice, 600
 Mountain magnificence ! stupendous ridge !
 Whereto the Teneriffe of an after age,
 The Alps and Andes of a future world,
 Were common heights, or ordinary hills,
 Mean and domestick, by the eagle scorned, 605
 Nor to be named in story or in song.
 Far hiding in the skies their secret heads,
 Above the lurid storm and thunder cloud ;
 Serene and hoar, no Sun may ever melt
 The untrodden snows that face his burning rays, 610
 With everlasting laughter bright as his,
 And silent in its scorn. Down from their tops

Rivers descend, large streams, and hew them out
 Broad channels, and in hushed seclusion lie,
 In linked fellowship, a chain of lakes, 615
 And islanded therein, a brotherhood
 Of crag and brake, abode of bird and beast,
 Horrid with thorn and briar, vexed with weed,
 And binder, cleaving to the nobler trunk,
 And intricated with the branches, bare 620
 Or leafy, and the boughs of tangled trees ;
 Haunt of the Asp, the Adder, and the Snake ;
 Jungle and lair, and dens and caves and sands,
 Desert, forlorn, and drear and desolate,
 Marshes and swamps, and bogs and miry fens. 625
 There dwelt the Tapir, there the Jaguar dwelt,
 Puma, and Bear, and Wolf, and reinless Deer,
 Reptile and Insect grown to monstrous bulk,
 Viper and Toad, and Bat, and noxious Ant,
 Vulture and Eagle, Condor and Macaw. 630
 Man had no habitation here ; august
 And lonely, to its silent solitude,
 —So deep and so profound it startled him,—
 Chance-led, if he approached, he left it still,
 Avoiding it from reverence, and that it 635
 (For so had God commanded) should remain,
 Type of man's state by nature, ere God's grace
 Elect him, and exalt him to become
 Heir of his mercy, child of Paradise,
 Born to God's Eden, freeman of his Church ; 640
 Oft yet beheld at distance, or more nigh
 Surveyed, permitted for example so.
 Hence, hither led Zateel the Shepherd Bard ;
 Now both into the hallowed precincts set

Feet unprofane, yet they, with very awe, 645
Put off their shoes, as entering holy ground.
And it was holy,—and soon the twain adored ;
For in the navel of a woody scene,
Nigh to the portal of that mystick place,
As at the altar of an-outward porch, 650
Guarding the sanctuary it precedes,
Sate, in a radiance flowing from himself,
One like to Elihu, spiritually bright :
With fear the apparition they beheld ;
Their knees smote one another, and they fell 655
Trembling to earth, and worshipped silently ;
For terrour made them mute. But mildly he
Rose gracious, and advancing, gently spake—
Stand up ; I am your fellow servant, sent
To teach what ye would learn. With this assured, 660
Their confidence returned, and they resumed
An attitude erect ; but, with bent brow,
In veneration stood, while he pursued.

Hence was the dust derived, whereof the Sire
Of Heaven and Earth first moulded flesh of Man ; 665
Then breathed into his nostrils breath of life,
That he became a living soul. Awhile
Within these wilds he wandered, innocent,
And unrepining, and forsaken not
By him who made him, and, with thoughts divine, 670
Led to aspire, and warranted to hope ;
Till in a cultivated garden set,
To dress it and to keep it, lord of all.
Then he beheld how lovely Order was,
And how rude Nature put on novel charms, 675



When unto Law obedient, God's or man's,
 Trained by his will, and nurtured to his use.
 But ah ! that blest estate he forfeited,
 Living not Knowing, he preferred to die,
 Though by well living he had known all things, 680
 And known all without evil, or delay.
 Thence to the ground whence he was taken, Man,
 Remanded, was by labour doomed to win
 What Love had given, had he not doubted Love ;
 But that same Love it was, appointed now 685
 Labour to Man, to call the spirit forth
 Wherewith had God inspired him, to subdue
 Chaotick Nature, and impose what form
 His heaven-derived Intelligence decrees,
 And so regain the life which he hath lost. 690
 —Hence Man by Wisdom shall dominion use,
 To govern or evade her powers perverse,
 Or rebel unto his supremacy,
 And substitute them for his force of limb ;
 And by his knowledge of them, and the might 695
 Which knowledge gives, rise into blest estate
 Of leisure, and ability to rear
 Moral and intellectual edifice ;
 Wherein, as in a temple, he may dwell,
 With happiness, as to the present life, 700
 And feel the Eternal, like an altar-flame,
 Descending, in a cloud of glory, down
 Into his soul, and charming it midway,
 To meet it in the air, and guide to God.
 —Not that the state of nature is not good, 705
 For He who made it then beheld it so ;
 But that 'tis chiefly good, because it hath

Capacity of better, which to work
Is, under God, the privilege of man.
Beautiful on this silent wilderness, 710
Their cataract of light, the moon and stars
Shed, like a sea ; but few the forest paths
That feel their influence, few their shadows know.
Sublime, the sun at noon to burnished gold
Turns, with alchemick touch, the branches high, 715
That shine into the heaven, which, again,
Shines down on them, reciprocally bright ;
But all within is as a dreary cave,
Scarce speckled, even at noon, with Uriel.
Still desolation spreads, bare rocks and sand ; 720
Nor visit there the seasons. Spring ne'er makes
The crevices of rocks to teem with life,
Nor hath the Summer beauty to bring forth,
Nor Autumn aught to garner : well it were
Might Winter's influence cool its scorching sands, 725
But they may thirst in vain. The unlaboured earth
Is hidden with the multitude of trees ;
The untaught rivers, in no channels kept,
Drown, with perpetual flood, plains fertile else,
And to unhealthy moist convert the dry. 730
Vain the warm sun, vain climate of the south,
Vain soil prolifick, that, with idle growth,
And rank luxuriance, vegetation clothes,
And chokes the wood, and covers blessed earth
With useless shrubs, and herbs, and noxious weeds—
Unfit for habitation or nourishment.
To life unfriendly, breathes the stagnant air ;
With putrid exhalations water teems ;
And earth, encumbered, feels not sun nor wind.

—Not there the brute gains vigour, though so wild,
 And of the wild free denizen and lord,
 Dwarfed in his bulk, nor various in his kind,
 Nor numerous, though undestroyed by man ;
 While the less noble tribes of creeping things
 Increase and multiply, and grow in strength 745
 And size ; the active principle of life
 Its force expending on inferior forms,
 Offensive, monstrous, poisonous, and strange.
 Only the birds, set free by gift of wing
 From the controul of earth, howe'er it change, 750
 Preserve their beauty, and their dazzling hue ;
 Yet with less various note, less pleasing song,
 In the too silent ear of solitude,
 No man to listen, they attune their loves.
 —Man, elsewhere, taught by wisdom diligence, 755
 Makes habitable what were desert else,
 And with fertility and beauty clothes,
 For use and ornament, the mended earth ;
 And, while he works, redeems from fleshly coil
 The soul which animates it, and acquits 760
 Some faculty from its imprisonment ;
 Till his perfection be accomplished
 In revelation full, and use of all.
 And ONE shall come, who, in the sight of men,
 Shall the divinity of perfect man 765
 Illustrate and identify—and He
 The Word and Will of God shall incarnate,
 For Man's atonement and instruction both.
 His soul he shall possess in liberty,
 Made free by truth, and purity of life ; 770
 And thence of all things shall he knowledge have,

And earth to him, and water shall submit,
And air and fire acknowledge him divine,
And life and death await upon his word,
And miracle on his creative will, 775
Who shall to Man ensample meet bequeath,
What, in the consummation of the age,
Shall crown him Monarch of the Elements.
—Meantime, shall many, though imperfect each,
Each in his several faculty complete, 780
Like functions of humanity set forth;
So that in all the whole may be expressed,
The want of one by other still supplied,
And that of many sometimes by the one,
But still by each his imperfection felt— 785
Nay, all—and over land and ocean wailed,
So loud that heaven and hell shall hear the moan.
Yet fear ye not; for peace shall come at last.

He paused; but answer none his auditors
Had ready; mute with awe, and fixed to hear. 790
Then he resumed. I go to Armon hence,
To Noah and his house, there would I have
Your witness to the words, I bear in charge
To utter, and confirm them to the world,
That doubts the man who hath with me found grace.
With this, he led them by the hand, and they
In silence yielded, unreluctantly,
And on each side attended him along.

THE
JUDGEMENT OF THE FLOOD.

BOOK THE TENTH.

I.

CROWNED with the martyr's crown, and in the robe
Of purple cinctured, hail, triumphant Faith!
By thee we rise . . and rise ; our thoughts by thee
Soar to the heaven, the Heaven of heavens, and build
Them habitations there. Nor these alone : 5
Thou givest wings unto the soul herself,
Whereby supported, she shall downward look
Upon destruction in serene repose,
And smile above the planetary wreck.
Thereafter shall the immortal soul rehearse 10
Whatever harmonies she, in the hush
Of evening, heard, the quiet of the moon,
Or breathings audible of the coy dawn,
When thought profound listened, as to the stars,
And silence had a voice. A still small voice, 15
Less than the slenderest whisper, twilight birth
From Nothing and Creation, as their feud
Were intermitted, and their strife the while
But amorous play had been ;—each lost in each,

Like light and shade on Nature's countenance ; 20
 Or wave on wave, within some gentle bay,
 In multitudinous unity dissolved ;
 Or the light azure filmy clouds, within
 The bosom of heaven's blue o'er Italy ;
 Or the self-moving undulations bland 25
 Of the once Athenian marbles. 'Twixt that still
 Small voice and very silence, there abode
 No embryo, nor shadow, of a sound.

And higher harmonies shall there be heard
 Than what, from this material universe, 30
 —In the most holy hour of sympathy,
 With its completions, when it best is felt,
 Like an Æolian tone, within the soul,—
 Inspired imagination may conceive,
 Of sound and sense, as from an oracle ; 35
 Higher and happier harmonies, unmixed
 With the blind darkness and the wasting grief,
 Or mournful reminiscence, which disturb
 The sweetest musick here, though joy there be,
 Ay, and the most ennobling joy in grief : 40
 With melancholy retrospect unmixed ;
 But warmed with that high fortitude of faith,
 Which makes a seraph's harp all ecstasy,
 And every number burn, as it were fire,
 With most substantial rapture, at the shrine, 45
 Of Holiness and Beauty kindled well !

Beautiful Armon ! valley consecrate
 With piety and peace. In humble state,
 In thee dwell patriarchs, old Methuselah,
 And the Noachidæ. Each from his house, 50

Shem, Ham, and Japhet, in this trial-time,
 Came, with their brides, to guard their father's hearth ;
 Living but for one purpose, with intense
 And common interest, waiting for the end,
 And to the world's affairs indifferent. 55

What is to them the wealth of herds and flocks,
 Or house, or land, or social garniture,
 Within doors or without, doomed soon to cease ?
 Devote to God, obedient to his word,
 The ministers of judgement to mankind, 60
 Service sublime, but awful, thrilling them
 With the still horror, that o'erwhelms the soul,
 Inspired with resolution terrible ;
 Or rapture wrought to tears of ecstasy.

Ye know not of their feelings, who ne'er heard 65
 The voice of God ; ne'er wound the spirit's chords
 To such high pitch of heavenly harmony,
 As may that sacrifice of self sustain,
 Of all heroick virtues painfulest,
 Which deeds of high emprise, and duties hard 70
 To flesh and blood, demand of pious minds.
 But chief to woman's heart, to pity's touch
 Made tender as the eye-ball,—was the thought
 Of thine approaching destiny, O world !
 Of power to break, if elevated not 75
 Above regards of earth and mortal things.

'Twas by divine command, that Noah bade
 His sons take wives unto them, from among
 The most devout of Armon's sainted maids.
 —Long, Japhet, hadst thou loved Ahama well, 80
 Dear as the piercing ether of those orbs,
 That in her form created beauty first,

By giving knowledge, to the gazing heart,
 Of image shadowing so well the dream
 Of vernal fancy—child of young desire. 85
 —Born of the tribe of Enoch, in her soul
 Was memory of that immortal hope,
 Which his translation shed o'er all his race,
 And set them holily apart for heaven,
 As worthy of their sire. Ahola, too, 90
 And Leilah, the espoused of Ham and Shem,
 Lovely and passing beautiful were they,
 Of Seth's race and of Jared's, pure, unmixed ;
 Daughters and sons of God their parentage,
 Fit brides for the Restorers of the World— 95
 High characters, beyond what ever yet,
 In poem or in drama, were set forth,
 For precept or example, persons high,
 And wondrous past all wonder, worthiest
 Of holiest song, and verse most numerous. 100
 Yet hath no poet yet essayed the theme,
 By its supernal greatness terrified ;
 Nor now had I so dauntless seized the harp,
 But that, O Wisdom ! to this argument
 Thy voice excited me while yet a child, 105
 As once it came to Samuel, in the days
 When open vision was not, and the word
 Of great Jehovah, seldom heard, was dear :
 And I, like him, made answer, Here am I ;
 Yet wist not whence it came, and thrice deceived— 110
 But now I know it rightly, and can say,
 Speak, for thy servant heareth ; and will now,
 For thus am I enjoined, tell every whit,
 And naught from Eli hide or Israel.

Me yet it doth befit not to portray, 115
 In sensual wise, attractions feminine,
 Though on my visions lovelily rise ye,
 Leilah, Ahola, and Ahama fair !
 And rather ye those graces would affect
 Invisible, belonging to the soul, 120
 And felt but by a soul in sympathy,
 Than these which the voluptuary lauds.
 These let the Cainite sing ; but not for such
 I build the lofty rhyme. Assembled now
 The family of Noah, Chava sage 125
 Rejoices in her sons, a second Eve,
 The mother of a world ; nor less in you,
 Her duteous daughters, lovely in your love,
 Fair in affection ; a domestick group,
 A touching scene ; but more pathetick made 130
 By majesty of age, Methuselah,
 Oldest of men, nor dying but with earth.

Noah was absent, for it was the eve,
 When he went forth into the silent fields
 To meditate, while nature was serene, 135
 And often then he heard the voice of God.
 Soon, at brief distance, he beheld approach
 Zateel and Hori, led by Elihu ;
 And hastened to adore. Anon his guests
 He welcomed to his hospitable home ; 140
 Then Noah thus. And hath my Lord come down
 To see if Earth hath altogether done
 According to the cry that hath gone up ?
 O be not wroth ! permit thou me to speak,
 Who am but dust and ashes, and still spare— 145

Nor with the wicked slay the righteous too !
 Whereto, placed in the midst, spake Elihu ;
 Thus saith the Lord to Noah and his sons,
 Man but for them should perish from the earth,
 Whose countless sins have sieged the Eternal Throne,
 And the loud voice of blood incessant cries
 For vengeance. Soon He riseth, and will sit
 In Judgement, and his sentence will go forth,
 Armed with omnipotence, and on all flesh
 Death ride in Deluge, that His Spirit may 155
 Be freed from bondage, and new Life may teem
 From the baptizing flood, and Conscience rise,
 With Godward answer, meet and right and good.
 —Prepare therefore, O Sons of Noah ! now,
 For those appointed labours, which erewhile 160
 Were set you, since by wonders and by signs
 And tribulations hindered, for so long
 The All-Patient waits ; for what to Him is Time ?
 But He to Time is all, and therefore Time
 Hath now heard warning spoken, pleased awaits 165
 Another change, not inexperienced, hails ;
 Knowing that each brings on the accomplishment
 For which he worketh, anxious to become
 Complete and perfect in Eternity.
 This having said, he vanished. Heard with awe,
 The household trembled ; and in prayer devout,
 Sought for the soul that solace it imparts.

II.

The frosted sun, half shaded by a cloud,
 Set like a crescent during harvest time,

Red as a bloody banner in the air. 175

Zateel and Hori stood alone, within

The Vale of Abel's Sacrifice and Death.

Z. Here are the altars, Hori.

H. Which is Abel's?

Z. This. It was arbour'd round by memory
With flowers; but now they all are dead as he 180
For whom love planted them.

H. It is the season,

And suits my mood, Zateel—more rude was Cain
Than winter. Wherefore smote he, like a blast,
The lovely and the loving?

Z. He was tempted—

Wisdom had left him, but his Fury came 185
To Cain, deep musing, and dissatisfied
With toil, with sickness and with threatened death.
The Tempter came, and both high commune held
On good and evil, freedom and necessity,
God and creation, man and his dominion, 190
The heavens and this dim earth. Spiritual Law
With Nature strove, and, with creative force,
Resurgent from the human soul, wrought out
The form desired, from quarry, newly hewn,
Of the material elements around, 195
And in the very flesh—the heart—of man.
Hence labour, and hence pain; and much of both
By circumstantial evil is required
For its removal; but far more the flesh
Demands, for that in it the spirit lives 200
And works, and by it, and a law creates
Against its own, in organ sensuous,
Which, but for spiritual influence, were as none,

Blind, tasteless, deaf, intactual, nor of smell
 Sagacious. Of this double task, had Cain. 205
 Toil so extreme in conquering the first,
 (Else flesh had wanted life) that, in his person,
 The harder labour had not time to prosper.

H. But God, Zateel, had of the better law
 Provided him a witness in a Brother— 210
 Would that in concert both together worked,
 Mutual defect had mutual been supplied,
 And unreluctant Abel—

Z. Son of Abel!

Nature is proud of her priority;
 The spiritual but succeeds her, and she scorns 215
 To yield to second comer, nor e'er yet
 Submitted, Hori, without agony:
 This I have felt, and so may testify—
 Nor would his natural delights man yield,
 But that short of the infinite they fall, 220
 (Whereto the senses would their organs task,
 Being spiritual,) and so of happiness,
 (Which must for infinite capacity
 Be infinite, or fail to satisfy,)
 And soon expire in pain. Him to redeem 225
 From their indulgence, fatal even to death,
 By labour God suspended it, and raised
 Man to exert high faculty of skill,
 To vanquish Nature in the outer world
 And inner.

H. O'er the outer world, as first, 230
 Was Cain appointed victor, blest to eat
 Bread by his brow's sweat; and to Abel was,
 As second, given that inner world to rule—

But aye the sensual is averse from toil,
 Moral or carnal, yet would be divine, 235
 In knowledge absolute, obtained by theft,
 Not earned ; and, stretching beyond bounds desire,
 Jumps the abyss of space, and what finds there ?

Z. Ay, Hori ; what indeed but utter chaos ?
 And Reason's self oft wanders there unwise— 240
 And thither led the Fiend the First-born Man ;
 Beyond the habitable world, into
 The abyss of space, there, with one sudden flight,
 To learn at once the story of all worlds,
 Past, present, and to come, and of them ask 245
 Questions that might experience supersede,
 And please imagination indolent,
 With phantasms and vagaries ; to the realms,
 Anon, of Death arriving, Space surpast,
 And Hades entered, yet at length to earth 250
 Returning, all as ignorant as before.
 So, much perplexed and maddened, Cain came back,
 Wearied with speculation, uninformed,
 And troubled with the Mystery of Blood,
 But in his phrenzy shedding what he loathed, 255
 Giving to God the victim he misdeemed
 Wroth Heaven of Earth demanded.

H. Still the race
 Of Cain present in worship but earth's fruits,
 And shudder at the life-blood, which the seed
 Of Abel offer.

Z. To the sense still chained, 260
 The race of Cain, though grown in diligence,
 Read no high meaning in the life of man,
 No revelation in the sealed book,

Which God has written in the things he made.
 The stars to them, indeed, a language speak 270
 For seasons and for years, but not as signs ;
 Good workmen are they, and with cunning hand
 Controul material substance, and employ
 In uses, worthy deemed—even thus instruct
 Fathers their sons, but unintelligent 275
 Of scientifick principle and rule,
 And only careful of the body's good.
 Hence Cain could understand not in the blood,
 Aught more than victim slain to Wrath Divine ;
 Not that the merely animal was doomed, 280
 For man's perfection, to be sacrificed ;
 And carnal death despised, so that the soul
 Be quickened, rising glorious from the grave
 Of mortified flesh.

H. And Abel's blood,
 Zateel, thus shed, reveals an earnest truth, 285
 That he who would redemption for himself,
 Or for his race, accomplish, must be brave,
 In patience to endure the deadly hate
 Of man, from nature undelivered yet ;
 Content, if so salvation come, to be 290
 First an Ensamble, next a Sacrifice.

Thus moralized the friendly pair ; then home,
 By the moon's light returned, for now the stars
 With chilling influence smote. When Hori next
 The Vale of righteous Abel visited, 295
 He was alone, and summer had restored
 The grave-flowers all their bloom, a beauteous shew ;
 But not to Hori beauteous ; for his heart

Was broken with affliction. Vain all signs
 Unto the Cainite ; still, with mortal rage, 300
 He followed up his victory, and claimed,
 From their retreats, the captives as his slaves.
 And Hori thus was seized, and to the will
 Of tyrant was subdued. His free-born soul
 Revolted, and then drooped, deprived of life, 305
 Of moral life, and motive power of act,
 To every influence of joy and pain,
 As bards are ever, all too sensitive.
 Thus, in the morning, odours from afar
 Attract the bee, and in the eve, or ere 310
 The storm come on, the absence of the sun
 Chills back the busy creature to her hive—
 Like her, much store of honey and of wax
 He gathered, and laid up on his return .
 A mental treasure. Now his work is wrought. 315
 So the poor bee, of her antennæ shorn,
 The instruments with which she once received
 Effluvial motion, broken and destroyed,
 The spell of her activity is dead,
 Contrivance, wisdom, ingenuity— 320
 Stupid and helpless, torpid and effete ;
 Order, subordination, loyalty,
 Thrift, occupation, all are over now,
 Wanderer forlorn and isolate and dull—
 Such Hori was, and, in the populous world 325
 A stranger grown, he had no interest there.
 Scaped from despotick vigilance, he came,
 One summer's day, into the Vale of Death,
 And laid him down upon a sunny bank,
 And looked into the heaven's unclouded blue, 330

As his blue eye might blend therein, or that
Melt down into his visionary soul.
Thus he, in silence and in solitude,
Gazing reposed, nor moved when night came on,
Nor when the day returned ; and day by day, 335
And night by night, unmindful of the claims
Of hunger or of thirst, into the face
Of daylit sky or starry, upward still
Looked patient, like a prisoner supine,
Chained to a hill side, doomed to lonely death. 340
By chance Zateel there wandered, led one eve
By tender memory to the sacred spot ;
And there beheld him in the loveliness
And resignation of his lifeless brow.
High meditation in the glazed eye, 345
His gifted vision read ; and then aloud
He prayed the Shepherd, by the flocks he knew,
The pastures and the rivers that he loved,
The green hills, and the quiet of the heavens,
To wake from that deep sleep. Then on his soul 350
Came twilight, and a haunted gloominess,
And murmurs, and dim sounds of shrieks and sighs,
And shapes as in a dream were struggling there,
Pale even to polished whiteness, terrible.
Was it a dream ? Soon on the outlined air 355
Michael appeared, and, with angelick hand,
Blest the beloved Dead on whom he gazed.
—Thrice blessed be the sufferer, set now
From the oppressor free. Thus Michael said.
But then, as with strange power, permitted him 360
Since that disastrous night, Azazel smote
The extended benediction, and uptowered,

With all a victor's insolence, above
 The Seraph of the sky. Bless not whom God
 Hath cursed, whom for the guilty he hath made 365
 A curse. Curse whom he dooms—the innocent,
 Successive victims to atone his wrath,
 Until One die for All! This to his knee
 Brought down the faithful Guardian. Not to him,
 But to his God he prayed, and short is now 370
 The demon's triumph. Fallen on earth's face.
 Elihu's presence he confessed, who thus,
 As on a cloud supported, eloquent,
 Bent the right hand of his extended arm
 In action of command, and with the left 375
 Appointed him his place of prostrate shame.
 From Abel's blood to that last Sacrifice,
 Exclaimed he, Man must answer. God demands
 No victims to his wrath, but man doth make
 His prophets martyrs, sent in love to man, 380
 That he might hear and live.

This heard Zateel—

On one knee kneeling, one hand on his heart,
 One high in air; thus with the gaze he looked
 Of him who sees a vision, wonder-rapt,
 Entranced in ecstasy, possessed, inspired. 385

III.

Need for high faith had sorrowing Zateel—
 To him had Hori been as once himself
 To Samiasa, but the loss he felt,
 Was for the Shepherd keener than the King—
 For Love descends more easily than soars; 390

But now a void was left which Zerah might
Even fill not in his mind. Not seldom too,
The monarch's mystick destiny awoke
Inquiry, to be satisfied ere long.
For the doomed years had been accomplished now ; 395
And a man's heart again to him was given,
And consciousness returned unto his frame,
Preserved by miracle for wisest ends.
—Glad Phanuel had commission, and proclaimed
Above the seeming corse—It is fulfilled ; 400
The season of Repentance. From the sands,
Upon his feet upstarted Samiasa—
Naked as Adam in his innocence—
Still wild of feature, but his heart was calm,
And Phanuel knew he was no savage there, 405
And hailed the Monarch to a Man restored ;
Then with angelick care, as well befits
A covering cherub, cast o'er his bare limbs,
Majestick in their order and design,
A fleecy mantle, skin of a slain lamb, 410
Which on an altar in the wilderness,
An unhewn rock, they had in sacrifice
To the Eternal offered, thus atoned.
—But yet not to the world would he return,
Till, by long meditation, he had fixed 415
His spirit in most resolved humility.
Hence, wandering in search of some lone cave,
Where as an eremite, he could with prayer
And abstinence, completely purge his soul
Of pride and passion, lust and appetite, 420
He came where Gihon bounds the sable land,
Beyond the broad Erythrean, where abode

The Cainite colony by Kael ruled.

Wild scene the spot he chose—an ample bay,
But all about the shores dark earth was riven 425

With sulphur, and dread thunder scorched the fields;
For inland, though not far, a mountain rose
Volcanick, from below precipitous,
Circled above with wood, stern, craggy, wild;
Wherein, from summit to its utmost base, 430

A central chasm of fire perpetual burned,
Like incense in a censer, in a cup
Of large contents, vast of circumference,
Preserved—a crater deep and broad, its sides
With thicket covered, harbour for the boar; 435

Its bottom spread into a treacherous plain,
Where cattle, unconscious all of peril, grazed;
And leading, by a passage in the midst,
To one more spacious, by a rocky way,
Milelong descent, with ashes strown, and pools 440

Corrosive, bitter, salter than the sea,
And boiling like witch-cauldrons. Hence arose, . .
After due warnings given to those without,
In rumblings audible and visible smoke,
And demonstrations palpable of stones, 445

Red-hot, projected wide, . . eruption dire
Of flaming ruin terribly diffused.
Cloud then on cloud was piled, sulphureous film,
White of the whitest, in the massiest wreaths,
Far o'er the mountain, an enormous height, 450

Columns of stones and ashes intermixed,
And burning lava pouring down the hill;
And often deep red blaze ascending high,
Midst the huge volumes of that atmosphere,

Surmounting, mountainous, the mountain's self, 455
And sometimes with a summer storm increased,
Vapours of rain, sulphur and mineral,
Together blent, and swelling to more bulk—
Then was the fountain of the fire unsealed,
And up it rushed, so passing high and bright, 460
That wonder died of fear, or fear of wonder,
As either had possession precedent,
And waited change. Then tempest rode athwart,
In sable chariot and with shadow veiled,
Pillar of flagrant sheen in folded shrine, 465
Or clearing thence away revealed at large,
New-tinted with reverberated light
From the white clouds aloft, whose many hues
With the pale levin-flash contrasted well.
Like an extinguished crater, stood aby, 470
A hollow . . cineritious, cavernous,
Fire-eaten. Large it was—a sulphur mine,
By Nature excavated, high and deep,
And templed in the rocks. Here hid, adored
The sanable and royal penitent, 475
And made it sacred. With an iron style,
The craggy walls he pictured, graving there
Religious symbols, hieroglyphick signs—
Mythi of mixed creeds, and systems new,
And mystick speculations, still begot 480
By indefatigable faculty
Of fancy, on the still productive mind.
—Not like the race of Cain, a labouring tribe
Of handicrafts mechanick, were the sons
Of the apostate, but from reason judged 485
Things physical and gross, yet not aright ;

For not of nature cared they to enquire—
 Idle, though curious—and conceived strange laws,
 She knew not of, her goings on to rule ;
 Deciding ignorant, and as of time 490
 Eternity discoursing, or as it
 Describing time ; or daring there to soar
 Where no experience ventures, region high
 Of pure abstraction, beyond earth or heaven . .
 World of void forms. Thus of such phantasies 495
 These sculptures were, mysterious. There, behold,
 Adam in Chaos struggling, ere Day was,
 Conception dim, yet bodily expressed ;
 And on the other side he had pourtrayed
 The Universe in Deity contained, 500
 And Order pre-existent—state obscure ;
 High thoughts, and visions of a gifted mind.

Thus occupied, One found him whom he knew,
 Palal ; his father's friend, and with his sire
 Acquainted, ere apostate. Palal had, 505
 A traveller, come to Armon ; lover he
 Of wisdom. Vainly, ere then, he looked in all
 The ways of men for the image of his own
 Excellent spirit, and th' impress liking not
 Of others, so was tempted ill to deem 510
 The signet, and its manifold device ;
 Yet, having heard or read, the Soul of Man
 Was in the image of the Almighty made,
 Thought, as its model, that it must be good,
 And that the all-wise Maker would not mar 515
 His likeness with distorted workmanship,
 Like a mad limner, merry at his mirrour,

Copying his own grimace. Inferred he hence,
False man had broken, in some mysterious wise,
The seal, intrusted to him at his birth, 520
Of the divine resemblance. Thus in all
Imperfect, yet not equally defaced—
He in the land of his nativity
Conceived it most defective; but among
The Shepherd seed of Abel, . . . or the sons 525
Of Seth, fond of high meditation, on the crest
Of loftiest mountain, holding with the sky
Communion planetary, least of all,
As having least departed from the pure
Religion of first nature and of God, 530
By Adam taught. He journeyed to enquire
Of all they knew and practised, that he might,
In the virtuous and the wise made manifest,
Catch glimpses of the Godhead, and compare
With the judicial standard in his soul. 535
They asked him of his country, and its ways—
The appetite of curiosity
Grew keener the more food—till, in return
Of courtesy, at his departure, he
Took under his protection two of the most 540
Importunate to his own land, that they
Might witness what they sought, and bear report
Unto their brethren; Adon of the twain
Was one—the other to the fold returned
In time—but Adon not until the last, 545
As hath been said—the Shepherd knew him not.
—Also, when Adon won a crown and realm
With Amazarah, Palal would his court
Visit, in intervals of travel, oft,

And what he had seen and heard discourse ; and, ay,
 His knowledge, thus imparted, was as power
 To Samiasa, when, for war arrayed,
 He went to conquer nations, and to rule.

Now, in his many wanderings, Palal came
 Unto the Land of Gihon, where he found 555
 Dethroned Samiasa. He had seen
 Each country watered by the rivers four ;
 Had traced the course of Pison, and had gazed
 On onyx, gold, and bdellium in the hills
 And streams of Havilah ;—and he had sped 560
 On the swift billows of the Hiddekel,
 And caught the tigers on its dreamy banks.

High theme and wonderous had the twain to tell
 Each to the other, nor was wanting then
 Different opinion to raise argument, 565
 The seasoning of discourse. From their proud height
 Had Palal's speculations of mankind
 Fallen earthward ; by experience taught, he deemed
 That only thence, through organs of the flesh,
 Might man gain knowledge, which, abstracting far, 570
 The dædal to ideal elevate
 Raised and refined, from complex to the pure.
 For on the face of universal earth,
 No open vision lingered to instruct
 The sophist, how unto the pious soul 575
 Came revelations of another world :
 Creed this, which stood in contrast with the dim
 And high-wrought theorizing of the king.
 —Hence argued they, till wearied out with words,
 Thus Samiasa answered. I perceive 580
 No common ground of logick have we got

To edify a structure sure for both—
Nor may I listen calmly, and permit
That Nature should usurp the Spirit's throne,
And Reason's, who is law, dominion, power ; 585
For as her sceptre is, or straight or bent,
So they become. And individual lapse
Maketh a slippery path, where many fall ;
And if in each her image be debased,
What matter codes ? The reinless desert steed, 590
Less wild—less rude, than self-ungoverned Man !
And wherefore ? for the steed is guided still
By Nature's law, is guided and controuled ;
But as a spirit, Man is free to quit
Her rule and limit with unfettered will. 595
In private virtue public good consists ;
With private virtue public good declines :
This truth my father felt. Could he, for shame,
A God-forsaking, God-forsaken man,
Teach godliness, without which virtue fails, 600
Wanting Faith's index in the night of storms ?
And what could I, whose crude conceptions spurned
Their cradle, and for liberty and light
Impatient ever, sought to seal themselves
In living characters, or monuments 605
Of lasting fame, upon the external world,
In verse or statue, or elaborate picture,
Giving words wings, stone eloquence, and colour
Thought's visible creations ? Ay, give ear !
Words are oft winged—how then is summed the soul ?—
And in the effulgence of our essences
The breathing thoughts are kindled whence they came,
Like eaglets, with the beak in thunder clothed,

The eye arrayed in lightning from the sun ;
 And there, in that substantial fire, all forms 615
 External, all the images of sense,
 Are alchemized and turned into its kind,
 And thence effused, are emanations thence,
 Of it and from it, and aspire beyond
 The limits of their origin, and bear 620
 Within their plumes, strength to intrude within
 All substances and essences and orbs,
 Material, intellectual—Hell and Heaven,
 And stamp them with their impress. If our words
 Have such prerogative, what then the soul, 625
 Whereof they breathe and burn ? Can that be doomed
 To eternal durance, never to go forth
 Of its clay prison, and the fleshly nook
 'Tis pent in ? Lo, its freedom cometh. All
 The elements expect it, and all worlds— 630
 Its signet is upon them and shall be,
 Its knowledge shall increase—its power prevail :
 The bodily which veils it shall give way,
 And it shall be itself for evermore,
 Of its own pleasure both to will and do ; 635
 And what its dwelling may be, and how bright,
 Man's loftiest faculty may not conceive,
 Till franchised from corporeal servitude ;
 And then it shall inherit a demesne,
 Essential, endless, infinite, divine ! 640
 With that he rose, on his companion's lips
 Imposing silence, proposition brief
 Soon making, that together they should seek
 Man's haunts again. Anon, for travel girt,
 They left that rocky lair ; ascending, gained 645

A summit, and looked out on sea and sky—
 A glorious prospect. Calm old ocean lay
 Beneath the ancient heaven. Awhile they gazed
 On the pacifick deep and silent clouds.
 Tears Samiasa wept, then turned aside 650
 His steps toward the desert, by that way
 To reach the world—a wider wilderness!

IV.

By sea and shore, the sophist and the king
 Held on their way, until their wandering steps,
 Dudaël! once again thy lonely waste 655
 Trod, not unknown. New wonder waits them there;
 For, fearless of the sands, behold, afar,
 Two Pilgrims of the Wild, yet not on foot,
 But mounted as in triumph on white steeds—
 Still they came on, and round about them thronged, 660
 As by their presence charmed, the desert beasts:
 There were the Lion and his Prey, as though
 For him they had the ready hunters been,
 And for his young provided, with consent
 Right léonine—his young, couchant in dens, 665
 Lying in wait, close hid in covert glade.
 The Raven, satisfied, as if his brood
 Cried not to God, nor needed, hovered there.
 Peculiar kind, and tallest of the race,
 The mighty Ostrich, large, inapt for flight, 670
 Upon her wings; but, powerful of leg,
 God gave her swiftness and unrivalled speed,
 That dares the horse and rider to pursue;
 Now fleeing not, she swells the lordly train,

Patient of desert thirst, the Camel-Bird ; 675
 With Cassowary, Rhea and Emeu,
 The Dodo, and the Bustard—giants all,
 Yet gentle; iron eaters, not without
 Heart for their offspring, watching o'er their eggs,
 Laid in the torrid sands, solicitous 680
 With circling flight, or sitting o'er the pit
 Which serves them for a nest in cooler climes.
 There were the mountain Goat and forest Hind,
 Whose many moons none knows; they bow themselves,
 Bring forth their young, and cast their sorrows out ; 685
 Hale are their young, nor need be fed of corn,
 Forsaking once their dam, returning never.
 There also the free Pard, whose bands none brake,
 Whom in the wilderness, God gave to house,
 And make his dwelling in the barren land ; 690
 Afar he sees and scorns the city throng,
 And disregards the crying of the driver,
 In purest air, his mountain pasture ranging,
 And of his verdant feast in joy partaking.
 There was the Unicorn obedient ; who 695
 Beheld him then might deem that he would stand
 Beside thy crib, and live upon thine alms,
 Bow to thy yoke his shoulder, and for thee
 Harrow the vale, or in the furrow plough.
 Yet trust not him, for he is strong, nor leave 700
 To him thy labour, doubting not but he
 Thy seed will sure bring home, and heap thy barn !
 There Behemoth came on, whom God did make
 Docile, though mighty, eating of the grass,
 Ox-like, but with superior force and power 705
 Embedded in his navel and his loins.

No more is seen now Behemoth, but then
 In motion like a cedar was his tail,
 His sinews wrapt the shelly substance up,
 Even as strong bars his ribs, and like strong bars 710
 Of iron were his bones—chief work of God—
 Not him might man, but God, pierce through and wound.
 Mountains, where beasts play wild, to him gave food ;
 Trees shadowed his repose, in covert hid
 Of reeds and fens, the willows of the brook 615
 Compassed his cool retreat. Was he athirst ?
 He drank a river, persevering slow,
 As Armon might be drawn into his mouth,
 So fixed his eyes upon the lessening stream,
 While his strong snout brake way through every snare.

The Mastodon, provided with huge teeth
 And tusks of ivory, in the incisive bone
 Inserted, thick of limb, and with a trunk
 Graced like the elephant, rival in height,
 Of length exceeding his, herbivorous brute, 725
 Succeeded ; others smaller ; and with them
 The Mammoth, mighty of bone and short of neck,
 Horrent with mane, and horned from the jaw,
 Also with tusks, but doubly curbed. The Sloth,
 The Ai, tree-climber, with reverted look, 730
 While travelling along the line of branch,
 Gazing at the observer from below ;
 The Megalonyx, monstrous brute, of claw
 Immense, thrice lion size ; were there—nor there
 Wanting the Megatherium ; tardy of gait, 735
 Brief-trunked, brief-tailed, and resting on its hand,
 It walked, robust, yet feeding chief on roots,
 And to its talons trusting for its food,

Enormous creature, elegant and light
 Of head and neck, bulky its hinder parts. 740
 Tiger and Wolf, with the voracious Bear,
 Then tame, there herded gentle ; hunters them
 Since seek in jungle and den, both east and north ;
 In thicket hid of wood and grass and rush,
 The Tiger slinks, meanwhile the sportsmen band, 745
 Warned by the instinct of the Elephant,
 Wake him to roaring, till he covert break,
 Then furious war begins, nor peril free—
 Lone with his females in tree-hollow, cave,
 Or rocky cleft, the hybernating Bear 750
 Immures lethargick—soon the hunter's skull
 Them circles with a cordon populous—
 Tracked in the snow their doubles, and ringed round
 Miles in circumference, silently, with skill,
 Till found their lair ; attacked with men and dogs, 755
 They slay them in their den, or, summer sport,
 Rouse out the furious brutes, noble sometimes,
 With head erect, and spirit fiery,
 As of the war-horse, dashing in full speed
 At hunter, or at opening for escape, 760
 Fain to take refuge soon in tangled brake ;
 Beset, and wheeling still from side to side,
 They keep at bay pursuers, but at length
 Fall dead with many wounds ;—they and their cubs.
 So too in glen, the Wolf, sequestred, wild, 765
 Rock-strewn, a craggy dell ; a fiercer dog
 Is he, and may be tamed ; and, like a dog,
 He winds his prey afar ; yet them between
 Is mutual enmity, and when they meet
 Stern strife begins, but, in the end of such, 770

Difference ensues ; . . the victor Wolf devours
His victim, but, not so, the nobler Dog
Leaveth untouched the carcase on the field.
The shades of evening set, forth prowls the Wolf,
Timid, yet strong, made but by hunger bold, 775
All things his prey, in wintery droves he scours,
Ferocious, hot for blood, from meanest thing
To that of man. Now, both with man and brute,
In peaceful guise he comes in order due,
Nor shuns man's friend, the Dog, nor seeks to slay. 780
With him the simple Hare, Roebuck, and Fox,
Badger and Stag, Rein-deer and giant Elk,
In fellowship together journey on—
Largest of Deer, the Elk, profusely horned,
Majestick creature ; when incensed, his mane 785
Upbristles like the lion's ; graceful too
The Draught Deer, swift of foot ; in after time
Him shall the dweller of the realm of ice
Rein to his sledge, the slippery path along
Borne joyous rapid o'er the wild of snow. 790
The Stag how stately ! of the woodlands king—
With beamy crown adorned his antlered head,
Agile of motion, beautiful in strength.
What anguish feels he in the cruel chase ;
His eyes weep human tears, ere, panting, he 795
Resigns his towering front and dappled skin
To the impatient pack. Of humbler shape,
The Badger's cutting bite frays off the hound.
The Urus, elephantine in his bulk,
With a red eye and fiery, thick and short 800
Of horn and neck, with curled hair o'erveiled
His forehead—shaggy maned, with these came on.

The Lynx feline, meet cousin of the Wolf,
 Now mild as he, with the Hyæna Dog,
 And the Hyæna's self, the Tiger-Wolf, 805
 Cruel and fierce, by solitude made stern,
 Of flocks and herds rapacious . . hunger mad,
 Even new-closed graves he rifles for his food.
 Now gentle as the gentle Pelican,
 Which, with the Cormorant, no glutton now, 810
 The Raven of the Sea, expands on high
 His dusky wing ; nor fears for lack of food,
 His well-filled wallet hanging down his breast,
 That with his bill he presses, when he would
 Nourish his young in desert or on isle, 815
 Or feed his brooding female on the nest.
 There too the Vulture hovered, and the Roc,
 Fabled or true, . . big, strong, and wide of wing ;
 Ferocious Bird—but with the Puma, now,
 Llama and Calf, its wonted prey, at peace. 820
 With these the Griffon, bearded or without,
 Kite, Buzzard, Falcon ; prominent of brow,
 Hook-beaked, the Falcon tribe, and their great strength
 Is in their talons, curved, acute, and long ;
 Tenants of rock and cliff and mountain range. 825
 Nor absent was the strong-beaked Vulture King,
 With ruff of ashy grey, and brightly plumed,
 Carrion his food ; or, wanting this, the Snake
 And Lizard are his meat. Lizard and Snake
 Are here—the Tortoise both of land and Sea, 820
 And Salamander, in the cold and damp
 Rejoicing, with the Frog and harmless Toad,
 Oft musical, and laughing in the fens ;
 Beaver and Otter, with the Serpent tribe,

Subtlest of beasts, quick—strong—voluminous, 835
 Plated in mail, and loving best the storm,
 The hurricane—rejoicing in uproar.
 Python—keen-sighted, patient to restrain
 Impulse, until secure to seize his prey ;
 Beautiful oft, and bright of hue, he lies 840
 Beside the waters ; of capacity
 Goat and Gazelle, even Tiger, to receive,
 As raven for his maw ; once by a god
 Slain—great Apollo's shaft : the Boa huge,
 That with enormous folds involves and clasps, 845
 And crushes soon the victim it absorbs ;
 The Rattle-snake, that warns ere it attacks,
 Of man afraid, yet dangerous if disturbed ;
 Naja majestick, with a human face,
 Glowing in coloured scales ; Cerastes horned ; 850
 The agile Viper, elegant and light,
 Tinted and lively, capable of love,
 Of fond attachment, and familiar play
 With childhood. Nor were wanting Insects there,
 The Bee, and gaudy Butterfly, and Moth, 855
 The humbler Fly, the Beetle, and the Gnat,
 With the wise Ant and irritable Wasp,
 The Spider and the Glow-worm, and all worms,
 Not without mind, though creatures of small size,
 And worthy their Creator. Thronging there, 860
 Attendant on those Pilgrim twain, they came,
 By Samiasa then and Palal seen,
 With wonder and with awe not uninspired.

THE
JUDGEMENT OF THE FLOOD.

BOOK THE ELEVENTH.

I.

ATTENDED thus, rode Ham and Elihu :
Ham wonder-stricken, Elihu serene,
As o'er the realm of animals he held
Sovran supremacy and regal rule,
Like One God made to be with glory crowned, 5
And set above his works, beneath his feet
All things disposed, in due subjection placed—
Him knew not Samiasa, but conceived
Some god-like attribute incarnate in
That image of dominion, and, with knee 10
Low bent, shewed reverence ; eftsoons bid to rise,
Called by his name, he started at the sound,
But answered not, while Elihu spake on :
Discrowned king, but new enthroned man ;
Here loiter not—the city named from thee 15
Thy presence needs, which yet 'twill fail to save.
What then ? What is it to thee ? His task to do
To man is given—the issues are with God.
Behold ! I have endowed the Horse with strength,

Have girt his neck with thunder—and can shake 20
 His courage, as he were a grasshopper.
 Mount on his back, even thou and Palal too ;
 Palal, in whom faith buds not, though I quench
 The glory of these nostrils terrible,
 That he may ride in safety. Be it so— 25
 And as he spake, submit two steeds approached,
 And pawed with pride the ground, and in their strength
 Rejoiced ; valiant, as if prepared to meet
 Men armed for war, and making mock of fear ;
 Not them the sword would fright, 'gainst them in vain
 Quiver would rattle, glitter spear and shield.
 In haste, then, on their shoulders sprang the King
 And Sophist ; nor gave time the rampant steeds ;
 The ground in rage and fierceness they devoured—
 War steeds they were ; whence come they might not know ;
 But from afar—hark ! sounded clarions loud ;
 Straightway those battle-horses reared their necks,
 Doubting the trumpet's blare with scornful neigh,
 Saying ha ! ha ! and snuffed the distant strife,
 The captain's thunder, and the shouting hosts : 40
 Then sought, as if on eagle's wings, what they
 Deemed the heroick conflict that they loved ;
 But their high Master otherwise decreed.
 Onward to Naid, wend Ham and Elihu—
 And, through the gates of that metropolis, 45
 Pass with the miracle of multitudes,
 Ferocious once, now tamed—increasing train,
 In countless numbers, it were vain to tell.
 —The tall Giraffe, since Ethiopian brute,
 A Cameleopard, male and female here, 50
 The male the taller, with high raised chest,

And taper neck and head ; placid of mien,
 Dun, with brown spots, his hue, and bristly maned—
 The Monkey, with the crescent on his brow,
 Like the night's borrowed sun, the crescent moon, 55
 Befitting symbol, mimicry of man.
 The Oran Outang—wild man of the woods—
 Ape and Baboon, with face for ever old ;
 Ingenious race, of many species they,
 The wilderness their home ; in reverence held, 60
 By superstitious husbandman, who views
 The herd of satyrs, issuing from their woods,
 Seize the collected produce of his toil,
 The cultivated fruits, and fain submits,
 In apathy, his orchard to the rape. 65
 The Squirrel, various—*Tamia* named, and Palm ;
 A social tribe, roof-builders, and within
 Domestick sanctuary entering free,
 Like the red-breasted bird, to pick the crumbs
 That fall beneath the hospitable board 70
 Familiar. Provident and active they,
 Protecting from the wind their mossy nests,
 High on the forked branches, and, in store
 For winter, laying up their proper food,
 Nuts, chesnuts, acorns, berries, fruit and maize, 75
 Hid in tree-hollow, or beneath the ground ;
 There burrowing long galleries, passaging
 To meet apartments, chambers separate
 For each variety of treasured meat ;
 Or in migration, from the pine or birch, 80
 They build their boat of bark, to cross the lake,
 And woo the wind with obvious tail upraised.
 Grey, red and black—some flying, or so fast

Leaping, no swiftest arrow sent from bow
 In sport or strife, e'er sped so swift as they 85
 From tree to tree, by moonlight foraging,
 Or skimming through the air from branch to branch,
 They feed on leaves and insects, . . all the day
 Still nestling in the hollows of the trees.
 The double-wombed Opossum next, who loves 90
 Trees for her dwelling, in a marshy site,
 Or by the sea—the sleeping Civet too,
 Sleeping the day, and prowling through the night
 For birds and smallest deer ; draining the gore
 Ere gorging on the flesh ;—yet odorous both. 95
 The Glutton, darting often from high bough
 On Elk or Rein-deer's head, and tearing thence
 The eyes, and sucking of its blood, until
 Death ease the prey of anguish—then he feasts—
 Feasts till no food remains, or until sleep 100
 Surprise the feaster, then even by the side
 Of his poor victim sinks into repose.
 The Weazel, slender, sleek and agile, keen
 For blood, either inhabitant of caves
 And rocky fissures, or of sheltering woods, 105
 According to their kinds—the Pine, and Beech,
 And Sable Martens, costliest of the tribe.
 The Ratel, ravisher of honied combs,
 Ash-grey and black, and loose though tough of hide ;
 Him guides the Honey-cuckoo with his note, 110
 To the sweet treasures that he loves so well,
 In burrows dug by quadrupeds, laid up
 For the small Bees, unconscious service. There
 The Indicator leads, itself too frail
 To storm the hive, the Ratel, flying slow, 115

And halting in its flight, and evermore
 Admonishing with warning voice, until
 The spoil is neared, then, ceasing from its note,
 Quietly perched upon a tree, awaits
 Its share of plunder, rendered for reward. 120
 Oft too, ere twilight eve, the Ratel sits,
 Shading the rays of the declining sun
 With one paw from his peering eyes, until
 A flight of bees, returning to their homes,
 Direct him where his pillage may be lodged. 125
 Some say, by Ganges and the Jumna too,
 He prowls at night for newly buried corse,
 And scratches up the unprotected grave.
 The Beaver, architect by Nature taught,
 And skilful builder, fetching from afar 130
 Materials for the structure of his house,
 Cemented well ; a rodent animal,
 For with his teeth he strips and separates
 The bark, his food and wherewithal he builds ;
 A populous villager ; or hermit shorn 135
 Of former instinct, if of means deprived—
 Neither less wise, the Ants. In peace with them
 The Ant-eaters, great and less, with sheathed tongue,
 Folding within their mouth . . protruded whence
 They from the Ant-holes draw their proper prey. 140
 The Loris, slowly paced, which creeps abroad
 At night, for prey, from branch to branch, of sleep
 The guiltless murderer ; and the Lemurs quick
 But gentle, feeding but on fruits and roots,
 Living on trees, and basking in the sun, 145
 A social band, with white aspect or black,
 Rufous or many hued. The Rabbit kind,

The Agoutis and the Pacas ; with the small
 Chinchillas delicate, silken of fur,
 Fine as the spider's web, a cleanly tribe— 150
 The lively Jerboa, and the Manis scaled—
 The alpine Marmot, provident to store
 For winter moss and hay within the holes
 Formed in the mountain-sides, and there they sleep,
 The door well-guarded first, to shut out cold 155
 And raging storm, as well as prowling foe—
 The gentle Cavies, though irrational ;
 Yet like thereto how many of the race
 That rule them, eat and sleep and propagate,
 And do no more—The Dormouse of the wood, 160
 Of hedge and bush—The Mole, that makes its nest
 Beneath the ground, of herbage and of moss,
 Warm bed—The slender Fitch, that both the wood
 And thicket haunts, of barn and hen-roost foe—
 The Kangaroo, on its hind legs sustained, 165
 And moving fast, high bounding and afar,
 Its fore too brief, and but as hands employed
 To dig with or to feed. Named from its voice,
 The Gnou, gregarious brute, like to the horse
 In body, mane and tail, ox-like of head 170
 And horns, and for his eye, the bright Gazelle's
 Not brighter. Fiery-eyed, red glaring, keen
 For blood, the yellow Ferret pale—now quenched
 Its wonted ever kindled appetite.
 The small Racoon, a bounding animal, 175
 At home on plain or tree ; him ocean oft
 O'erwhelms at flow of tide, found on the shore
 In quest of shell-fish, by the oyster quick
 His foot enclosed, and prisoned to the spot :

Now, with the rest, in happy freedom grouped, 180
 Obedient to the voice of Elihu.
 —Attended thus, rode Ham and Elihu,
 Right through the gates of Enos—and within
 The streets of that great city wend along.

II.

Wonderous array, but far more wonderous still 185
 The unwondering apathy of gazing crowds.
 In knots of disputants the citizens
 Were grouped, engaged on argument too great
 To spare attention, though by greatest sight
 The world might witness wooed. A race they were
 Of meagre artizans, mechanick slaves,
 Whose boast of old grew that the common weal
 By them was built and nourished; authors sole
 Of riches they, producers of the corn,
 The oil, the clothing, and conveniences, 195
 The luxuries which stablish social life;
 And right it was that who created thus,
 They should distribute wealth. High glee was theirs,
 When Tubalcain, with beauteous Naamah,
 His sister and his spouse, held o'er the realm 200
 Dominion. Willing to her various lusts
 Left Tubalcain the wedded Naamah,
 And bent to state economy his mind—
 Skilful or to commence or to promote
 Invention, manufacture and supply. 205
 Labour he urged and diligence he loved,
 And whoso would of him employment found,
 And what they made he kept in publick store;

And sold to who could purchase. Thus became
 Great Tubalcain of human industry 210
 Proprietor and lord ; and for exchange,
 Had with his superscription metal stamped
 For current coin, whence lust of lucre grew,
 Root of all evil. Soon he made decree,
 That none should weave or knit, or sew or shape 215
 Sandal or raiment, save of stuff supplied
 From out his storehouse, to be then returned,
 And wages paid for labour, whence again
 At a taxed price, and with a duty-mark,
 'Twas issued to the buyer. Thus was he 220
 A princely merchant, a mechanick king ;
 Nor many wanting were, who saw, in such
 Confusion of all orders blent in one,
 A loved equality of man with man,
 And knew not all were masters thus or slaves ; 225
 Bound by no generous, but by sordid links
 Of commerce, that the finer feelings blunts,
 If gain alone be sought. Soon, like a blight,
 Gold withered happiness, and thus it proved
 Food of digestion hard to body or soul, 230
 Both in the city and the lands about
 Of Enos and of Naid. Awhile appeared
 Prosperity to smile, and plain it was,
 Both court and courtiers—if so called might be
 Either, that fitlier were from stithy named, 235
 Mart or exchange, and chapmen—flourished well.
 Far countries, in their produce, dealt with them,
 And took the clothing, with the corn and oil,
 At higher price, which might have been at home
 Better consumed ; hence, mid abundance, lacked 240

The natives, working on in wretchedness—
Now misery cried loud, and would be heard ;
What then ? its wants invention must supply ;
And soon machines were reared, and engines built,
Of wonderous power, and structure intricate, 245
That might the needed labour substitute,
And infancy might tend. Now was no scant
Of produce, still the poor were very poor ;
Raiment was wrought, but clothed not them, and food
Went to all markets, but it fed them not ; 250
And, worse, ere long, constructions first designed
To aid in labour superseded soon,
And to their other ills, next indolence,
The fruitful mother of pernicious moods,
Was added ; crime succeeded, murder last, 255
Personal and judicial—horrid waste
Of human life, and human energy.

Meanwhile, the child was tasked from earliest morn
To latest eve, watching the processes
Of wheels and chains ingenious, so to earn 260
A pittance for its parents, urged to toil
Excessive by the force of blows, and dying,
Even hour by hour, as standing at its work—
A constant martyrdom, but soon to end,
Since age mature, of man or womanhood, 265
Seldom attained, the grave quick closed on grief,
And shut the murdered infant safely up
From the oppressor, in the house of hope.
Meantime, for them whose hands could find no work,
Idle perforce, no means were found to give 270
Knowledge that might the spirit cultivate,
And rear a class that should, with moral power,

Win for instruction of the citizen
 The means of life, reaping of temporal things
 Guerdon for spiritual, imparted free ;— 275
 But rather by their rulers were they taught
 To scorn religious ministry, and glow
 With hate 'gainst Eden's patriarchy, and seek
 In war provision, peace gave not for life.
 — Hence were the populace disputing now, 280
 How to assail the Mount of Paradise,
 And find an end, unreasoning, of their ills,
 By seizing that Palladium of the Earth
 For their possession ; holding like a charm,
 Whence plenty might, in some mysterious way, 285
 Accrue to wisdom and to folly both,
 And vice might revel on the gifts of heaven.
 And many a form had Hherem there assumed
 With Satan and Azazel, to inflame
 The imbruted mind with passions fiercely wild. 290
 On—on passed Ham and Elihu—on—on,
 Even to the palace gates. The menials there
 At them, and at their retinue, awhile
 Gazed with brief admiration, and went in
 To 'Tubalcain and wanton Naamah, 295
 To tell them of a miracle. Aloud
 Then laughed the royal pair, incurious they
 Of aught beyond the circle of their aims,
 And unbelieving. So forth of the town,
 Into the fields and forests, hasted on, 300
 Bent on their mission, Ham and Elihu.
 Thence took they bird and beast. There, at the voice
 Of Elihu divine, following obeyed
 The Ibex, long of horn and numerous,

According to his years ; his burthened head, 305
 Though small, is bearded, wanderer of Alps,
 And dweller on their summits : the small Roe,
 The Roe, though small yet strong, and great in craft,
 Baffling the hound, and cheating of his scent,
 As skilled to fly as he is to pursue :— 310
 The Tapir of the wilderness, lone brute,
 In far seclusion, buried in the depth
 Of forest solitudes, veiled not alone
 From man's intrusion, but the fellowship
 Of his own kind ;—him doth the hunter woo 315
 By imitative whistle, sharp and shrill,
 Like to his own, then twangs the poisoned shaft,
 And the poor beast is hit ; but better fares,
 Obstructed on his passage to the stream
 By race canine ; there standing he resists 320
 Their worrying, and them seizing by the necks
 Whirls to afar, not free from loss of flesh.
 Now social came the Tapirs, and with them
 The Peccaries, a tusky swinish tribe,
 Collared, or else white-lipped, a forest-race, 325
 In pairs and families discovered one,
 The other banded in a numerous troop ;
 Forging with care the current broad and swift,
 And from the opposing bank still forthright on,
 They hold their way destructive, scathing all 330
 The planter's hopes ; now guiltless, with the Boar,
 Came they—or wild or civilized, brave brute,
 Though gluttonous ; and the foul Hog and Sow,
 That to her vomit evermore returns,
 Submissive now to law of purer strain. 335
 But vain it were to paint the miracle

In verbal hues, and to express the train
 Of creatures that there walked, or leaped, or flew.
 The Birds, the glorious Birds, that made the air
 As glorious in their flight, or decked the earth 340
 With ornament of plumage numerous.
 The spurless, but not crestless Curassow,
 The galeated and the razor-billed,
 The rufous and globose—the Peury, too,
 The clamourous Guan, with the lady Crane, 345
 The Crowned, and the Crex, and Trumpeter,
 The Heron, cleft of bill ; the Bittern, raised ;
 The Spoonbill, and the Ibis ; and the Stork,
 Both white and black, foremost with head and neck,
 Cleaved, large of wings, with legs reverted long, 350
 Rapid the air, and matched the wild Curlews.
 With these they left the region, journeying till
 They reached the junction of the rivers, where
 Did Elihu the riven waters smite
 With his prophetick mantle. On each side, 355
 They parted like a wall, and in the midst
 Passed Ham and Elihu, with all their train,
 By power miraculous guided. Such their guard
 By day and anxious night, till their return
 To Eden's land ; then safely in the place 360
 Of the first man's creation, sought they straight
 For refuge ; and there found for them and theirs ;
 Even Ham and Elihu, with bird and beast,
 Their gathering, according to the word
 Of the Almighty, that into the Ark 365
 Two of each living creature of all flesh,
 Of every kind, there to preserve alive,
 Both male and female, clean and the unclean,

Of fowl and cattle, Noah should bring in,
 And take to him of all food edible, 370
 As food for him and them. And such high charge,
 Spite what since chanced, to Ham was trusted then :
 And learn from this, although a father's curse
 Pursue the race of Ham, that there with them
 The Angel of Compassion still abides, 375
 With miracle from nature to redeem,
 Turning to Eden desert wilderness ;
 Hence shew them mercy in your justest acts,
 Then justest when most merciful they seem,
 And greet the Brethren with a holy kiss. 380

III.

Meantime, as one new risen from the dead,
 Unlike his former self, by friend and foe
 Unrecognized, came Samiasa to
 The city of his name ; and now he stood
 Beside the temple of the Pyramis ; 385
 A ruin shunned by superstition, since
 That memorable eve, when he o'erthrew,
 With might insane, the idol once adored,
 Thence desecrated deemed, and, as accursed,
 By all deserted. All ? No ! one there was 390
 Still faithful to that work of wondrous art,
 Barkayal. At the temple's foot again
 There Samiasa found him, now as then—
 Again he scaled, with his ambitious eye,
 The punctual summit of the ascending spire, 395
 Till it distinguished through the crystal tube,
 With exquisite distinction, the nice point

That tapered into air, like air itself—
 And still his look was melancholy, bent
 To earth, dejected, when returned from that 400
 Sufficing, soul-dissatisfying theme.
 Awhile on the transcendent architect
 Gazed Samiasa; then to Palal cried;
 —Behold my gorgeous temple. Seest thou not
 The builder of the comprehensive fane, 405
 For veneration multitudinous
 Decreed? Proud of his handy-work is he,
 And feels therein exalted, eternized;
 I, to whose pride contributed his art,
 Humbled alone, see, in its loftiness, 410
 What casts me into shade, shame, and contempt;
 And, in its durability and strength,
 Odious comparison, which makes me seem
 But as an insect most ephemeral,
 That buzzes in the noon round some oak tree, 415
 And dies ere sunset, living, in good sooth,
 A sunny life, but brief; and, with much stir,
 Attracting little notice, and less fame.
 —How to the fading point his eyesight strains!
 Think ye, that there whereto it aches, 'tis fixed? 420
 No—through the distance-abrogating lens,
 By which the delicate diffusive touch,
 Of vision exquisite, to the remote
 And punctual is applied, within the deep
 Of air expatiateth he, and finds 425
 Space for free speculation; and, be sure,
 That ever and anon his fancy rears
 Some magick structure on the baseless wind;
 And, in the combinations of the clouds,

Orders of architecture new conceives, 430
 And hopes, ere long, to raise the like on earth.
 Hence, in imagination's mere excess,
 All he hath done as nothing worth he scorns,
 Measured with what he yet hath power to do,
 Or might have done, but for dull circumstance, 435
 That thrall'd the outgoings of the plastick soul.
 And, of a truth, within the Spirit of Man
 Abides an instinct for the infinite:
 Whatever from without the mind imbibes
 Of substance, or of quality sublime 440
 Or beautiful, capricious accident,
 Or attribute immutable ; howe'er
 By fancy realized to intellect,
 Or by imagination's power august
 Made portion of the intellect ; within 445
 The Essence of our Being, in the Soul,
 There is a standard, that all things sublime
 Compares with a sublimer archetype,
 Than human faculty is sentient of,
 In nature's grandest works, or art of man— 450
 Sea, sky, or mountain—city or pyramid ;
 And all things beauteous, with more beautiful,
 Things bright, with brighter. Nay, the Sun himself
 Is dim before her ; for the Soul of man
 Is of JEHOVAH most expressive Star, 455
 Best Image of his glory. With herself
 All things compareth she ; and lo, all things
 Are dwarfed in her supernal magnitude.
 The mightiest is weak, the loveliest shamed,
 And, in the flood of her effulgence, she 460
 Doth merge the glorious and magnificent.

What then hath Earth to sate her appetite,
 Or aught that's visible, even heaven itself?
 She sighs for miracles, yet yearneth still,
 And is herself the one great miracle. 465
 Therefore is Man not what he is, mere clay,
 Because he feels he is so, and compares
 Himself with something nobler in himself;
 Whence such sublime ability to feel
 After this wonderous fashion, and endure 470
 Patient the indignation, that would else
 Consume this frail and earthly tenement
 To a white wreck of ashes, or smite down
 This cunning architecture—(call it such)—
 To ruin hoar, the Deity within 475
 Departed long from the neglected shrine.

Thus argued Samiasa ; but knew not
 That then Barkayal, from that apex point,
 Was looking into heavenly depths, beyond
 Unarmed vision, at a Stranger Star, 480
 Which, from its most remote appearance, he
 At first perceived, and now, with horror filled,
 Upon the Cometary Omen gazed,
 With vision so intense, as from its orb's
 Most inner centre, he, as from its heart, 485
 Would drag its secret mystery forth to day.

Thus argued Samiasa—and pursued—
 Herein consists man's dignity ; hereof
 His reason is compact ; and he combines
 Two worlds within, and in himself includes 490
 The Universe. Empowered hereby is he,

To climb to each remote intelligence,
 And send his daring mind on errand strange,
 Into the Heaven of heavens, before the throne
 Of the Most High, asserting there the right 495
 Of his immortal spirit to converse,
 Its heritage, as Son of God—as Man.
 Yet overween ye not—nor let the pride
 Of man rebel—for God is jealous—God—
 (Speaking as man must speak, whose slavish words
 Have constant reference to sublunar things,
 Whereto degraded man degrades his thought,
 Even when its ravished speculations rise
 To holiest objects, such as angels love,)—
 Is jealous of his Unity and Name. 505
 —Ay, God is very jealous ; and we may,
 By that which deifies us, be destroyed ;
 By our own spirits may we be destroyed,
 And they imbruted, falling short, even thus,
 In their probation of the Perfect One ; 510
 With self-esteem well satisfied, well pleased,
 With their own proper excellence content,
 No further emulous of good or great ;
 Building thereon presumption flatulent,
 Until the wind escape, and all be found 515
 Mere emptiness, not from the Spirit of God
 Renewed, who, in the beginning, filled the void,
 Gloomy and waste, with light and life and form.
 —This was the sin of Lucifer—of Man ;
 The mortal sin, parent of Death and Wo— 520
 Whence Doubt was born. The soul that left her source,
 And would be as a god unto herself,
 Fell backward on the body for support,

(But found it none) and asked of it to bear
 Her upward in her far imaginings— 525
 But oh ! even as the spider doth within
 King's palaces, should she have kept the hold
 That she had taken with her hands on heaven !
 But she hath let her purchase go—and now
 The ethereal dome is not within her reach ; 530
 And He, who raised her there before, again
 Will not, who only can—unless there be
 Hope in the words which doomed the infernal snake,
 And wherein I should verily believe,
 But for the extreme iniquity of man, 535
 Whence fear seems only just, and dread of doom.
 —These are no mysteries to the sons of Seth.
 Paradisaical aspirings they
 Are conscious of ; the high-wrought ecstasies
 Of Fancy, which had borne the soul aloft 540
 In Eden ; . . now, within this sensual sty,
 Disturb her feathers only, fluttering
 Pollution on her wings, till clogged therewith,
 Broken and tramelled to the soil. Alas !
 How heavily her breathings come and go— 545
 Poor bird—struggling with death, till, overcome,
 An intermittent slumber seizes her—
 And so she dies—a second death :—Or, if
 Feeling the will to soar, and having power,
 Leaves her nest like the Swallow, but returns 550
 Anon, circling some pool, already tired
 With her short flight, and longing for the time
 When, on its sedgy banks she shall decline,
 And ease her passage to the torpid depth
 Upon the pliant reed ; so winter's frost 555

Shall nip her not :—Or, greatly daring, scorns
 Eternal barriers, and within the clouds
 She hangs presumptuous eiery, and doth
 Abominations there, unto herself
 Making a brothel universe, which she 560
 Deems co-extensive with eternity,
 And space, and time, and reigns imperial in.

IV.

While thus he spake, the Monarch little knew
 How to the flesh had spirit been subdued—
 And soon the Sophist, in that Capitol, 565
 Found demonstration of his sensuous creed,
 In men and in their ways. For Hherem had,
 With Samiasa, been from thrall released—
 Yet not like him, retired in penitence
 The demon, but to Hell in triumph went, 570
 And mingled with the world, a tempter foul.
 —Boast of his high exploit (for such his vaunt),
 O'er such supreme intelligence as shone
 In that great Monarch, wisest fiends seduced,
 The like success to win, to stoop to brute; 575
 That they might soar, by bad ambition stung,
 To realty o'er spiritual eminence.
 For erst had they, in their rebellious guile,
 The sons of Adam moved to be as gods,
 But now sought to embrute, and so subdue 580
 To their dominion ; ay, and ever since,
 His postdiluvian children, with gross art,
 Have sunk to Nature sensual, and yet sink ;
 Whence, not from knowledge, but from ignorance

Redemption hath been needed, and yet is— 585
 So went they forth, these devils damned, to damn
 The world in second doom ; and first debased
 To infidelity the minds of Men,
 Turning the very intellect against
 The truth of their own soul, and sowing there, 590
 Within its living soil, first doubt, then death—
 And gathered in quick harvest by the power
 Of Amazarah and Azaradel.

Well Amazarah knew the sordid fiend,
 And long had known, long joined in mutual pact; 595
 Nay, more—for not, albeit reputed so,
 Of Adon was Azaradel the son,
 But of the fiend, with whom in hour of scorn
 She mated ; fitting league for her who was
 Herself half human only, pride-begot 600
 By demon on a daughter beautiful
 Of fratricidal Cain, whence gifted she,
 As hath been sung, with charm and magick spell.
 Wicked as wise, and bad as beautiful,
 The mother she became of progeny 605
 Who called her son Azaradel their sire ;
 An impish brood, and nurtured cruelly,
 To cruel ends ; taught, in their innocence,
 To pluck the eyes of captives bound supine,
 Out from the living socket ; and with glee, 610
 With infant glee, such office they performed ;
 And with the yet warm orbs she would compose
 A globe of sorcery, wherein she saw . .
 A visual mirrour . . into other worlds,
 By Hherem aided in her hideous art. 615
 And now his skill she sought ; dire jealousy

Had fired her soul to madness, for the false
Azaradel, in search of younger charms,
Had wandered, and, to win affection back,
She means to make new covenant with Hell. 620

But vengeance was at hand she knew not of—
The Flood—the threatened Flood—when it came down,
Found out the sinner in his pride of crime.

Edna, the daughter of translated Enoch,
Named from her mother, had he seen in tears, 625
Then loveliest, at Lamech's burial-tide—
Thereafter sought, and, on a time, surprised,
He bore her from the patriarch's land away
To Enos, that bad city, claiming aid
From Tubalcain. There, in a temple's tower, 630
They kept her for the bridal of their god,
Great Mammon. In the guise of deity,
Came on Azaradel, with dance and song
Accompanied, along the publick way.
Heaven's window opened then right o'er their heads,
A sea with lightning sent and thunderbolt—
From her high lattice, Edna saw, with praise
Of heavenward eye, the impious rite annulled—
Deluge descending took them all away !—

Ignorant of what was in the womb of Time, 640
And unbelieving of prophetick Truth,
Within the palace chamber deep retired
Mystick commune with Hherem, summoned there,
The royal Amazarah now maintains,
How to descend to Hades, place of Fear 645
Not Hope. Soon they into the State unseen,

Pass in the power of spells. At once the gates
Of the Abyss display the horrid gorge,
Profound and undefined, like winter's rack,
Unfolding from the vent. Down—down, descend 650
The guilty pair, undaunted with the way,
But trembling with impatient sympathy.
Dark—dark that central path, which low and lower
Guides to the prison of the lowest gulf.
No light, till grows the accustomed eye to love 655
That palpable obscure, and from itself
The ray creates, which the dead mass of things
Apparent makes to its instinctive sense ;
And, by that radiance strange, they now discern
The Temple of the Fiends—a gorgeous dome, 660
Gorgeous with horror, mockery of the Mount
Of Vision in the Heaven. The veil is drawn,
Expectant of her visit, and, behold,
The Demon-Cherubim, whose meeting wings
O'ershadow there the Ark of Blasphemy, 665
Enthroning Satan on its seat of Wrath ;
Whence curses roll in thunder—earthquakes—storms,
The Sanctuary of Hell ; and at the shrine,
In festal terrors stands a priestly fiend,
Two seething censers pouring from his hand 670
Religious maledictions to the King
Of unrepealed perdition. Silence now
Awaiting the response, no longer roars
Or blast or billow. Straight is seized the hand
Of Amazarah, and upon the Ark 675
Hherem with sudden rapture it hath placed.
Swear !—and she swore, an oath ineffable.
Then rush the winds to battle, and fan wide

The tablets of mysterious destiny,
Set in the bosom of the priestly fiend, 680
Urim and Thummim.—With the sound aroused,
Uplooking, she hath read the covenant
Whereto her soul is bound. O bloody terms !
And from her kneeling posture up she starts,
With one strong wrench of agony matern ! 685
—And lo, before her Samiasa stands !
She shrieks, and on the palace floor she falls,
Even at his feet she falls, and there she lies ;
There prostrate at his feet, even where she fell,
Not dead, but speechless, Amazarah lies ; 690
At her Son's feet, fallen speechless but not dead,
The Queen lies prostrate on that palace floor.

THE
JUDGEMENT OF THE FLOOD.

BOOK THE TWELFTH.

I.

KNOWEST thou me not ?

Thy features like a dream
Tell of the past, but in delusive wise,
Recalling the irrecoverable.

Zateel !

My heart, even as the desert where I dwelt,
Was once athirst. The fountain now unsealed, 5
Its waters overflow. Thy heart is not
Ajust with age, nor passionless ; but there
Full fancy flourishes, and lifts its head,
Even as my fortune once, a goodly tree,
Until God's Angel cut it down.

My lord ! 10

My king ! my father ! brother ! lover ! friend !

No raptures now, my son—said Samiasa ;
Well may it be for thee, and curb thy mind
From the presumption, which high faculty
Builds up, until it madden, if I tell 15
A tale to thee—a tale, while these sad lips

Stamp truth on what thou hearest.

Tears, Zateel

Wept; but the gush of feeling finding way,

He answered : King—say on—

'Tis of my Mother.

To whom was more of beauty, more of wisdom, 20
Given than to Amazarah—or to me ?

Zateel ! I sought her in the palace chamber,

To tell her of God's dealings with her son,

And wean her from her wickedness—I found

The sleeping Sorceress as of old—I stood, 25

And gazed entranced upon the majesty

Of her repose. I will not tell thee—then—

What storm of thoughts made me to shudder soon,

But rather how, recovering from such mood,

I did essay to wake the guilty Queen— 30

And how in vain, with voice and hand, I strove

To rouse her from her somnolency deep.

A Power was on her I might not remove.

Her body was as dead, and well I kenned

Her spirit absent thence ;—but 'twas not dead— 35

I looked on it for hours ; till at the last

She spake, still sleeping. Ask me not the words

What direful oath it was she ratified

With the infernal powers ! How lived I yet,

After I heard them, till restored to sense 40

She gazed upon and knew me, and fell down !—

I could no more, but from the chamber rushed,

Determined the dread purpose to forestall.

What purpose ?

Ask me not, I say ; nor speak

Of what hath been disclosed. An awe is on me ; 45

Be it on thee, and on thine utterance.

Aright, and to the west of Armon, they
 Stood, by the waters of Dunbadan there,
 Which make right beautiful and musical
 The Vale of Abel's Sacrifice and Death ; 50
 Then on its banks they sate and talked awhile,
 Till Palal was approaching, by Zateel
 Known as by Samiasa, but till now
 Shunned for the doctrine which he spake abroad.
 Now Palal joined the twain, and thus, in haste, 55
 Bespake the King.

They come, with all their hosts,
 Monarchs and people ; ardent, and grown bold
 To compass their design, Now will they prove
 The might of the Invisible.

At this
 Rose Samiasa and Zateel, and clomb 60
 A lofty hill o'erlooking the far plain,
 That like a continent spread out immense,
 Bordering the Land of Streams. The invading hosts
 They saw, in number like far off seen trees,
 Of forest or of wild ; whose lofty tops, 65
 Beheld at distance, are so closely massed,
 They seem a sea with waves, as in the wind
 They bow before the heavens, communion they
 Of saints, nor of the Spirit's fellowship
 Unvisited, whose voice in gale and breeze 70
 Reverent they hear, and worship. But not such,
 Nor piously engaged, those numbers there
 That fill the champain broad—armies of men
 Rebellious, unadoring, and profane.

War-chariot and War-Steed, and Elephant, 75
 To conflict trained, and bearing on his back
 Turrets of warriors; animals besides
 Which the restored world has not yet tamed
 To human use, were in the throng. The huge
 And strong Rhinoceros, with solid horn 80
 Outgrowing on the maxillary bone,
 Proof-armed—by tiger dreaded, lest it rip
 His bowels—bore its lord upon its back
 Into the battle throng, though turning oft,
 War to confusion, hurling friend on foe— 85
 Camel, and Dromedary, and wild Mule—
 All these came on, bent to assail the Mount
 Of Paradise, and, Eden lost regain.
 Fools, not to know, that of the soul herself
 The real Eden is, and she may make 90
 Such of the barest rudest spot on earth,
 If piety or charity be there.
 Urged by the fiends in human limbs arrayed,
 By Hherem, Satan, and Azazel, came
 The mailed crowds, in military pomp— 95
 Proud of such pomp—vain show, though gorgeous—weak,
 Though seeming strong in multitudes, thence weak,
 And because weak in multitude arrayed.
 Aggressors, through the vale of Armon they
 Move in defile, and on the pleasant banks 100
 Of its baptizing stream, right arrogant,
 Their chivalry dispose, in order meet.
 Whoso had seen them then, might deem fair troop
 Of prowtest men and steeds, so swift and strong,
 With other creatures, savage fierce and wild, 105
 With ensigns, and with pioneers expert,

To push obstruction back of hill or wood,
 Or raise opposing mountain, where was vale,
 Or bridge over lake and chasm, and river broad,
 Were potent greatest emprise to achieve. 110
 Ignorant of fate, as yonder battle Steed,
 Who eager snorts, and, with snake subtlety,
 Winds his glad way through numbers, and performs,
 With supple spring obedient, what his lord,
 Throned on his back, designs. O ignorant,— 115
 While to the heaven thou vault'st in soaring hope,
 Or down the hill, with headlong energy,
 Precipitatest like a rolling rock ;
 Then rising, dost as rapidly ascend,
 Like a red meteor voyaging on high ; 120
 Or skim'st, with birdlike smoothness, level vale,
 Tossing thy bright mane like a torrent's foam,
 Moving like air in air, but in thy course
 Outstripping the swift whirlwind ; or, with rein
 Relaxed, glidest onward like a star, or checked, 125
 Turn'st like a comet ;—solid earth, meantime,
 Shrinks from thy furious heel ! O ignorant,
 Brave Steed ! art thou, thyself the while but decked,
 A sacrifice, for Death's enormous strength
 Ere long, with more than sinewy arm, to grasp. 130
 Thee, when the giant seize, shall not avail
 Might, or of bone or limb, or effort fierce :
 Fixed to the earth, within the monster's gripe,
 That heavy head, so graceful now and light,
 And that extended neck !

Ah ! it is done ! 135

On to that Mount the Warrior and his Steed
 Press confident, and to the Ark of God,

That Deluge Ship, arrive. Who there await
His formidable coming? Noah, Shem,
And Japhet, with most old Methuselah ;— 140
Patient they wait ; then on the holy thing
The glowing Knight puts his extended hand—
Fire flashes up ; stones from a distance flung,
As from a sling, before the guarded hill,
Smote Steed and Rider both. There lie they now, 145
O'erthrown, one dead, one dying. From within
Fire, as he writhes, at that Steed's nostrils smokes,
And the blood bubbles both to ear and eye
Through the swoln veins, till, with the agony
Upspringing, his mad hoof deep dints the sod 150
With a quick spasm, as of a lightning's stroke,
And then he falls for ever. O soon quenched,
Or vanished, all that vigour fiery
And terrible, which him inspired so late !
Not sooner yet than cooled the valourous heat, 155
And insolent, in those invading hosts ;
For lo ! the Cherubim, apparent all,
In glory blazing high and wide and far,
Stood like a pillar of fire, or like a hill
Or forest burning, but with shapes and faces 160
Outlooking from the flames as from a furnace,
Unharm'd forms, human if not divine,
At least angelick, graced with numerous wings.
And still the flames advanced—still forward came,
Till, in a robe of light, they did invest 155
The sainted form of old Methuselah.
So venerably old, that age in him
Was verily sublime, and in the soul
That gazed upon his form, even to tears,

Kindled emotion elevate, profound. 170
 —Yet could yon Knight, now fallen, endure his frown,
 And rudely push him by, to smite that Ark
 Divinely ordered. Rebel youth and rash !
 Though valiant, yet apostate. Of the tribe
 Of old Methuselah, a youngest son, 175
 Of consecrated race, seduced was he
 Into the ranks of the profane, and mixed,
 (But one of many) in their ways of life,
 And in their modes of thought, and scorn conceived
 Of patriarchal rule, and holy rede. 180
 Chief laughed he at the awe in which were held
 That self same Ark, those very Cherubim ;
 Illusion all, as he right well might know
 Who had been in the secret, and was taught
 How such were fabricated, and adored, 185
 For government, so that the few, or one,
 Might lord it o'er the rest—the myriad minds,
 Equal and independent as their own !
 Hence hardiest he, and foremost in assault,
 Filial impiety, and soon avenged, 190
 And crowned with glory bright the insulted Sire,
 With glory crowned in sight of all mankind !
 And soon Earth shook beneath those multitudes—
 Horribly shook, and in the human heart
 Was equal fear, flesh universal quaked ; 195
 Lest all the region gape and swallow all,
 But otherwise 'twas fated ; One alone
 Was doomed ; riven as with a thunderbolt
 The mountain yawned, and deep into his grave
 Sank, diademed with light, Methuselah ; 200
 Thus buried, that no insult desecrate

A Patriarch's obsequies again, as mocked
With contumely Lamech's sacred bier.

Thus sank Methuselah, by earthquake gulfed,
Received to Hades ; but, from out his grave, 205
A column high and broad of water wroth
Upspouted through a chasm, that might not close,
Forced by the impetuous element apart.

On high it towered a Fountain, and came down
A River, circling in the lofty air, 210
And flowing nether earth, a beauteous thing,
Yet terrible ;—that arch of grace and power,
In fluid motion, living in the light,
In agony and action manifest

To ear and eye—a spirit passionate, 215
Or spirits, in that stormy atmosphere,
Ascending and descending—raging, wild.

Hereat all stood in stupid gaze, meanwhile
The Watchers of the Door of Paradise
Moved rapidly apart, and made a way 220
For entry or for egress to and fro
The holy garden. Soon between them stood
The sainted form of Enoch, still in youth ;
And in his arms the Tables of the Law,
Which he had borne with him to Eden's bowers ; 225
And still his voice was heard as ere he went.

He cometh, with ten thousands of his saints,
Judgement forthwith on all to execute,
And all that are ungodly to convince
Of their ungodly deeds, and their hard speech, 230
Which against him, Most Holy, they have dared.

He said ; and held again, in view of all,
The Tables of the Laws of the Most High ;

Each letter made distinct with flames of fire,
 And flashing outwards into trails of light— 235
 In at the eye it entered, to the brain
 It penetrated deep, and smote with pangs
 Guilt where it found. With speed and awe away
 Fled the invaders, ruinous retreat.

II.

Then, prostrate in Jehovah's presence, spake 240
 Noah, and said—O Lord my God ! now hear
 And answer—for the press of thoughts and things
 And men perplexes now thy servant sore.
 Hast thou determined to destroy, indeed,
 Earth with her offspring ? Should I then assume 245
 Patriarch authority, paternal rule,
 Over the people ? And wherefore ? seeing now,
 In name and not in substance, of long time,
 And powerless, the station has been held,
 An ordinance obsolete, that hath lost its hold 250
 On popular opinion and repute ?
 Or, if I take on me the robe of power,
 Oh, wilt thou pardon, thou Almighty God !
 And rescue the doomed world, redeem and save ?
 Rescue, redeem and save, Omnipotent ! 255
 In mercy save, even for thy servant's sake,
 If once I favour found, and still retain !
 Then spake Jehovah. Thou hast favour found ;
 Nor mayst thou rightful Ordinance resign—
 If they accept thee, well ; if not, retire, 260
 And make thee ready ; for the Judgement sits.
 Such was God's answer unto Noah's prayer.

So he arose, and on the morrow called
 The people to the Sacrifice; but not
 For worship, but debate, they came—the wise 265
 And ignorant, the cunning and unapt,
 Claiming alike free speech, philosophists
 And orators; Palal and Rumel, for
 These twain had forces joined, and in the minds
 Of men had made them empire, and with power 270
 The democratick temper could persuade,
 Combine and wield its elements at will;
 And Hherem who, with secret influence,
 Directed all to slavery, while they
 Of Freedom talked and Rights unreasoning, 275
 That owned no Duty or to God or man;
 And wild Azaziel who, in nature's wrath,
 Saw Liberty—the licence to destroy,
 Which pleased him best; and Satan, who would rear
 On ruins of creation, a high throne, 280
 That o'er against the visionary Mount
 Might tower, audacious, opposite to God's.

Now on the Altar-tomb had Noah placed
 The sacred Book, to Seth by Enoch given,
 And kneeling would have prayed; but Palal then 285
 Began the wordy war. Pardon, said he,
 Intrusion out of course; but time has changed
 Old channels, and the spirit of the age,
 Would it be heard, must violate, where needs,
 Old forms and institutions, and make new, 290
 That Law grow not save of the will of all,
 Hold of existing circumstance, and fit
 Accumulated knowledge widely spread.

Men know their rights, and to assert them now—
 To will, and think, and speak as of themselves, 295
 And to appoint what rules they will obey,
 If any, and how. Well was it in old times,
 The sire should teach the son, and children learn
 From their forefathers, and believe ; but now
 Change has accrued, and sons are who might lord 300
 O'er parents, if in wisdom be the right,
 More capable to teach than they to learn.
 Then, why should they be subject, and succumb
 To authority inferior, knowledge less ?
 Herein deem not I Noah's wisdom doubt, 305
 Knowing his worth and eloquence ; but this
 I well may question, when he credit claims
 For inspiration, whereof know I nought,
 Nor may. For whence is knowledge ? From the sense.
 What we perceive by eye and ear, taste, touch, 310
 And smell, become ideas, and compose
 Reason and understanding, nor are they
 Of other objects sentient. What is deemed
 Of infinite and eternal is made up
 Of times and spaces added without end, 315
 And so some notion formed, how vague at best—
 But Noah would of other knowledge vaunt,
 Caught from some other state or world or age,
 Discerned but by the Spirit, and on faith,
 The credit of his word, to be believed— 320
 Or haply of power miraculous, whereof
 Was told me yesterday, and partly felt
 And seen, though but in part, because afar
 I stood, and saw and felt imperfectly
 At distance. Earthquake—Gulph—and Fire ! 325

Why, what's in these that Nature tells not of?
 These rumblings of the earth are ordinary,
 And without wrath may swallow whom they please ;
 Why not Methuselah ?—And for the flame,
 'Twas the volcanick blaze that ever tends 330
 On Earthquake, and announces and succeeds,
 Cherubick guardians deemed of Eden lost.
 Vain terrors ! which the light of science, seen
 In the horizon only, soon will chase—
 Like shades before the sun at morning rise. 335
 Thus futile these pretensions, others may
 Be proved, perchance, as fond ; behoves it, then,
 His claims be tested, and to all be given
 Free opportunity merit to sift,
 And chuse the wisest and the best to rule. 340
 He ended, and was followed with applause
 Unanimous.—Straight from amidst the throng
 Rose, unexpected, Samiasa then,
 And awe imposed and silence. Friends ! he cried,
 Patient I've heard, like patience shew to me. 345
 'Tis said, no inner vision hath the soul,
 But all its knowledge is derived from earth ;
 Yet 'tis confessed there is a power within,
 Which from the finite argues infinite—
 What is that power ? surely not of earth, 350
 For earthly things fail it to satisfy,
 And cannot shew the Object that it wants.
 Is then that Object nothing ? Nay, the soul
 Perceives of it impression, with that eye,
 Which, being spiritual, spiritually beholds ; 355
 As with a fleshly orb it apprehends
 Material forms, intelligently seen.

And this Idea, or creative Word,
 Reports of Law, of which the shadows be,
 By symbols, shewn in nature and the rule 360
 Of government. But its high fountain is
 Thy bosom, God ! whose Being is the Law
 Unto thy working, author to itself,
 Beginning all things for a worthy end,
 And operation limiting thereby 365
 In measure, number, weight, according to
 The counsel of thy Will, that Wisdom old,
 More antient than the hills, co-mate with thee,
 Eternal. Order hence appoints to all
 His creatures, and creation, duties fit— 370
 Celestial, natural, human or divine,
 Fatal or voluntary. Nature thus,
 To Law obedient, Being to produce,
 Generates forms to be the souls of things—
 Thus Angels love, adore, and imitate 375
 The purity, the glory, and the beauty
 Of him who placed their armies and their hosts
 In order and degree, the ministers
 Of virtue unto men ; thus men themselves,
 Aiming at goodness, covet to be like 380
 God in continuance and creation both,
 And seek to propagate, and to their works
 Give constancy and excellence like his,
 And rise by reason to the knowledge pure
 Of things, not sensible, and by the power 385
 Of will, the spirit of the mind,—of heaven.
 Knowledge and Will, whence Choice—of these discoursed
 Palal even now, and argued Noah false—
 His premises proved false, prove Noah true—

Chuse ye the good, avoid the evil now ; 390
 And to the Laws by Reason given to Man,
 For social rule and peaceful fellowship,
 And to old ordinance, old authority,
 Bow as of right, that order be not broke ;
 Knowing that intellect may not usurp 395
 On moral power, and either damage scape.

Thus ended he, and thought profound held mute
 The assembly—soon by Rumel called to hear.

—Freemen ! exclaimed the orator ; men free
 By Nature, wherefore should ye to old saws 400
 Yield, whom new prospects to new fields invite
 Of great endeavour ? at whose voice ? at his,
 Who by inheritance possessed a throne,
 And was a king, and straight must ape the god,
 And rather than the city dwelt in wild. 405
 Now from his sway released, in the same line
 Resides authority, how graced with virtue,
 Both in Azaradel and Amazarah,
 With what allegiance unto antient law,
 Or modern, well appears to all and each ; 410
 Yet little need be cared for, if it brought
 Oppression not on subjects, scourging oft
 The sins of other men, and taxing them
 For maintenance of their own. The hour is come,
 When Earth must throw off rule, and lawless Man 415
 Be as at first, self-governed, or quite free,
 Each waging his own right, or his own wrong
 Avenging, following his own desires,
 Self-arbiter of evil and of good.

At this was uproar, scarce by Noah stilled, 420

Who hardly audience found, though speaking there
 The words of the Most High. That man is free
 Who is not held in bondage of his lusts,
 No servant to corruption . . only he.
 And all must be such slaves whom law rules not, 425
 For these of Nature are, law of the Mind—
 Hence parents check their children, and forbid
 Indulgence, ruinous to health or heart ;
 Thus God, the Father of the Universe,
 Gave Law to Adam, and above the flesh 430
 Enthroned in state the spirit, nor repealed,
 Nor a jot bated its validity,
 For his transgression. Adam to his Sons
 Such government extended, how to live
 In fellowship, though violated oft, 435
 Yet ne'er annulled ; and so, from race to race,
 Each father was a king to his own house,
 And o'er the numerous households one was set
 In right of Adam's rule, hereditary
 Dominion to exhibit and enforce. 440
 Yet life was before law ; the Maker, hence,
 For Adam made provision, ere he tasked
 Obedience—and when Cain sought Naid afar,
 Natural impediment and penury
 Were first assuaged, and many arts discerned, 445
 Though but mechanical, ere he might rear
 A city and a state. Valour and wit,
 With conjoint effort, then relation fixed
 Of Right and Duty, but had to contend
 With envy, strife, contention, violence— 450
 Used both for good and evil. Heed ye now !
 The days are evil, justice is dethroned—

Fathers are scorned, and order set at nought,
 Private or social ; all it doth behove
 To take away all mutual grievances, 455
 All injuries and wrongs, and to appoint
 Public agreement, government ordain—
 Whereto yield ye submissive, and to whom
 Ye grant authority, may peace and bliss,
 And to the rest, by them be still procured.— 460
 Peace to the righteous ! to the oppressor, woe !
 Nor has the bounteous Maker left ye void
 Of supernatural aid ; but in his law,
 His written law, as rendered in this book,
 The Testament of Enoch, taught to Man 465
 The way of duty and the gate of bliss.

Thus Noah ; but loud clamour rose, and scorn
 And laughter, and opprobrium, and the cries
 Of insolent rejection—tumult soon,
 And strife and bloodshed. Veiled within a cloud, 470
 God rescued from the outrageous multitude
 His Prophet ; and rage died, its victim gone.
 —Died with the Rephaim, those giant twins,
 Who sometime smote, by Adam's sepulchre,
 Noah while preaching . . whereof hath been told. 475
 And now again the demon Brethren sought
 To smite him as he spake, but either deemed
 It honour to strike first, and for the fame
 One with the other strove, until escaped
 Their victim.—Then upon his Brother each 480
 His anger turned, wrath deadly—murtherous—
 Wrestling in contest, gladiatorial strife ;
 Emulous of victory, seeking it as balm
 To disappointment, neither wishing yet

To live thereafter, fired by frenzy so, 485
 As if such loss bore no surviving, or,
 After such gain, life worthless were and stale.
 High skill they shewed in combat, to assault
 Or to defend, both equal, both unmatched
 By any else, right artists in their kind, 490
 Of all acknowledged, theme of saw and song.
 Long time was either by the other held
 At bay—their weapons clashed, but to protect
 And not to wound—until at length—at length—
 Dagger of each was close at heart of each, 495
 Mutually crossed—then each in other's face
 Looked and laughed loud—and, as they laughed, they
 plunged
 The poniards in—laughed as they plunged them in—
 And laughing drew them out, and, as they fell
 Backward, laughed dying; laughing, so they died 500
 In ecstasy, both victors, both death-crowned.
 —Thus died the Born of Spirit and of Flesh,
 Apostate Spirit, (not apostate, guilt
 Had then been none,) and thus on earth were they
 Demons as giants, evil energies 505
 In strength incarnate; errors masculine
 Enshrined in clouds, yet not of Glory named,
 But Hades—dark, oppressive and corrupt,
 Luring o'er earth, in battailous array,
 Contending, bursting, falling but to bruise. 510
 Thus died they, and more terrible the laugh,
 That, from the hell-mouth of their gushing heart,
 In that death-transport brake, than were the fiends
 To mock a mourner from some cave's deep rift—
 Soft-hearted mourner for a doomed world, 515

With exultation of the coming wreck,
 Greedy of ruin, angels of mischance ;
 More terrible, and more oracular.

III.

Delivered from rude force, and from the cloud
 Discovered, Noah found himself alone. 520
 With Elihu—Thus saith the Eternal—(thus
 Spake Elihu)—thus saith to Noah now,
 Even by me. Come thou, and all thy house
 Into the Ark, for righteous thee have I
 Before me in this generation seen. 525
 Of every clean beast take thou unto thee
 By sevens, male and female ; and of beasts
 That are not clean by two, these likewise male
 And female ; to keep seed alive upon
 The face of all the earth. For yet seven days, 530
 And it I'll cause to rain upon the earth—
 Days forty and nights forty shall it rain ;
 And every living substance I have made
 Will I destroy from off the face of earth.
 He said, and Noah followed then his steps 535
 Into the Vale of Adam, where yet Ham
 Abode, with the creation animal.
 Anon, forth of that wilderness they came,
 With the inferior creatures, toward the Ark—
 The fierce and gentle, and the wild and tame— 540
 With the carnivorous, and those that feed
 On herbs and grasses, both of birds and beasts,
 Insects and reptiles. First the Quadrupeds
 Came in procession . . all that nurture well
 Their offspring at the breast, resembling thus, 545

In structure and in organs, humankind.
 The furred and maned preceded ; lords of all,
 The Lion yellow-maned, majestick brute,
 Noble of gesture, regal in his gait,
 Came, with the queenly Lioness, ahead 550
 Of the innumerable throng, in pairs—
 Conscious of great occasion, proudly shewn :
 The lynx-like Caracal, but without spots,
 More fierce and savage both of mien and mind ;
 Carnivorous, but weak, and following slow 555
 The Lion, on the fragments ever he
 Of his right-royal banquet safely preys :
 The Panther and the Jaguar, beautiful
 And mighty : the ferocious Ocelot :
 The Race Feline, sagacious—fiercest, wildest 560
 Of all the fierce and wild, past, with their prey
 At peace, in tenderest fellowship and love.
 Nor was the Mouse, mean creature, yet full oft
 Graced with no little elegance of shape,
 And striped colour, absent ; noxious though 565
 To housewife and to husbandman provoked—
 The cautious Mouse, freebooter mild, yet loathed,
 Though not unamiable ; such the force
 Of honest prejudice, no beauty atones
 For depredation ; none the robber loves. 570
 The Rats too, black or brown, both bold and fierce,
 The granary, barn, and storehouse to assail,
 Unnatural, that on each other prey,
 Cains of the inferior creatures ; and next came
 The fox-like Jackalls, hunting in their pack, 575
 Full crying for the chase, a howl so loud,
 The forest nobles rouse them at the noise,

And waken at the signal, apt to seize
The timid creatures flying from the yell.

Then came the Race Canine : the Wolf-Dog first ;
An intellectual race, docile and true ;
And that Hare-Indian named, a slender sort,
But graceful, and, with light foot, capable
To run unsinking o'er the crusted snow,
In chase of Moose or Reindeer ; with the friend 585
Of northern hunters, bold and patient still—

In every nation is the Dog the friend
Of Man, and numberless of breeds as he :
The Bull-Dog, and the Mastiff, and the kind
Who faithful watch their absent masters' wives 590

Left in their mountain-home, to strangers fierce
Inimical : The generous graceful Horse—
The Ass, poetick brute, and dignified
With great associations, patient, still,
And humble ; free of spirit yet, and dull 595

Then only when enslaved ; and tractable
In servitude, then only obstinate
When man's a tyrant, cruel and severe :
The striped Zebra, wild and beautiful,
With skin most glossy smooth, with white and brown,
Varied the male, with black the female streaked :
The Musk-Deer, and the Fallow, and that One
Since found in Ind, the Axis, on the banks
Of Ganges numerous : Tender-eyed Gazelle,
Elastic Deer, light-bounding on the hills, 605

All these, and more, came trooping of the race
Clothed with soft hair, in meet abundance given,
According to the clime, separate in most,
In some united into prickly spines ;

—Witness the snake-fed Urchin, that even here 610
 Into a prickly circle self-involved,
 Is girt with spinous armour for defence,
 And the quill-armed uneasy Porcupine,
 Hystrix and the Arboreal, loving spring,
 With the fasciculated, fretful all ; 615
 Raising its spires irate, and stamping earth
 In its defensive armour swelling big ;—
 But flattened on the Manis into sharp
 And pointed scales, and to a shelly coat
 Upon the Armadillo, strong of claw. 620
 Nor are the bearded and the whiskered tribe
 Here wanting, bristly race—the Ape and Goat—
 The bearded Goat came with the beardless Sheep,
 Unhorned and horned, clad or with wool or hair,
 A various race and gentle; with the Lamb, 625
 Sacred for worship, innocent as love
 Or hope in infancy, and without spot,
 Meek creature, blameless martyr, man to save—
 The Buffalo and Bison, larger Ox,
 Of forehead broad and high, with withers huge, 630
 Shaggy with hair, a black and woolly mane,
 Short-horned, brief-tailed, short-legged and muscular—
 The Wild Ox and the Zebu, and the Yak,
 The Musk Ox, horned race and ruminant,
 Dew-lapped, robust, yet elegant of form— 635
 The Aurochs, and the Arni. Mild the Cow,
 Domestick useful, yielding of her milk
 For human needs. Man's burthens bears full oft
 The serviceable Ox, and for Man's food
 Treads out the corn; ungrateful he who seeks 640
 The brute to muzzle, to such labour tasked.

—Callous of breast and knee, the timid Hares
 Come leaping ; and the Camels, desert born,
 And in the desert faithful friends of man :
 As long he travels o'er the unbounded waste, 645
 His water-cruise and scrip half spent and gone ;
 His burthen-bearers through the lonely wilds ;
 —O grief ! though by the pang of thirst constrained
 To slay the loved companion of such toils,
 For the refreshing stream by nature kept 650
 In wallet at the stomach provident !—
 And Llamas ruminant, yet with the hoof
 Unparted, like the Camel, and like him
 Provided against thirst with water pouch,
 Unhorned too, long necked and small of head, 655
 Mobile of lip, the upper, and straight backed,
 A rampant race, for precipices formed
 To scale and to descend, wild, bright of eye.
 The Otter, found by river and by lake ;
 A skilful fisher, for the finny spoil 660
 Avid, and fierce, and nourished by such food ;
 Or by the sea, a bright and beauteous thing,
 Of polished black, or silvery white of hue ;
 Parental love its passion, pining oft
 To death for loss of offspring, on the spot 665
 Whence it was taken dying :—small the tribe
 With it came on : But larger followed now—
 The tusked Hippopotamus, uncouth
 And heavy—slow on land, but in the flood,
 Bold, active, skilful to attack and sink 670
 Boats on the river, perilous to man ;
 But not the Deluge might his race survive,
 Save in the pair that enter now the Ark :

The Sea-Horse, living both on sea and land,
On icy island and in ocean cave ; 675
And Seal, inhabitant of caves and coasts
By the sea side—a roamer of the deep ;
Yet them had Deluge utterly destroyed
If not protected thus from its dread swoop.
In fellowship and friendship with their Prey, 680
Walked the Devourers the smooth plain along,
And up the sacred hill, into the Ark,
Appointed for their rescue by high Heaven.
Then followed the Oviparous broods, egg-sprung—
Solicitude parental needed not ; 685
Of life tenacious—cold, and stern, and harsh,
Of blood, and face and voice, yet mild of deed
And disposition—dwellers by the sea,
Or in it, rivers and their banks---the marsh---
The pool---the lovers of the wet and moist ; 690
The Tortoise, Lizard, and the Crocodile.
Nor fierce nor cruel, see the Crocodile,
With mouth beyond its ears, enormous gasp,
Fearful with lipless teeth, with fiery eyes,
Like to the burnished eyelids of the morn, 695
As if in rage lit up, beneath a brow
Wrinkled in frowns for ever, terrible ;
Proud of his scales which close him as a seal,
So near together, air scarce intervenes ;
Sporting along the deep, beneath him boil 700
The waves like to a cauldron, and the sea
Froths as with unguents, while his brilliant path
Makes hoary the great waters, wrought with foam.
Yet need it was that from the Deluge storm
He should be rescued, though devoid of fear, 705

Created to look down exalted things,
 And hold high rule—a monarch over all
 Children of Pride, who misesteem of God.
 A sympathetick race, by hunger wrought
 Only to fury ; now he glides, in peace, 710
 To refuge from such storm as even he
 Might not escape. With him the Lizard race
 Came on, both emerald and of golden hue ;
 The changeable Chamelion—nor declined
 The pleasing Basilisk or Little King ; 715
 Whose crown erect and agitated crest,
 Speak satisfaction, while with motion light
 Light various coloured from its polished scales
 It glances and reflects ; to join the train.

The Serpent tribe succeed—nor feet nor wings 720
 To them belong, yet nimble as a shaft
 Shot from a hunter's bow, they move along
 Upon the summits of the highest trees,
 And round their trunks and branches as they come,
 Twisting and then untwisting flexibly, 725
 In rapid sportiveness—of every size
 And thickness, but all scaled, yet in the head
 A vulnerable race ; elastick, strong,
 And brilliant both of frame and hue. Here is
 The Serpent of the Sea—the Viper, green 730
 And yellow, with the Boa and the Snake.

The Insects and the Worms—the winged Flies,
 Gaudy of hues and varied in their forms,
 Swarm in the sunlight, and, as of themselves,
 Do make a brilliant atmosphere of flowers, 735
 In noiseless motion, the soul's images ;
 Ants, Bees, and Beetles, Spiders, Wasps, and Gnats,

Not mean, though small, in will as free as gods—
Some luminous with light of life, brief tribe,
In the shut Ark lit up their faery lamps, 740
Stars of its night, and made it like a heaven,
Beautiful Insects, living but to shine !

The Sloths were there—tree climbers—those not
saved,

Were glad at first to hear the tempest storm,
And quickened with new life ; the winds might blow,
The strong trees bow—the branches did but wave
And meet to form a pathway for their march—
Till the wild rain subdued them, and o'ertopped
The forests and the mountains. Saved in vain
The Megatherium and the Mastodon— 750
The Mammoth huge, yet by the Flood o'erthrown ;
Hence found in barren tracts, in sand and ice.
The traveller to the Frozen Ocean bent,
Shall pass o'er mountains high, through valleys deep,
Guided by tiny brooks, and arid plains, 755
Where not a shrub appears ; last to the gulf
Shall come, and in the crystal mass detect
Carcase of Walrus—and soon after trace
The giant Mammoth through the melting ice ;
Till, at the length, the plane of its support, 760
Inclining, let it fall, by its own weight,
Upon a bank of sand—for ages lost,
Discovered only then, perhaps there laid
Embedded since the Deluge which I sing.

Then came the Birds that fly, perch, walk, or swim :
For each hath on the globe its proper site.
Highest in air the Birds of Prey upsoar,

On trees the Insessorial station hold,
 Midway 'twixt air and earth ; on earth itself
 The Gallinaceous tribes nest, feed, and walk, 770
 Their wings for flight unsuited ; fens among
 And marshes, haunt the Waders ; and on brook
 And lake and river float the Swimmer race :
 All these are here ; for even the ocean brood
 Flood would destroy, and shipwreck of a world. 775
 All these, according to their several kinds,
 Their classes, orders, and their families.

The Condor, and the Vulture Californ,
 Both large of bulk, one caruncled of beak,
 And void of comb, but both with ruff of down, 780
 Female and male, about the neck ornate.
 Dwellers in air upon the peak of snow ;
 Nor from such height descending save brought down
 By hunger, when with beak and talons they
 Subdue their victim, then to banquet fall, 785
 Till gorged, their wings avail not for the flight,
 Then on them comes the hunter, and with ease,
 Surprising with the lasso, them secures.

The Caracalla, darkly beautiful,
 And dignified of walk, inhabitant 790
 Of tree and bush, and preying upon all ;
 Also the Vulturine, of attitude
 Erect, like eagles, in their prime of pride.

The gorgeous Harpy, short of wing, robust
 Of leg, and strong of beak and talons curved, 795
 To prey on larger kinds, a crested bird,
 Imperial but ferocious, sternly wild,
 Boldly destructive, fearing not or man
 Or beast ; but rare, else with tremendous power

'Twould rule alone—even as it loves to live, 800
Far in the solitary depth and gloom
Of thickest forests, perched on tree aloft,
In voiceless and in motionless repose—
Sans rival, or sans subject, species sole.

The Owl—the snowy Owl—nocturnal bird, 805

Untufted, small of ear, and large of eye ;
Hairy of leg even to the very claw—
Of plumage soft, close, thick ; meet armour warm
For arctick region, burying even the beak
Within the feathery disks—the Eagle-Owl, 810

Plumed of head, with beak and back and leg—
Covered with plumage, sable-fawn of hue—
Singular bird, and lover of the dark,
By day in dusk and solitary place
Retires he, waiting twilight, silent perched, 815

In all the unconscious gravity of sleep,
The type of Wisdom ; him thus sadly set
The smaller birds attack, in hate or sport,
With wanton insult ; teased, but not awaked,
About his dusk retreat the dreaming Owl 820

Shuffles from spot to spot, or standing fixed,
His plumage ruffles, changes attitude,
Grotesque display ; meanwhile his opening eyes,
And shutting, mirth provoke, yet then his beak,
Hissing or clattering, would premonish well 825

Of wrath reserved for sunset, when, with eye
And ear capacious to detect slight sound
Of rustling leaf or herbage, he wings forth
On the poor bird retiring to its nest,
Or tiny creature to its burrow bound— 830
Stern and terrifick, in the wilderness,

His sudden shout by moonlight, to the lone
 Traveller benighted there, from slumber roused,
 Startled with screams, suppressed and suffocate.
 Of humbler grade the Barn-Owl, friend of man, 835
 Defence of cornfield and of granary
 From rodent swarms—but now in mutual peace
 With their small prey ;—and these even with the Fowl
 The farmer would protect, come on in groups
 Associate, nor unaccompanied 840
 With household feelings to the poet dear.

The Linnet and the Finch, and chief that One
 Gorgeous of lengthened tail, and bright of hue—
 The Starling, Hornbill, and the Humming-Bird—
 The Blackbird, and the Crows, with bill prolonged ;
 The Toucan, broad as well—a feathered sylph ;
 The Cockatoos, with rose crest falling back,
 Or sulphur upward curved, of plumage white ;
 And the Macaws, all hues ; the Parrot tribe
 Magnificent, Bird-Monkies, but with voice 850
 Human sometimes, in mockery of speech :
 The Meleagris beautifully wild,
 Increasing in its splendour with its years—
 Strutting it came, obstreperous in pomp,
 Of self-importance full. The gorgeous Fowl, 855
 Whose plumage in a tropick sun is as
 An orb of many colours, and his crest
 A jewellery tiara, blue and green,
 Crowning the gracefulest of crowned heads—
 The Bird of Gold, with long and arched tail, 860
 Varied with scarlet, white, and dusky brown,
 A princely bird ; the Silver Pheasant too,
 A hardier race, though elegant of form,

And hue and attitude ; also the kind
 With ring-encircled neck. With them came on 865
 The Crested Partridge, the Raloul and Grouse,
 With Tinamous, and Francolins, and Quails,
 A graceful brood and various. There too were
 The Plaintive Turtles, of Love's Queen loved Birds—
 Aye-coupled, ever-wooing, ever wed ; 870
 Heard in the season of that pleasant time,
 When the birds sing, and flowers appear on earth,
 And puts the fig-tree forth her verdant figs,
 And with the tender grape the vines are fragrant,
 The winter past, the rain all gone and over : 875
 The Pigeon, bearer of the word of man,
 Epistolary, through the air afar,
 And specially renowned for all who love
 The story of the Deluge, as 'twas sung
 By Moses, the great poet, skilled in lore 880
 Of Egypt, leader thence of Israel
 Through Sea and Cloud unto the promised land.
 Thrice Noah sent the Pigeon from the Ark
 He enters now ; the second time she found
 Rest for her sole ; but to the Patriarch brought 885
 The branch of olive back—then Noah knew
 The waters were abated from the earth ;
 Hence seven days after, when he let her free,
 No more returned, she made the air her home.
 The scarlet Ibis, mythologick bird, 890
 And sacred, with its slender long-arched bill
 And scaled legs, and plumage brilliant, walked,
 Inviting worship by its stateliness :
 The Anser, whose migrations shall invade
 The silent desolation of the pole, 895

Countries unknown, by icy barriers shut
 From human vision ; with the queenly Swan,
 Pure white and sable both, and tame and wild ;
 And Cereopsis, and the humbler Duck,
 Yet beautiful full oft, with hues of green 900
 And violet and brown, with ornament
 Of crescent, and of undulating lines,
 Embellished on the neck and breasts and cheeks.
 Birds of all climes—both of the East and West—
 Of England, native land ! Birds of the air 905
 I breathe ! sweet are ye, and I raise, like you,
 Both morn and even, hallelujahs high,
 That ye found rescue once, and were restored
 To hymn the Highest, in the ear of man,
 Singing your guileless loves, from death redeemed. 910
 Dear birds of England, of her woods and groves,
 Her fields and running rivers, hills and vales,
 Streamlets and brooks ! The Blackbird, largest kind,
 Of all thy Birds of Song, my native land !
 Whose notes are out before the leaves, and woo 915
 His partner to embraces, ere the frost
 Has melted from the fields, and boasts his young
 Even in the March-wind's eye. The Song Thrush next,
 No summer bird alone, he winter charms—
 The Missel-Bird, the Red-wing, and that One 920
 Who builds on heaths ;—the Starling, hardy tribe ;
 The docile Bullfinch ; both of human words
 Articulant—the Goldfinch, gay of hue—
 The lavish Chaffinch, and the Greenfinch strong—
 The Linnet sweet and curious in his lay, 925
 The Twite, a sojourner, all mirth and glee,
 The Sky-Lark, who builds deepest, highest soars,

And sings as he upward flies—The Wood-Lark too,
 The rival of the Nightingale—and thou,
 O Nightingale! wert there, whom, as a type 930
 Of my sage theme, these epick numbers oft
 Have honourably mentioned—thou wert too
 Saved in the Ark, and with the Wood-Lark triedst
 Thy skill, while Noah listened and his Sons,
 And Chavah and her Daughters, to the strife; 935
 The Titlark, finely feathered, and the free
 Redbreast, familiar, shrill of melody;
 The Redpole, winter race and emigrant;
 The small Redstart and shy; the common Wren,
 A tiny minstrel, high and bold of song; 940
 The Yellow-Hammer, and the Reed-Sparrow;
 And he who haunts the hedges, and the Bird
 That comes in barley-seed-time, and departs
 In Spring—brief visitant unto the land
 I love, even like this song of mine, which now 945
 The present for the past must quit again,
 And England leave for Eden.

Thus into

The Ark were entered Bird and Beast; nor lacked
 The Phœnix, bird of ages; nor, I ween
 That wonderous Hippogriff, whom antient fame 950
 Spake near the sources of the ocean born,
 Straight leaving earth for heaven, or on the mount
 Dwelling, he smote with his impatient foot,
 And raised the Hippocrene; thereafter he,
 Bellerophon cast off, soared to the skies, 955
 By Jove among the constellations placed.
 Well ween I the poetick animal
 Staid not behind, but in the mystick Ark,

Bare heavenly Fancies on his winged back,
 Divinely moving to the sound of song ; 960
 A sacred courser, taught there, and preserved
 For such, among the future race of men,
 As with ambitious soul would visit heaven,
 And bring therefrom celestial airs to earth,
 For human voices to repeat enrapt. 965
 And while the heart of man was thus poured forth,
 Spirit divine upon the Cherubim
 Descended glorious, and his mind became
 The chariot of its God. And so was sung,
 Not uninspired, the harmony which kept 970
 The kinds now reconciled in bands of love,
 Link joined on link, throughout the wonderous chain
 Of regular gradation, shading oft
 Resemblance into difference, multitudes,
 And tribes of animals, diverse of shape, 975
 But beauteous all to the instructed eye ;
 Nor was forgotten that prophetick time,
 When Eden's peace shall reign once more on earth,
 And the meek Lamb with the fierce Wolf repose,
 The Lion and the Leopard and the Kid ; 980
 —But still the dust shall be the Serpent's meat.
 Straight from the wilderness, whence hand divine
 Led Man to Eden, and along the Vale
 Of Armon, and across the common plain,
 Even to the Mount of Paradise, defiled 985
 The Living Circle, infinite degrees—
 From the most perfect of all animals,
 The articulated, sensible of nerve---
 Strong, persevering, swift, and diligent,
 Docile, long-living, various in pursuit--- 990

Sanguinous air set ends—to such as are
 But as self-moving pillars, whose lowest groups
 Pass to the vegetable kinds, immersed
 In mass insentient. Hence, into itself
 The living circle upward ave returns— 995
 While-dimmed more compact of scattered parts,
 Threaded with nerves together, gifted but
 To taste—to touch—to see : and the clothed tribes
 Who, having no distinction in the sense,
 Breathe yet, and commingled a nervous mass, 1000
 And breathe the blood : define the groups
 Of vegetable life, that bodily
 Connects the inferior Animal with Man.
 Such was the long array—a throng so huge,
 That, passing from yon Acre to the Ark, 1005
 Where they were safely stalled, from morn to eve,
 From earliest morn to latest eve, seven days
 They took in their progression. Such the time
 Was granted, that the wicked might be warned,
 Even on the eve of Judgement, if they would. 1010
 —And now the inferior creatures all have passed
 Into the place of refuge—but proud man
 Seeks none in his repentance, doomed to die.
 And thus within the Ark was furnished all ;
 Not only ranged the race of animals, 1015
 According to their kinds, but Enoch's Book
 Had them deposited, rightly preserved
 For the instruction of the World restored ;
 And Jupiter of his art the workmanship
 Contributed, for ornament, those forms 1020
 Propagated by his God-directed hand
 Sculptured —Sage Bruma, of the mystick line

Of Magog, who Japetan energy
 Inherited, and over Asia
 Carried successful arms, and over Ind 1025
 Diffused the arts ; of doctrine author he
 Braminical, and Scythian creeds, and rites
 Of wise mythology o'er Egypt spread,
 Phoenicia, Greece, and Asian continent ;
 That group symbolick too which shewed the Roman,
 Brave son of Japhet's race, victorious o'er
 The servile seed of Canaan, realm of slaves ;
 Their petty princes, from the earliest time,
 The tributary vassals of the land
 And monarchy of old Assyria, 1035
 From Ashur sprung, the second son of Shem.
 In later ages, fled the Canaanite
 From Joshua's conquering arms ; the remnant left,
 Expelled by David, were in Africa
 Found of the she-wolf's foundlings, vanquished soon,
 And to their sway subdued. There too was he,
 The Victor of the East, great Alexander,
 Who made encroachment on the lines of Shem—
 By Aristotle taught, the sage on whom
 Thy mantle, Plato ! fell, but worn reversed. 1045
 Yet peaceful meaning had the oracle,
 No less than warlike, by its prophecy
 Of Japhet's dwelling in the tents of Shem.
 This Portugal, this England, Holland, France
 May witness ; Japhet's race, part settled now 1050
 In Ind, and bringing there to realms once dark
 The light of Truth. And Commerce vouches too
 The passage by the Cape to orient climes,
 And by thy straits, Magellan ! Crowning all,

The figure of MESSIAH, central form, 1055
 Gave meaning to the statues, and the Ark
 Made radiant with the glory of his brow—
 But all were beautiful, and when released
 From that their place of refuge, and beheld
 By the new world, with admiration smote 1060
 Hearts, who their meaning understood but ill,
 And bent to worship blind religious zeal,
 That soon to mere idolatry declined.
 —So in abuse corrupt the best of things,
 Their origin forgotten, and, abased, 1065
 Conduce to foreign ends and evil aims.

IV.

Thus Noah's work was done. Wearied with toil,
 At the down-going of the seventh eve,
 Deep sleep fell upon Noah, as he lay
 Within a tent, preserving duteous watch 1070
 About the appointed Ark. Even as grew
 The Prophet's frame insentient, all the more
 His inner sight was opened, and his soul
 Had vision of high heaven. 'Twas noon of night,
 The Sun was absent, but the Moon shone out 1075
 And ay the world of Stars. From orb to orb,
 Was singing heard in answering echo-hymns.
 One to another, in his hearing, called
 The Watchers, to make ready, for the Thrones
 Were planted, and their witness in the court 1080
 Was summoned, to be rendered when the Judge,
 Antient of Days, should sit. Straightway the floor
 Divided in the midst, and Noah's eye

Pierced upward—or his liberated soul
Soared thither—up he soared, and soared until 1085
He saw celestial palace opened wide,
Both walled and paved with crystal stones, on ground
Of crystal, and the roof flashed sparkling down,
And in a sky of water floated there
Seraphick ardours, and about the walls 1090
Burned flame, and blazed its portal all with fire—
Alternate heat of fire and cold of ice
Amazed with fear who entered. On and on,
Trembling with terrour, the winged Patriarch sped,
And to more spacious habitation still 1095
Arrived, with tongues of fire surrounded, each
Vocal, like storms so loud, with words of zeal,
In praise and prayer—a glorious place, and vast,
Majestick and magnificent, and bright,
Excelling all report of magnitude 1100
And splendour—fiery, floor and wall and roof,
Lightning and star-light interpenetrant,
With ceiling and with pavement all ablaze.
He dazzled looked, and saw a great white Throne
And Him who sate thereon, Antient of Days, 1105
In garment white as snow, and of his head
The hair was purest white. So was his Throne
The fiery flame white in its purity,
A living throne by Cherubim up-borne,
Wheeling self-moved in orbs of burning fire; 1110
And from before him issued fiery streams,
And from beneath the effulgent Throne of Life,
Rivers of flame impetuous gushed and foamed,
And from too near approach warned off, and kept,
With voice of hymn and anthem, song and psalm, 1115

The thousand thousands ministering to him ;
 Yea, myriads of myriads stood there,
 In the full presence of his Majesty,
 With veils upon their faces, for the light
 More mighty than the sun, more white than snow.

And Noah saw two Books—two sealed Books,
 And they were opened, and another Book—
 The Book of Life—the Dead, both small and great
 In terrour watched their opening ; for the Sea
 Gave up her dead, and Death and Hades both 1125
 Delivered up their dead—and all were there.

So sate the Judge, for grand assize prepared,
 And at his side was One to minister,
 Whom, but for the great glory of his face,
 That dazzled even prophetick dreamer's eye, 1130
 Noah had deemed was very Elihu—
 But now in doubt, for even the Lord of Doom,
 Antient of Days, himself like semblance cast
 From the bright radiance ; but it came in rays,
 And those so keen, no sight could scrutiny 1135
 Aspect of person whence such emanate,
 And bring report of likeness sure. Nought sure
 Was there and then, but that great Doom approached,
 Nay, was then sitting ; and the midst One was
 The Angel of the Judgement. On his left, 1140
 Stood the strong form of Death, a seraph armed,
 With brow severe—the form of Death and Time ;
 Not like the Spectre on the Pale Horse, seen
 By Japhet in his vision, but more like
 The Archangel who foretold the coming Doom 1145
 To Noah, from the rainbow, standing on
 The earth and on the sea. He gazed again,

And even from him the face of Elihu,
 Only less gracious, sterner, and in frowns,
 Looked out. In front of the mysterious Three, 1150
 (Like those who once partook of Noah's board,
 Travellers and guests, yet glorious now as gods,)
 The Accusers---Satan and Azazel---stood.

Then said the Antient One. I have looked on earth;
 Flesh wholly hath its way corrupted there— 1155
 And now the End of all before me comes—
 Yet fit that each Accuser first be heard,
 And Witnesses, that Mercy may find hope
 Of palliation, rescue and redeem.

Hereat rose Satan, and, behold, to him 1160
 A Roll came flying, a huge Volume; swift
 It came, and darkened where it flew. Soon seized,
 The Fiend unfolded and displayed its breadth
 And length—and then exclaimed, Behold! behold!
 The Book of Curses! On this side and that, 1165
 Writ are transgressions manifold---all crimes
 By all have been committed on the earth;
 Even at his hearth whom thou hast favoured so,
 Sin, well thou knowest, is found. In every house,
 This Roll should enter and remain and burn--- 1170
 That were the fitting end---a flood of fire!
 Utterly to consume, and not of water,
 Only to cleanse, and that but outwardly---
 The Doom of Fire, let it come on the World!

This said, from midst the Throne a Voice commanded,
 To give the Roll of Accusation up;
 Right willingly obeyed. Azazel next
 Was loud in menace. Wherefore Fire alone?

Why not Annihilation ? Why should Fire
 Be ? Let the Elements dissolve---for all 1180
 Is evil---Wherefore Nothing not ?

To be,

It was replied, is good ; and not to be
 Nor good nor evil. What I make is good.
 Where are the Witnesses ?

Then slow approached,

By Michael and by Phanuel on each side 1185
 Supported, the decrepit, withered form
 Of melancholy Earth. In tears she came,
 Before the Judge and wept—and only wept—
 Words found no way—tears only—only tears.
 So she retired ; those twain first having said : 1190
 Our words are written in the Opened Books,
 Whence judged are all the dead, according to
 The things which there are written, and the works
 That they have done. Well-speed the Book of Life !

Then followed all the Planets and the Stars, 1195
 With the bright Moon herself, and testified
 Of worship---and the Night also came on ;
 She too had votaries, but no worshippers,
 Atheists, who doubted of her being even,
 Whose badge they wore, and, haply, of their own. 1200
 Then came the Orb of Ocean, like a wheel
 Instinct with life, cherubick, and his globe,
 Else watery pure, was dotted o'er with blood---
 Blood shed in war unrighteous, robbery
 And murder, and the trade in human flesh, 1205
 To slavery forced or sold, no terms premised
 Of mutual good, protection, or what else
 For service should be rendered. Next appeared

The Heavens and the full Air ; for they had heard
 Wails, sighs, and curses sore---the hired Man 1210
 Had toiled but for the wind, and with the east
 His belly had been filled ; and 'mong the poor
 The Labourer was numbered---wife and child
 Sobbed loud, and loud in execration shrieked ;
 Whence the sad Airs had borne, upon their wings,
 Their lamentations to the ear of God :
 For all are Angels, and can sympathize
 With human sorrow, sacred Messengers,
 Appointed Ministers of will divine,
 Spirits, both felt and feeling. And the Seas 1220
 And Heavens have potent Spirits ; and the Moon,
 The Stars and Clouds ; Thunder and Lightning, too ;
 And Angels dwell in Frost, and rule in Hail ;
 Snow hath a Spirit, solitary he,
 And vapourous ; Mist, also, gorgeous still, 1225
 Summer or winter, or by day or night---
 The glittering Dews, and the baptizing Rain !
 These rose before the Judge, and with them rose
 The Spirit of the Deep, and witness bore,
 That he into his bosom had received 1230
 Methuselah, descending through the earth,
 By earthquake ; and, according to his charge,
 Had broken up the Fountains of the Abyss,
 And one revealed to air, upboiling thus
 And visible, impatient to expect 1235
 Heaven's Windows opening, and their Spirits thence
 Co-operant descending. Nature next,
 Complained of outrage, not in groves and glens,
 But violation in the heart and flesh
 Of reprobated man ; and after her 1240

Came Hherem, and reported sensual crimes,
 Akin to brute, and worse. Dim Hades last,
 And Hell, presented from their storehouse, Wrongs,
 And ghosts of Misery, and shades of Guilt,
 Madness and Apathy and Fear and Wo; 1245
 And worst the evil Tongue and evil Heart;
 Malice and Envy, and licentious Thoughts,
 And passions, Love and Lust, Horrou and Hope,
 Fancy and Understanding, Reason too,
 Gone wild in speculation, and in act 1250
 Lost in the sense, and Sense itself, and Sin
 And Death—a multitude of phantasies
 Thronging—and Plagues substantial—Famine real,
 Spiritual Famine, hunger of the soul,
 And of the heart, and Thirst—eternal Thirst— 1255
 And Will perverse, Perdition, and blind Hate,
 Anarchy, Chaos, and the Second Death.

There was the world's first martyr, Abel; nor
 Was absent Cain his brother. Him had God
 Repentance granted, blest him to become 1260
 The Father of a People, and to found
 Arts and a city, polities and arms;
 Defective, yet the best imperfect man,
 Heroick though and virtuous, might achieve.
 Then Cain bowed down his face before the Throne,
 Unconscious yet of transit from the Deep—
 If yet such was, whereof I cannot tell—
 Exclaiming thus—And has my Lord come down
 To Hades, seeking him he lost? Thy face
 To me is turned again, whom long I've known 1270
 The reconciled, since to my carnal heart
 That sign miraculous was once vouchsafed.

I do confess my sin, and will repeat
 Thy mercies in the hearing of the ear
 Of the great congregation. Of old time 1275
 Thou broughtst to me thy Sister and thy Bride,
 Eternal Wisdom, that in hours of toil,
 I might with her be solaced, whose delights
 Were with the sons of Adam. Often she
 Met me when at my work, and from the ground 1280
 Allured my upward gaze, and taught me how
 To sweeten labour, by deriving thence
 Knowledge and prescience, whether of the soil,
 Or of the seasons, moving so my heart
 To piety and worship of the heavens. 1285
 With Abel she disported too, and drew
 The Veil from the Invisible for him;
 Hence he had visions often wished by me,
 Produce of leisure, such as I desired,
 Yet wanted faith to win, mid earthly cares, 1290
 And habits firmly fixed; yet ne'ertheless
 Would thoughts grow on my mind, erroneous thoughts;
 Of God in anger, who had doomed the ground,
 To task the sweat of man, and sacrifice
 Demanded, knowing not the spotless Lamb 1295
 Was an accepted body, purified
 Of appetites and lusts, and consecrate
 To truth, in danger and in death devote.
 Then came to me a Form like to thy own,
 Sterner, but beautiful—a Fury, clad 1300
 In radiance of angelick loveliness,
 And words of wisdom spake and knowledge deep,
 And argument sublime, of all that Death
 Should teach the soul—O fool! who then forgot

With Life dwells Wisdom, with true Being Truth ;
All else illusion, unsubstantial, vain.
How then he led me into Hades' realms,
Avoiding yet this better Paradise,
And what he shewed me there of phantoms fond
Brood of the idle brain, thou knowest well, 1310
Nor would it profit to repeat at large
Void fancies—dreamy lies. Thus then, seduced
From Wisdom in my anger, I returned ;
And in the Fury wrath enslaved me to,
My brother smote—and perished. Hence from me
Men learned to slay the Brethren, (all are such,)
In duel or in war ; till needs at length
A flood of waters stay the flood of crime.
Meantime old Wisdom parted from the world,
And here awaited thee, thy Sister Bride ; 1320
Whom late I found again, when, Angel-met,
I left my wearied flesh, as travelling home
From Adam's burial in too deep despair,
And gained what ne'er I hoped—a home indeed !
Whereto the Antient One. In three-fold wise, 1325
And three-fold dispensation, hath the Age,
Now consummate, made manifest the Truth
Whereof I am the Life. Thus He who spurned
At prohibition, that he might approve
Knowledge of evil, was from Eden sent ; 1330
And Cain, transgressing, was exiled to Naid ;
And sons of God, betrayed by carnal love,
Daughters of Men in marriage who conjoined,
Accumulating guilt, shall earth cast out
To Hades, first baptized within the waves 1335
Of utter Deluge, where-above shall soar

The Ark, expectant of the World Restored.

Only not there was Uriel. And it seemed
 To Noah in his Vision, Satan rose,
 And spake in taunting wise. Of man was I, 1340
 He said, the Watcher, and Ambition hurled
 Me from my former place, my archial seat.
 Sure, He who rules the day may rather brood
 High thoughts, conceiving like emprise, more like
 To prosper. Be it given me to tempt 1345
 The Seraph, I would prove his faith perverse.

Straight Word returned to him, A lie is in
 Thy mouth, and be the Seraph's faith approved.

So Satan on his mission passed away ;
 And, in his place, came on a Spirit stern, 1350
 Over the seven celestial Cataracts
 Prime Watcher. The dread Angel of the Deep—
 Exclaimed he—cries, for answer to my sphere ;
 How long ? how long ? Hereat the Souls of Men,
 Complaining of oppression when on earth, 1355
 Took up the cry—How long ? O Lord ! how long ?
 Speed justice, God of gods, and King of kings !
 Avenge our blood, the blood that still is shed
 Of righteous men—haste, Lord ! let judgement haste !

Then rose the Antient One, who made the days,
 The Eternal of the ages, terrible
 In indignation, terrible in wrath.
 —Have I not sworn ? and cometh not even now
 The Seraph of the hairy Star, whose course
 The dispensation of the time completes, 1365
 Of Uriel now expected, with his Orb,
 And the round Moon's, in dread conjunction met,

Whence Deluge shall descend ? For he hath heard
The Almighty Oath whereby the heavens were hung,
Ere the worlds were that orb the eternal depth— 1370
And the firm earth was founded on the flood,
And from the secret fountains of the hills,
Rivers, from time's beginning to his end,
Issued in ceaseless motion, and flow on,
For ever and for ever. By its power, 1375
The sea, and his deep bed, were formed, and fixed
The limitary sands that should restrain
His fury, and therefrom the great abyss
Received her strength, to keep her stated place,
Aye irremoveable. Thereby the Sun, 1380
And Moon and Stars are ordered, and obey
Unswerving high command ; also the Winds,
The Thunders and the Lightnings, Hail and Frost,
Treasures of Dew and Snow and Rain, reserved
For Judgement and for Mercy—by this Oath 1385
Are they established, guided, and preserved.
—Have I not sworn ? hear and record the Oath !
Thus saith Jehovah ! I created Man,
And will destroy him from the face of earth,
Both Man and Beast, and creeping things, and fowls
Of air, whom it repents me I have made ;
But in my eyes hath Noah favour found.

Hereat into the circle sudden came
Cherubick Chariot, and received at once
The Throned One, and Wisdom his espoused, 1390
Who at his feet had there been sitting ;—while
Hymn hymeneal rose, as they were borne,
Ascending from mid Hades to high Heaven,
Thus ; Holy ! holy ! holy ! Father ! God !

THE JUDGEMENT.

339

Who gave to Adam Law ! Hosanna ! Son 1400
 Divine ! who Truth to righteous Abel shewed ;
 And Hallelujah to the Spirit sing,
 Who dwelt with Seth, and unto Enosh taught
 Jehovah's Name ! thrice-holy Elohim !
 Who but Jehovah is our Eloah ? 1405
 Hath he not heard the Spirit and the Bride ?
 Thrice holy he—Eternal ! Wise and Good !

Then Noah woke. One hour it wanted yet
 Of dawn, yet up he rose and called his Sons,
 Ready to make the Ark for coming doom. 1410

How sweetly breathes the Angel of the Morn !
 How beautiful the smile upon his face,
 And as he whispers in the rising breeze,
 What musick in the mercy of his voice,
 The dewy tones compassionate ; the drops, 1415
 That hang the leaves and grasses, are the tears
 Wept from the eyes of Pity. Lovelily,
 To him who looks his last upon her face,
 Beams the great mother ; and his heart is touched
 With sympathies celestial—nay, divine ! 1420
 Nor Earth less sympathizes, and her Sons,
 Who in the sight of Heaven had found grace,
 Feel in their souls her passion, and come forth
 To tend yon mystick Ark, that shall for her
 Preserve a race alive, while she, baptized, 1425
 Wash off corruption, dying to be born
 Anew . . to her old glory, nay, to more,
 Redeemed, so that no spot upon her orb
 Should be that was not holy, capable

Of consecration, or even needing none. 1430
 —Noah with Chava, mid their duteous Sons,
 Each with his Bride, stood at the guarded door
 Of the appointed Ark, and thence they gazed
 For the last morn on the devoted Earth,
 Not without tears the Patriarch's family 1435
 Gazed on the doomed World. In Noah's breast,
 The venerable Chava hid her face,
 In grief extreme ; and very sad it was
 For thee, Ahama ! though with Japhet blest,
 To leave so bright an orb ; and, Leila, thou 1440
 Wert sorrowful exceedingly ; nor thou,
 Ahola, mightst restrain the gushing heart :
 Loved earth, and her inhabitants, and those
 So near and dear, friends, parents, kin beloved,
 Brother and sister, and the playmate blithe, 1445
 And generous acquaintance, all foredoomed.
 Nor were, be sure, Zateel and Zerah far—
 There partings were of such, for they had come
 To take eternal farewells ; for not all
 Were evil, though not favoured so with grace, 1450
 As patrial Noah to regenerate
 The renovated world—yet were they blest
 With patience, and with resignation meek,
 To meet the coming Judgement, and what doom
 Might God appoint them. These, with ardent lips,
 And feelings all mysterious, and too deep,
 Stood by the place of refuge with the saved ;
 Nor end had been to their embrace, but then
 Came Elihu, and, interposing aid,
 Soothed the afflicted, and the downcast raised : 1460
 Within his arms he brought the Tables erst

To Enoch given, by him to Eden borne,
 And from its gates so late promulged anew
 With such effect. Them to the hands of Ham
 Did Elihu confide, with strict command, 1465
 Within that Ark securely to enshrine
 For preservation. These the Tables were
 Of which tradition tells, by Ham preserved
 From deluge, and in Egypt since laid up
 In temples, though concealed by hireling priests, 1470
 But not from Moses, skilled in Egypt's lore—
 To whom on Sinai they were renewed.

Now slow, though reluctant, went in faith
 Into the Ark, sage Noah and his Wife,
 And Shem, and Ham, and Japhet, with their Brides ;
 Then on them fast he shut secure the door,
 And the world vanished from their veiled eyes.

As for the rest, they to the Cherubim
 Bowed down adoring—all save Elihu ;
 Who, to the hill returned, transfigured stood, 1480
 Person divine, amidst the fiery cone,
 In glory ineffable by me—yet I,
 —(The Poet of the Judgement of the Flood,
 And of Messiah's Going-down to Hell,)—
 Looked with my spiritual eye on Paradise, 1485
 Heard with my spiritual ear her harmonies,
 And saw the great array of Cherubim ;
 The cloudy column first outflashing fire,
 With the four-faced creatures pillared there,
 As in a temple of the elements, 1490
 Throned on the summit of the sacred hill,
 And bickering, as with lightning ; and they spake,
 As with the voice of thunder, but in songs

And rythmick dialogues. Fierce was the fire,
 And vehement the sound of their discourse. 1495
 Such cloud the body is wherein we live,
 Such fire the spirit, which, enkindled right,
 Shall fain consume it, burning out thereby
 Corruption, purging out the dross of sin—
 Such cloud of smoke, as from a furnace sped— 1500
 Such flame, as of a burning lamp,—were seen
 By Abram, when the sun declined, and him
 A horror of great darkness fell around ;
 Such Moses in the Holy Bush surprised—
 Such, in a pillar both of cloud and fire, 1505
 With Israel in the Wilderness along,
 Went night and day, and found, at last, abode
 Within the Holiest, the Glory there.
 There, with the Seraphim o'erhovered, stood
 Great Elihu, between the cherub twain, 1510
 And on the waiting and expectant Ark,
 Looked down, and blessed it with uplifted hands ;
 Next, and more inward, amid Myrtle groves,
 Were Horses with their Riders, in a vale,
 A velvet bottom, mid the sacred Hills 1515
 Of Eden, whom erst Phanuel heard enquire
 The Angel, touching earth, then sitting still ;
 But now the storm was speeding which that calm
 So ominously threatened. Swift they came
 And went, the Cherub-steeds, and went and came, 1520
 And then stood still—and then away—away,
 On errand strange, and shouted choral hymns
 And anthems, all too loud for mortal ear,
 In dreadful quire—and then returned again
 And chaunted epode, terrible and wild. 1525

And there were Chariots too, with harnessed Steeds
 Of many colours ; red, and black, and bay,
 Grisled and white—the chariots of the Lord,
 Spirits of Fire—his ready messengers,
 Between the mountains, waiting for his voice, 1530
 To send them forth to the four ends of heaven ;
 And there the Horses too that Japhet saw
 In vision. He that bare the Crowned One
 Who had the bow, and went to conquer forth—
 The White Horse: He that bare the Sworded One,
 Commissioned to take peace from earth away—
 The Red Horse : He that bare the Balancer,
 Who scanned the slanting scales with sceptick eye—
 The Black Horse : He that bare the Name of Death,
 Whom Hades followed, Famine and dread War, 1540
 And Beasts to slaughter Man, and Pestilence—
 The Pale Horse.

Further in, just by the Tree
 Of Lives—a templed shade, wherein reposed
 Enoch, awaiting yet translation thence,
 To place more heavenly, to yet higher heaven ; 1545
 A glorious tree and fruitful, at whose foot,
 River of Life, ran, eloquently sweet,
 A spiritual stream,—seven Angels stood
 With trumpets, all prepared for instant sound ;
 And an Archangel over them with wings 1550
 Outspread, sublime, and with a golden voice
 Of musick, like melodious thunder-peals,
 Calling aloud, and not unechoed then
 Nine-fold, Wo ! wo ! wo ! Straight the trumpets blew
 A blast so high and deep and broad and long, 1555
 Heaven shook, and the great Earth, and all that Mount

Of Paradise was shaken; and forth rushed
Seven angry Ones, seraphick, terrible,
Like gods, with vials in their giant hands,
Brim-full of wrath—brim-full of wrath—and they .
Soared up, and made toward earth, right by the way
Where the strong Watchers of heaven's Cataracts
High station held.—Straightway the Archangel stood
Within the Rainbow, he whom Noah saw
In vision, and his hand was lifted up 1565
To swear—but terrour made me blind and deaf.

The Veil for me was drawn awhile, then closed.
A calm broods on my soul, and on my mind,
As I return unto the common world,
Yet full of mystery to the sage and saint ; 1570
An Epos it, in mythick characters
Composed by hand divine, Creator pure ;
Whom with this hymn I worship—his own gift,
With humble heart contrite, with holy fear—
Not unbaptized with Water nor with Fire. 1575

END OF THE JUDGEMENT OF THE FLOOD.

Œ L I N A.

I.

DEAD, yet she speaketh, from the bed,
Meant for the Married, not the Dead;
The Bridegroom wept his unkind Bride,
Even wedded on the day she died;
Her in her bridal sheets Death grasped,
And her in them the Mourner clasped,
And to the lonely grave hath given;
For Love shall perfect Hope in Heaven,
And he hath sworn, on Earth to be
Aye faithful to her memory!

II.

Mourn not, Mother! for thy Child,
Taken, ere to Sin beguiled,
By the Angels in their love,
To their mansions blest above—
All a Mother would, do they;
By the Shore they guard his play,
Gazing on the Eternal Sea;
Or in Wisdom's lap lies he,
Seeking from her breasts the food,
More than nectar, or as good—
Learning from her lips the lore,
Older Angels knew of yore;
Till, like them, he grow in grace,
And attain their pride of place—
Happy he, such joy to win,
Without trial, without sin!

III.

Ἦ ξεῖν' ἀγγίλει Λακεδαιμονίαις ὅτι τῇδε
Κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ρήμασι πειθόμενοι.

INSCRIPTION ON THE ALTAR TOMB OF THE THREE HUNDRED.

Go, Stranger! tell the Spartans,—here we lie;
Having obeyed their laws, we well might die!

IV.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MY BROTHER,

16th APRIL, 1822.

I ENVY thee! I said it, when he died;—
 I wept, when I beheld him anguishing,
 But, when he was at peace, I only sighed,
 And those words twanged on the heart's loosened string.
 For Death is Freedom! Life is Circumstance,
 And that is thrall—and there was in thy mind
 That spark which gloweth upward—to a trance
 Of all that's glorious, beautiful, refined—
 Even whence it came, and whither hath returned!
 And in such moulds thou wouldst have formed thy thought,
 And even here for their exemplars burned,
 And, not to find, like me, my Brother! sought.
 And, like my spirit, thine had felt rebuked, . .
 Down driven to the soil which sweat of man,
 Though it were blood, must fatten, . . if it looked
 Above its sphere, beyond its narrow span.
 For Earth is envious of the Spirit's flight,
 And Nature jealous of her mysteries—
 Earth will not be disdained, and shew no spite;
 And Nature shrinks from too enquiring eyes,
 Winning like Modesty, as fearful man
 Should spoil her virgin treasures if displayed,
 And end the work he long ago began,
 Leaving nought sacred . . not a silent shade,

The haunt of spirit or unearthly power—
 Yet hadst thou sought them—then her wrath had risen,
 She who is envious and hath spite for dower,
 And “cabined, cribbed, confined” thee in her prison.
 Thou, like the bird within the wiry cage,
 Hadst bruised thy tender plumage, meant to soar!—
 Free! free! thou art in the heaven! On this dull stage,
 An actor trammelled to the scene no more!
 Thou well hast ‘scaped the net prepared for all,
 Well ‘scaped the wild laugh of each hopeless One,
 Who loves companionship in his dark thrall,
 And joys his fellow is, like him, undone.
 Then had been borne the writhing of the soul,
 Till she was stricken to her fate . . . subdued;
 And thou hadst pined and pined for the far goal,
 Past now by thee, triumphant with the good!
 Thou triumph’st with the perfect! Mind with Mind
 Holds commune where thou art. There are no bars,
 No fetters of the flesh, to thwart or bind
 High Contemplation, once beyond the stars!
 I envy thee! thyself a spirit, thee
 Spirits embrace, and ye advance and rise
 To perfect love and joy and harmony—
 Thou livest indeed! Who lives beneath the skies?

THE END.

By the same Author,

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION,

A TRANSLATION,

IN THE MEASURES OF THE ORIGINAL,

OF THE TWO PARTS

OF

GOETHE'S FAUST.

The Work, it is expected, will be completed by the end of the Year; Subscribers' Names will be received by JAMES FRASER, 215, Regent Street.

"I have said enough to shew the practicability of my theory in the only cases I meant it to embrace. It may be useful to shew, by an instance or two, how much mischief may result from the neglect of it. The alchymical description, as explained by Mr. GRIFFITHS, has been generally regarded as a valuable illustration of the literary peculiarities of GOETHE. Now all preceding translators, considering it as rubbish, had skipped, or paraphrased, or mistranslated it; so that the French or English reader, however well acquainted with alchymical terms, could have made nothing of it. I was as much in the dark as my predecessors; but I thought that there might be something in it, though I could see nothing: I therefore translated the passage word for word, and then sent it to Mr. GRIFFITHS. His very interesting explanation was the consequence. This may be called an extreme case; but it shews the folly of excluding or altering plain words because we ourselves are unable at the moment to interpret them: and, as a fact within my own immediate experience, I may add, that expressions seemingly indifferent in their proper places, so frequently supply the key to subsequent allusions, that a translator always incurs the risk of breaking or injuring some link in the chain of association by a change. For instance, in my first edition I followed SHELLEY in translating *vereinzelt sich*—*masses itself*, under an idle notion that the context required it, and every body thought me right, until Mr. HERAUD one evening took up the book, and proved to me that the most obvious signification (*scatters itself*) was the best, and that I had disconnected the following line, and marred the continuity of the whole description by the change."

HAYWARD'S PROSE TRANSLATION OF FAUST, *Second Edition*.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY P. WHITE AND SON, NEW STREET, BISHOPSGATE.

